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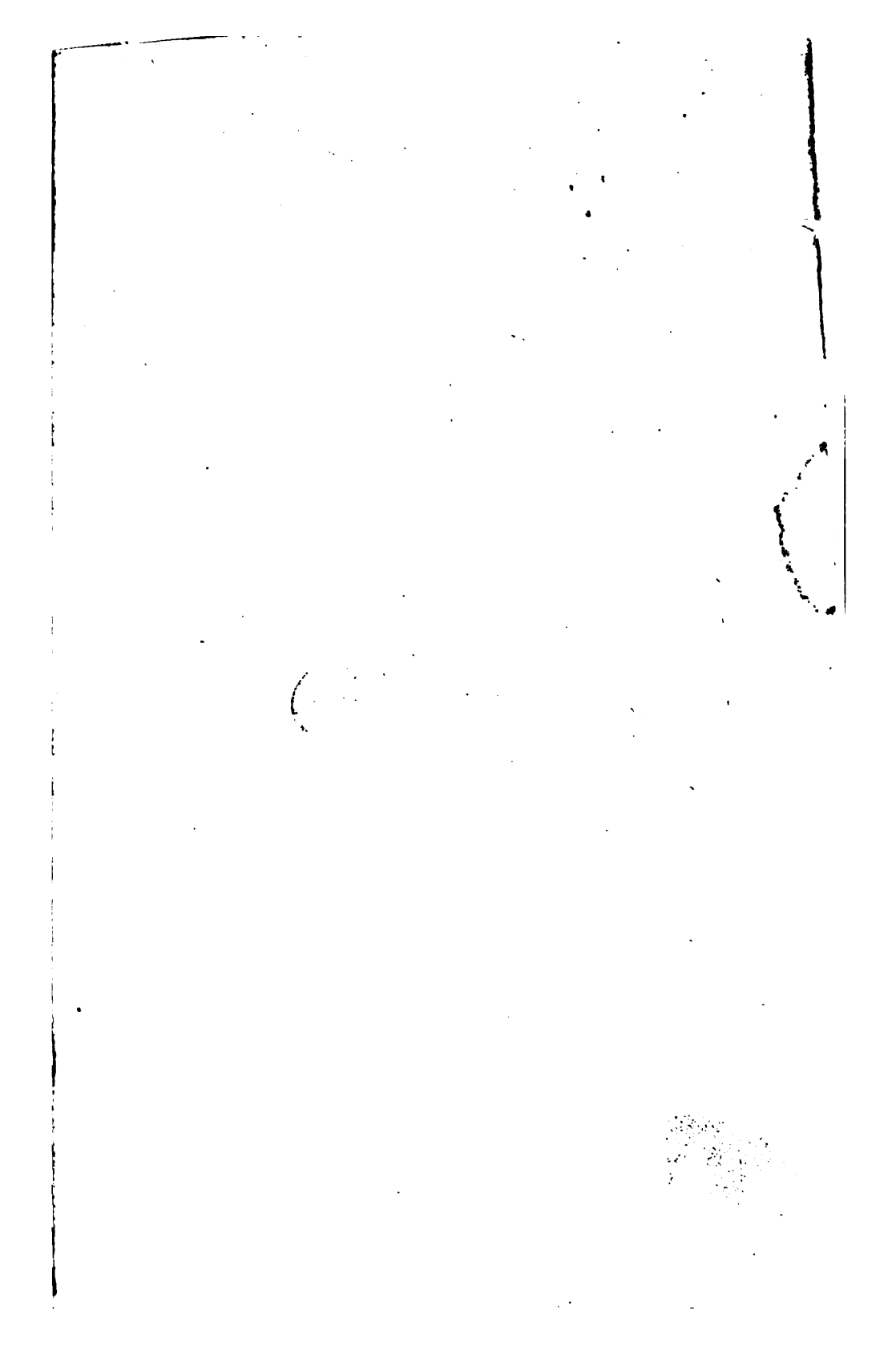

THE REV.D THOMAS WARTON.

Engraved by W.m Holl from a Picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF THE LATE

THOMAS WARTON, B. D.

FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD;

AND

POET LAUREATE.

FIFTH EDITION, CORRECTED AND ENLARGED.

To which are now added

INSCRIPTIONUM ROMANARUM DELECTUS,

AND

AN INAUGURAL SPEECH

As Camden Profeſſor of Hiſtory, never before publiſhed.

TOGETHER WITH

MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS;

AND

NOTES,

CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

BY RICHARD MANT, M. A.

FELLOW OF ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

VOL. I.

OXFORD:

At the Univerſity Preſs, for W. Hanwell and J. Parker;
and F. and C. Rivington, London.

1802.

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PREFACE.

THE public are here preſented with a more complete edition of the poems of the late Laureate, than has yet appeared.

My firſt object in ſubjoining notes, was to illuſtrate his alluſions, and to explain ſome peculiarities in his language; and a field being thus opened to comment, I could not reſiſt the temptation of remarking his imitations, whether accidental or intentional, of other poets, when ſuch imitations occurred to me, and particularly of his favourite Milton, in whoſe footſteps I have been more ſtudious to trace him. His early and unceaſing love of Milton is the reaſon of my having noticed reſemblances, which might otherwiſe ſeem impertinently minute. A few of theſe remarks, ſuggeſted by an interleaved copy of Warton's Poems of the edition of 1777, which belonged to the late Mr. Headley, and was kindly put into my hands by Mr. Kett of Trinity College, will be

acknowledged in their proper places. Some explanatory notes, which appeared in Warton's own editions, are retained, and marked with his initial. W. A few other ſuggeſtions I have received from the Rev. John Warton and two or three other friends. The notes have certainly reached to a much greater extent than was at firſt deſigned or apprehended: but I hope they will be found neither altogether irrelevant, nor tediouſly numerous and prolix.

For the power of republiſhing the Inſcriptions, which are added to the Poems, I am partly indebted to Mr. Kett, who obligingly procured me the uſe of the only copy I had at that time ſeen. I have been informed that the late moſt amiable Mr. Benwell of Trinity College had once intended to republiſh this little work, with additions, and had got together ſome materials for the purpoſe: but in his copy, which, by the kindneſs of the gentleman now poſſeſſed of it, I have examined, there is no intimation or appearance of ſuch a deſign.

The value of this publication is greatly increaſed by the addition of Mr. Warton's Inaugural Lecture as Camden Profeſſor of Hiſtory.

For the communication of this I am indebted to the friendſhip of Mr. John Warton, to whom my readers will doubtleſs concur with me in acknowledging the obligation. The ſame gentleman alſo favoured me with his uncle's tranſlation of two Odes of Horace, and his Epitaph on Mr. Head, neither of which pieces had before come to my knowledge: as Mrs. Jane Warton, the poet's ſiſter, did with the pleaſing little piece, entitled Solitude.

In compoſing the Memoirs, I have endeavoured to compenſate my own want of perſonal acquaintance with Mr. Warton, by ſuch enquiries as I could make with propriety, and with any proſpect of ſucceſs. To thoſe perſons, to whom I applied without ſucceſs, I am nevertheleſs indebted for their polite reception of my application. One of theſe however let me not paſs by without a tribute of reſpect and veneration to his memory. Mr. Langton no longer ſurvives to hear my acknowledgments; but I cannot refrain from adding, that though I failed in the immediate object of my application to him, I have felt both inſtructed and improved by his converſation.

In ſome quarters I have been more ſucceſsful. Mr. Phil. Smyth, of New College, ſupplied me with two or three curious particulars: —to Mr. Price, of the Bodleian Library, I return my hearty thanks, not only for the zeal which he ſhewed in giving me ſuch oral intelligence as might be ſerviceable, but alſo for favouring me with what he poſſeſſed of Mr. Warton's correſpondence:—nor muſt I, in acknowledging the unſolicited communications of Dr. Huntingford, the preſent Biſhop of Glouceſter and Warden of Wincheſter College, omit to mention how much their value was enhanced by the manner in which they were made.

In endeavouring to do honour to my author, I am happy to have formed an acquaintance with ſome of his relations, whoſe aſſiſtance I mention with peculiar ſatisfaction. His ſiſter will, I hope, believe me, when I ſay, that her contributions are doubly valuable as coming from her; and much as I prize Mr. John Warton's communications upon their own account, ſtill more do I eſteem them as teſtimonies of the very friendly regard, which I have experienced under his hoſpitable roof.

It ſhould be noticed, that, in addition to theſe private aids, I have derived aſſiſtance from the lives of Mr. Warton in Anderſon's edition of the Britiſh Poets, and in the 15th volume of the Biographical Dictionary: though I have found more than one occaſion to correct an error in the former. From the latter, which I have reaſon to believe was drawn up by a friend of Mr. Warton, I have extracted the account of his Oxford habits and manners.

I am not aware that there are any more acknowledgments for me to make. So that having completed the object of this preface, I now commit it, together with the volumes which are the ſubject of it, to the public: certainly not careleſs of public approbation, but conſcious that no great ſhare of it can be expected: yet at the ſame time not without ſome hope, that what I have done may afford to the general reader, what it has afforded to me, a pleaſing and, I truſt, innocent relaxation.

R. M.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

THOMAS WARTON.

MEMOIRS, &c.

THOMAS WARTON was deſcended from an ancient and honourable family of Beverley in Yorkſhire: different from the Duke of Wharton's, but the ſame with that of Sir Michael Warton, Bart. of Warton-hall, Lancaſhire. Antony Warton, who appears to have been the firſt of the family that ſettled in Hampſhire, was a member of Magdalen College in Oxford, and Rector of Breamore in the New Foreſt. He had three ſons; of whom it is remarkable, that two were deaf and dumb. Of theſe one, who had been placed under the care of Mr. Lely, nephew to Sir Peter Lely, and promiſed to be a good painter, died young; the other lived to about 60. The third ſon, Thomas, father of the ſubject of the preſent ſketch, was born at Godalming, Surrey, in 1687; and became fellow of Magdalen College in Oxford, and afterwards Vicar of Baſingſtoke, Hants, and Cobham, Surrey. He appears to have been in politics a warm Tory; and is ſaid to be "the "reverend poetical Gentleman" ſpoken of in the 15th and 16th numbers of Amhurſt's

Terræ Filius. It is to the credit of his, as it would be to that of any man's character, that he was an intimate friend of Mr. Digby, through whom he was acquainted with Pope; and to the public reſpect, in which he was held, the Univerſity bore teſtimony by electing him to the office of Poetry-Profeſſor, which he held from 1718 to 1728. He married Eliſabeth, daughter of the Rev. Joſeph Richardſon, Rector of Dunsfold, Surrey; and had by her three children, Joſeph, the late head-maſter of Wincheſter College; Thomas, the ſubject of theſe memoirs; and a daughter, Jane, now living unmarried at Wickham, Hants. He died in 1745; and is buried under the rails of the altar in his church at Baſingſtoke, where his ſons placed an inſcription to his memory. It does not appear that he publiſhed any thing himſelf; but in 1748 a volume of his poems, from which he ſeems to have been a man of ſome poetical taſte, was publiſhed by ſubſcription by his eldeſt ſon: at the end of the volume are two pleaſing elegies on his death, the one by his daughter, and the other by the editor. [a] He is alſo ſaid to have been the author of a well-known epigram, occaſioned by a regiment of horſe being ſent to Oxford, by George the Second, at the

[a] This is aſſerted in the "Biographical Dictionary," edit. London, 1798. article "Warton." I have ſeen it elſewhere aſcribed to Dr. Trapp.

ſame time that he gave a collection of books to the Univerſity of Cambridge.

His ſon, Thomas, was born at Baſingſtoke in 1728, and is ſaid to have diſcovered at a very early age a fondneſs for ſtudy, and a maturity of mental powers, unuſual in a boy. As a proof of this, it has been mentioned, that in the exceſſive cold winter of 1739-40, when he was but eleven years old, he would quit the family fire-ſide, and retire to his chamber, and there apply himſelf aſſiduouſly to his books, not as a taſk, but an amuſement.

He had commenced his poetical career at a ſtill earlier age; and I ſhall hope for the indulgence of my readers, if I here inſert his firſt compoſition, written in a letter to his ſiſter, when he was about nine years old, and by her kindly communicated to me. Dr. Joſeph Warton always preſerved it as a literary curioſity.

" Dear Siſter,

" I thank you for your letter; and " in return, I ſend you the firſt production of " my little Muſe, which I wiſh was now old " enough to make a ſong for you to ſet to " muſic; but at preſent I ſend you theſe four " Verſes.

" On Leander's ſwimming over the Helleſpont to Hero.
" Tranſlated by me from the Latin of Martial.

" When bold Leander ſought his diſtant Fair,
" (Nor could the ſea a braver burthen bear)
" Thus to the ſwelling waves he ſpoke his woe,
" Drown me on my return,—but ſpare me, as I go.

" I agree with you in thinking that Friendſhip, " like Truth, ſhould be without form or orna- " ment; and that both appear beſt in their " diſhabille. Let Friendſhip, therefore, and " Truth, Muſic and Poetry go hand in hand.

" The above Verſes I know are a trifle—but " you will make good-natured allowances for " my little young Muſe; it will be my utmoſt " ambition to make ſome verſes, that you can " ſet to your harpſichord[b];—and to ſhew you " upon all occaſions

" how ſincerely I am your
" affectionate Brother,
" THOMAS WARTON."

" *From the School,*
" *Nov.* 7, 1737."

It is aſſerted in a late life of Mr. Warton[c], that he was educated at Wincheſter College: and the aſſertion is made on the authority of a

[b] He was always very fond of Muſic, which his ſiſter was then learning.

[c] In Anderſon's edition of the " Britiſh Poets." Edin. 1795. Life of Warton.

paſſage in his "Deſcription &c. of Wincheſter," and of his poem, intitled "Mons Catharinæ." But whatever interpretation may be given to the former paſſage, it is remarkable that, in the poem alluded to, he does not uſe a ſingle expreſſion, which might lead the reader to ſuppoſe that he was educated at the College. And the fact is, that, whatever intereſt Wykehamiſts may take in the name of Warton, Wincheſter College had no ſhare in his education. He was indeed, as might be expected, at all times extremely partial to a ſchool, over which his brother ſo honourably preſided; though he had never been a member of it, but had continued under the care of his father, till he was removed to Oxford.

[d] On the 16th of March, 1743, in his 16th year, he was admitted a Commoner of Trinity College, and ſoon after was elected a Scholar of that ſociety, to which he continued warmly attached till his death.

It has been ſtated that he[e] "very early exerted his poetical talents:" and that in 1745

[d] Ego Thomas Warton, Filius Thomæ Warton Clerici, de Baſingſtoke in Com. Hanton. natus ibidem, annorum circiter 16, admiſſus ſum Commenſalis inferioris Ordinis ſub Tutamine Magiſtri Gearing Die Martii 16, 1743. Extract from the College regiſter.

[e] Anderſon's Poets, and Biographical Dictionary.

" he publiſhed Five Paſtoral Eclogues, 4to. the " ſcenes of which are ſuppoſed to lie among " the ſhepherds oppreſſed by the war in Ger- " many." Theſe Eclogues afterwards appeared in Pearch's Continuation of Dodſley's Collection. But I do not learn that they ever had the name of Warton affixed to them, and can aſſert on the authority of his ſiſter, that he abſolutely diſclaimed them.

In 1747 he publiſhed without his name " The Pleaſures of Melancholy," which had been written in 1745, his ſeventeenth year, and ſhows his early attachment to Milton. This poem was reprinted with material alterations in Dodſley's Collection.

This was the voluntary effuſion of his genius; but he was ſoon called upon to exert himſelf on a more public occaſion, of which the following account is given in the Biographical Dictionary. " Not long after, in the year 1748, " he had full ſcope afforded for the exertion of " his genius. It is well known that Jacobite " principles were ſuſpected to prevail in the " Univerſity of Oxford, about the time of the " rebellion in 1745. Soon after its ſuppreſſion " the drunkenneſs and folly of ſome young " men gave offence to the court, in conſe- " quence of which a proſecution was inſtituted

" in the court of King's Bench, and a ſtigma
" was fixed on the Vice-Chancellor, and ſome
" other heads of colleges in Oxford. Whilſt
" this affair was the general ſubject of conver-
" ſation, Mr. Maſon publiſhed his 'Iſis, an
" Elegy,' in which he adverts to the abovemen-
" tioned circumſtances. In anſwer to this poem,
" Mr. Warton, encouraged by Dr. Huddesford,
" the Preſident of his college, publiſhed, in
" 1749, 'The Triumph of Iſis,' which excelled
" more in manly expoſtulation and dignity,
" than the poem that produced it did in neat-
" neſs and elegance."

A poem, written under ſuch circumſtances, would naturally be received with its merited approbation and applauſe. That part of it[f], in which the character of Dr. King is given, was eſpecially commended: and my friend, Mr. Richards, of Oriel College, has told me what he was informed of by Mr. Prince the bookſeller, that Dr. King came into his ſhop ſoon after the publication, and having enquired whether five guineas would be of any ſervice to the young man, who was the author of the poem, deſired Prince to give him that ſum. The two poems were afterwards publiſhed together in Pearch's Collection, and in the Union.

[f] The 109th and following verſes.

" It is remarkable" (ſays Dr. Anderſon, the Editor of the Britiſh Poets at Edinburgh) " that though neither Maſon nor Warton ever " excelled theſe performances, each of them, as " by conſent, when he firſt collected his poems " into a volume, omitted his own party produc- " tion." Whence it may appear ſtrange, that this forbearance was not practiſed by Warton in the third edition of his poems, 1779; where the Triumph of Iſis was introduced with no notice of the circumſtance, except that there was in that edition one piece more than in the firſt. The occaſion of the addition is connected with another anecdote, which is as follows.

On the anonymous publication of the " He- " roic Epiſtle to Sir William Chambers" about the year 1776, it is known that various opinions were entertained, as to who was the author. Mr. Warton being preſent in a large company, where it was the ſubject of converſation, aſcribed it to Maſon. The declaration was at firſt made inadvertently. " Well," ſaid he, " if I " had been Maſon, I would not have written it." When his words were taken up, he was ſurpriſed at his having ſo committed himſelf; but having once delivered, proceeded to ſubſtantiate, his opinion. It was founded on the internal evidence of the poem; verſification, ſtyle, &c.

"But, Mr. Warton, ſtyle is ſo uncertain a cri-
"terion:—how can you pretend to ſay that
"the poem was written by Maſon from its
"ſtyle?" "Juſt (he anſwered) as a hatter
"would tell you who made that hat."

The opinion, thus delivered and ſupported, by ſome means came to the knowledge of Maſon; who, having occaſion to write to Warton about the time, took notice of it in the following letter[g]:

"York, *April* 24, 1777.

"Sir,

"Our good friend the [h] Biſhop of Litchfield
"had ſent me your obliging letter to him the
"poſt before I received yours on the ſame ſub-
"ject. I think myſelf much honoured by your
"attention to this application in behalf of Mr.
"Plumer,[i] and heartily hope he may be deſerv-
"ing of the favours you mean to ſhew him. I
"muſt own to you however, that the Gentle-
"man is a ſtranger to me, and that I was in-
"duced to apply to you, by means of the

[g] Communicated to me by the Rev. John Warton, of Blandford, Dorſet.

[h] Dr. Hurd.

[i] I believe the Gentleman here mentioned is the celebrated barriſter, who afterwards became fellow of Univerſity College.

" Biſhop, in order to oblige a third perſon, who " gave him a high character.

" I have to thank you alſo for the very flat- " tering ſentiments which you expreſs of my " late publication[k], and alſo for the moſt ac- " ceptable preſent of that elegant collection " of poems, with which you have obliged the " public. I am however ſorry to find, that ' The Triumph of Iſis' has not found a place " near the delicate ' Complaint of Cherwell,' " to which it was a proper companion; and I " fear that a punctilio of politeneſs to me was " the occaſion of its excluſion. Had I known " of your intention of making this collection, " moſt certainly I ſhould have pleaded for the " inſertion of that poem, which I aſſure you I " think greatly excels the Elegy which occa- " ſioned it, both in its poetical imagery, and the " correct flow of its verſification. And if I put " any value upon my own juvenile production, " it is becauſe it is written on thoſe old Whig " principles, which I am as proud of holding " now that they are *out* of faſhion and I am " turned fifty, as I then was when they were *in* " faſhion, and I was hardly turned twenty. I " truſt, Sir, you are a Tory moderate enough to " forgive me this wrong.

" But while I have the pleaſure of writing

[k] Perhaps The Engliſh Garden.

" to you, I feel myſelf half inclined to add a
" ſhort expoſtulation on another ſubject. I have
" been told that you have pronounced me very
" frequently in company to be the author of the
" Heroic Epiſtle to Sir William Chambers, and
" I am told too that the Premier himſelf ſuſ-
" pects that I am ſo upon your authority.
" Surely, Sir, mere internal evidence (and you
" can poſſibly have no other) can never be ſuf-
" ficient to ground ſuch a determination upon,
" when you conſider how many perſons in this
" rhyming age of ours are poſſeſſed of that
" knack of Pope's verſification, which conſti-
" tutes one part of the merit of that poem;
" and as to the wit, humour, or ſatire which it
" contains, no parts of my writings could ever
" lead you, by their analogy, to form ſo per-
" emptory a judgment. I acquit you however
" in this procedure of every, even the ſlighteſt
" degree of ill nature; and believe that what
" you have ſaid was only to ſhow your critical
" acumen. I only mention it that you may be
" more cautious of ſpeaking of other perſons
" in like manner, who may throw ſuch anony-
" mous bantlings of their brain into the wide
" world. To ſome of theſe it might prove an
" eſſential injury; for though they might deſerve
" the frown of power (as the author in queſtion
" certainly does) yet I am perſuaded that your
" good nature would be hurt if that frown

" was either increaſed or fixed by your ipſe " dixit.

" To ſay more on this trivial ſubject would " betray a ſolicitude on my part very foreign " from my preſent feelings or inclination. My " eaſy and independent circumſtances make " ſuch a ſuſpicion ſit mighty eaſy upon me; " and the Miniſter, nay the whole Miniſtry, are " free to think what they pleaſe of a man, who " neither aims to ſolicit, nor wiſhes to accept, " any favour from them.

" Believe me to be with the trueſt eſteem,

" Sir,

" your much obliged

" and very faithful ſervant,

" W. Mason.

" P. S. I ſhould be ſorry if you thought " this latter part of my letter required any " anſwer."

As to the opinion noticed in the latter part of this letter, my readers muſt form their own concluſion. Poſſibly they will conſider the incident as a proof of Warton's acumen, ſince it may, not unreaſonably, be conjectured, that Maſon's declining to deny the charge, together with his affected indifference to it, is a preſumptive argument of his inability to deny it. Indeed in one part of the letter he appears to allow that he was the author.

To return, however, to the immediate cauſe of the introduction of the letter here, the Triumph of Iſis was accordingly inſerted in the next edition of Warton's poems. But in addition to this inſtance of candour and manly liberality on the part of Maſon, it may be remarked, that his conduct throughout this buſineſs was uniform, as he had declared in an advertiſement prefixed to the firſt edition of his poem, that it "never would have appeared in print, had not "an interpolated copy of it, publiſhed in a "country newſpaper, ſcandalouſly miſrepre-"ſented the principles of the Author." Nor was this liberality thrown away on Warton, who, in the 3d volume of his "Hiſtory of En-"gliſh Poetry," has repaid it with a very handſome compliment to his rival[1].

But though they were never on any but good terms together, there does not appear to have ſubſiſted any intimacy or cordiality between them. Mr. Warton indeed, whoſe character was ſingularly marked by an unaffected and natural ſimplicity, appears not to have thought very favourably of the ſocial qualities of Maſon. During one of his walks up Headington-hill, Maſon had called on him. He was informed of it upon his return. "Yes, Sir, (ſaid he) I

[1] See page 310.

" know it. I was on the hill, and am glad I did " not ſee him. The next thing would have " been, I ſhould have had a bad ode, or ſome " ſuch thing, addreſſed to me. Maſon, Sir, is " not in my way. He is a *buck-ram* man."

I will here add by the way one anecdote of Maſon, which is ſomewhat connected with theſe poems, and, I believe, may be relied on as authentic. Several years after he had written his Elegy, he was coming into Oxford on horſe-back; and as he paſſed over Magdalen Bridge, (it was then evening) he turned to his friend, and expreſſed his ſatisfaction, that, as it was getting duſk, they ſhould enter the place unnoticed. His friend did not ſeem aware of the advantage. " What!" rejoined the Poet, " do " not you remember my *Iſis?*"

At ſeveral times from March to July, 1750, Mr. Warton contributed to " The Student," a monthly miſcellany publiſhed in Oxford, " A " Panegyric on Oxford Ale," " The Progreſs of " Diſcontent," " Morning, an Ode,—the Au- " thor confined to College," and a metrical verſion of the 39th Chapter of Job. Theſe contributions were made under different ſignatures, but it does not appear for what reaſon. " The " Progreſs of Diſcontent" had been written in 1746, his eighteenth year, and was founded on

a copy of Latin verſes, which he had written as a weekly exerciſe. The verſes were ſeen and approved by Dr. Huddesford, Preſident of his College, and were paraphraſed in Engliſh verſe at his deſire.

The following anecdote will ſhew that his talents were known and eſteemed by his aſſociates alſo in College. In the Common-room belonging to the Bachelors and Gentleman-Commoners of Trinity College, it was formerly the practice to elect certain annual officers, and amongſt others a Poet-laureate, whoſe duty it was to celebrate in a copy of Engliſh verſes a lady, likewiſe annually elected, and diſtinguiſhed by the title of Lady-Patroneſs. On an appointed day the members of the room aſſembled, and the Poet-laureate recited his verſes, crowned with a wreath of laurel. Warton was elected to this office for the years 1747, and 1748: his verſes, which are ſtill in being in the Common-room, are written in an elegant and flowing ſtyle, and have that kind of merit, which doubtleſs enſured them applauſe, when they were written, but which would hardly juſtify their being obtruded on the public. Even the mention of ſuch an incident might be deemed impertinent, were it not that moſt readers have a natural curioſity to be made ac-

quainted with minute circumſtances in the lives of eminent men.

He had of courſe before this time taken his degree of A. B. On the firſt of December 1750, he became A. M. In 1751 he ſucceeded to a fellowſhip, and [m] "was thus placed in a "ſituation eaſy and independent, and particu-"larly congenial with his habits of retirement "and ſtudy." In this year alſo he publiſhed "Newmarket, a Satire," afterwards printed in Pearch, and "the Oxford Sauſage;" and an Ode for Muſic, performed at the Theatre in Oxford, July 2d, 1751; likewiſe reprinted in Pearch. It was in 1751 that he contributed to the Oxford collection of verſes on the death of Frederic, Prince of Wales, a copy of Latin hexameters in his own name, and his Elegy in that of John Whetham, fellow-commoner of Trinity College. In 1753 appeared at Edinburgh "The Union, or ſelect Scots and Engliſh "Poems." The pieces in this little publication were ſelected by Mr. Warton: and he contributed to it ſeveral pieces of his own, as "The "Triumph of Iſis," the "Ode on the Approach "of Summer," the "Paſtoral in the manner of "Spenſer," and the "Inſcription on a beautiful "Grotto near the Water." The Ode and the

[m] Biographical Dictionary.

Paſtoral are ſaid to be written by a Gentleman formerly of the Univerſity of Aberdeen, for what reaſon it does not appear, as the poems are undoubtedly Warton's, and he was never out of England: the preface adds of the ſame perſon, "that his modeſty would not permit "his name to be printed;" and that, "from "theſe ingenious eſſays, the public would be "enabled to form ſome judgment beforehand "of a poem, of a nobler and more important "nature, which he was then preparing." A profeſſion, of which, if it meant any thing, I cannot explain the meaning. In the third edition of "The Union" there are ſeveral other of Mr. Warton's poems, and the Summer Ode is printed with many improvements. In this publication, as well as in "The Student," his contributions appeared under ſeveral ſignatures. "The Triumph of Iſis" was the only one with his name. An innocent ſpecies of deluſion; of which it may be neither eaſy nor uſeful to diſcover the cauſe.

It was about the year 1754, as I learn from a memorandum in his own hand-writing, that Mr. Warton drew up from the Bodleian and Savilian Statutes a body of Statutes for the Radcliffe Library, by the deſire of his Preſident, Dr. Huddesford, then Vice-Chancellor; which, when finiſhed, he depoſited in Dr. Huddesford's

hands. Dr. Radcliffe had a peculiar claim to the ſervices of a Trinity man. He was the only perſon, not a member of that College, who contributed towards rebuilding the Chapel in 1691.

In the ſame year he publiſhed his "Obſerva-"tions on the Faerie Queene of Spenſer," in one volume 8vo. which, after being corrected and enlarged, he republiſhed in two volumes, in 1762. The firſt edition of the Obſervations was vehemently attacked, in 1756, in a ſcurrilous and anonymous pamphlet, intitled [n] "The "Obſerver Obſerved; or Remarks on a certain "curious Tract, intitled Obſervations on the "Faerie Queene of Spenſer, by Thomas Warton, "A. M. &c." The author of the pamphlet appears to have been ſome friend and admirer of Mr. Huggins, the not very poetical tranſlator of Arioſto; and he beſtows accuſations of pedantry, ignorance, and malignity on Warton with no ſparing hand. Warton treated the attack, I believe, with ſilence; and, I doubt not, with contempt.

Indeed whatever might be the opinion enter-

[n] "In 1756, he publiſhed a pamphlet, intituled *The Obſerver Ob-"ſerved*, 8vo. on the publication of Upton's Spenſer." Life of Warton, by Anderſon. The writer of this ſentence had clearly never ſeen the pamphlet.

tained of his work by a man, whom prejudice or ſome other cauſe diſqualified from appreciating it juſtly, he had the ſatisfaction of receiving from Dr. (then Mr.) Johnſon, to whom he had ſent a copy, the following merited compliment, in a letter dated July 16, 1754, and preſerved in Boſwell's Life of Johnſon, vol. i. p. 233.

" Sir,

" It is but an ill return for the book " with which you were pleaſed to favour me, " to have delayed my thanks for it till now. I " am too apt to be negligent: but I can never " deliberately ſhew my diſreſpect to a man of " your character: and I now pay you a very " honeſt acknowledgment for the advancement " of the literature of our native country. You " have ſhewn to all, who ſhall hereafter attempt " the ſtudy of our ancient authors, the way to " ſucceſs, by directing them to the peruſal of " the books, which theſe authors had read. Of " this method, Hughes°, and men much greater " than Hughes, ſeem never to have thought. " The reaſon, why the authors, which are yet " read, of the 16th century are ſo little under- " ſtood, is that they are read alone, and no help " is borrowed from thoſe who lived with them, " or before them."

° Hughes publiſhed an edition of Spenſer. W.

It is remarkable that this juſt commendation of Dr. Johnſon's ſtands upon the very ground, which the anonymous cenſor above noticed takes for the foundation of one of his charges. And to commendation of this nature Warton has a ſingular claim; as Mr. Upton appears to have thought, when he followed his track, though it was rather diſingenuous in him not to acknowledge the obligation, in his edition of the Faerie Queene, four years after; and as will be more fully remarked hereafter in ſpeaking of his edition of Milton's juvenile Poems.

I ſhall only add in this place, that Mr. Warton at a very early period of life ſeems to have directed his attention to the ſtudy of ſuch books. In a copy of Fenton's edition of Milton's ſmaller Poems, which was in his poſſeſſion in 1745, his 17th year, and abounds in MS. notes and references, he remarks, that Milton has never yet been illuſtrated by compariſon with his predeceſſors &c. and theſe very notes and references we find ſome years after transferred into his Obſervations on Spenſer, whence again they were conveyed, much enlarged and improved, and indeed in a great meaſure new-modelled, into his edition of the Juvenilia of Milton.

The Biſhop of Glouceſter, Dr. Huntingford, whoſe kind communications I ſhall have ſeveral

occaſions to mention, has ſupplied me with an anecdote of Mr. Warton's early years, which he ſuppoſes may be connected with this peculiarity in his taſte. "Dr. Joſeph Warton (he "obſerves) was accuſtomed to relate a circum-"ſtance, which though in itſelf apparently un-"important, yet, with reſpect to the writings "of Mr. Thomas Warton, was perhaps in its "effects of conſiderable conſequence. When "they were both boys, their father took them "to ſee Windſor Caſtle. The ſeveral objects "preſented to their view much engaged the "attention, and excited the admiration, of the "father and his ſon Joſeph. As they were "returning, the father with ſome concern ſaid "to Joſeph, 'Thomas goes on, and takes no "notice of any thing he has ſeen.' This re-"mark was never forgotten by his ſon, who "however in mature years made this reflec-"tion: 'I believe my brother was more ſtruck "with what he ſaw, and took more notice of "every object, than either of us.' And there "is good reaſon to think, that the peculiar "fondneſs for *Caſtle Imagery*, which our Author "on many occaſions ſtrongly diſcovers, may be "traced to this incident of his early days. That "his imagination ſhould afterwards be turned "to the deſcription of ſcenes, with which in his "youth his fancy had been captivated, it is very "natural to conceive, if we do but recollect

" how often the mind takes its complexion and
" bias through life, from a trivial circumſtance,
" happening before we arrive at manhood.

" To the ſame cauſe," adds his Lordſhip,
" we may perhaps refer that love of SPENSER,
" which our Author every where profeſſes.
" Ideas of CHIVALRY are intimately connected
" with Caſtle Imagery; and 'The Fairy Queen'
" is a mine inexhauſtible in lore of that nature.

" He ſeems very early to have been engaged
" in that work: for his 'Obſervations' on it
" diſplay an abundance of reading in Romantic
" Hiſtory and Ancient Poetry, the collecting of
" which muſt have been the reſult of appli-
" cation for many years previous to publication.
" Theſe 'Obſervations' firſt recommended him
" to the eſteem of Biſhop Warburton; and that
" Prelate continued ever afterwards to intereſt
" himſelf for Mr. Warton, expreſſing his in-
" dignation more than once, that nothing was
" done for him by thoſe who were in power."

It was in the ſecond edition of his " Obſer-
" vations on the Faerie Queene" that he intro-
duced his celebrated note on the eccleſiaſtical
architecture of England: thereby leading the
way in a field of enquiry, till that time almoſt
entirely neglected, and in which though a good

deal has been ſince done, much more ſtill remains for the inveſtigation of the curious.

With regard to the origin of the pointed order, it ſeems to be pretty generally allowed, that though he adopted the notion of no leſs a man than Sir Chriſtopher Wren, he is wrong in attributing it to the Saracens. With ſuch authority however before him, and at a time when this ſort of enquiry was almoſt new to Engliſh literature, it is hardly to be wondered at, that ſuch a miſtake, if it be a miſtake, was adopted; particularly, as his remarks on the ſubject were profeſſedly thrown together in haſte. Subſequent enquiries in all likelihood induced him to alter his opinion, or furniſhed him with arguments to ſubſtantiate it.

Such enquiries, it is well known, he was conſtantly proſecuting. Mr. John Warton has informed me, that in their various ſummer excurſions into different parts of the kingdom, his uncle always committed to journals, kept for the purpoſe, his remarks on the different Saxon and Gothic buildings which he viſited; and Mr. Price, of the Bodleian Library, his intimate friend for many years, has told me, that Mr. Warton would frequently talk to him of the excellence of the two chapters on this ſubject in Bentham's "Ely," adding, that he had much

more to ſay on it, and that he thought of communicating an Hiſtory of Eccleſiaſtical Architecture in England by himſelf to the Antiquarian Society, of which he had long been a member, without contributing to it any papers. Mr. Price farther ſays, that amongſt other papers, which came into his hands on Warton's death, was one written out fairly for the preſs, and with directions to the printer, containing a Hiſtory of Saxon and Gothic Architecture; which he delivered over to Dr. Joſeph Warton. Mr. John Warton however, who is in poſſeſſion of his father's and uncle's papers, has never met with it.

Of this work the Author himſelf has more than once publicly ſpoken. In the ſecond Diſſertation, prefixed to his "Hiſtory of Engliſh "Poetry," publiſhed, as will be hereafter noticed, in 1774, he ſpeaks of alterations introduced into the ſtile of military and eccleſiaſtical building in England by the Normans, and in a note refers for further illuſtration of the point "to a work now preparing for the preſs, in-"titled, 'Obſervations Critical and Hiſtorical, "on Caſtles, Churches, Monaſteries, and other "Monuments of Antiquity in various parts of "England.' To which will be prefixed the "Hiſtory of Architecture in England." And again in the third volume, publiſhed in 1781,

ſpeaking of the art of painting on glaſs as practiſed in England, " But with the careleſs haſte of a " lover, I am anticipating what I have to ſay " of it in my Hiſtory of Gothic Architecture " in England."

Mr. John Warton has indeed in his uncle's writing ſome copy-books, containing " Obſer- " vations, critical and hiſtorical, &c." agreeably to the title above recited. Theſe " Obſerva- " tions" appear to have been put together as opportunities offered in the ſummer-excurſions: they do not ſeem to make a whole, but give independent accounts of the ſeveral buildings viſited; and are no farther digeſted or arranged than according to the alphabetical order of counties and places. Theſe then, when completed, were to have been the body of the work: but the promiſed preface, containing a general and digeſted hiſtory, it is to be feared, will not be found.

Thoſe, who are beſt acquainted with the fondneſs, with which Mr. Warton contemplated this ſubject, and with that taſte and diſcernment, which he eminently poſſeſſed, and of which he has given us ſo tantaliſing a ſpecimen in the note on the Faerie Queene, will be moſt able to appreciate the loſs of the literary world in the deſtruction of this MS. Had he not

completed the work, our regret on that account might have been in ſome ſort extenuated by conſidering that in all probability his mind was employed in other intereſting enquiries; that new light was thereby derived on the Hiſtory of our Poetry, or that new treaſures were added to its ſtore. But the loſs of a finiſhed work, by ſuch a man, and on ſuch a ſubject, can hardly be enough regretted, for it can hardly ever be repaired.

It ſometimes happened to Mr. Warton, as I ſuppoſe it may happen to moſt other men of diſtinguiſhed talents, to project works, without beginning to perform them; and to begin, without completing them. From Boſwell's Life of Johnſon it appears that Warton in the year 1755 intended a tranſlation of Apollonius Rhodius; and that in the preceding year he had a deſign of publiſhing a volume of obſervations on the beſt of Spenſer's works. I have alſo been told that he once had thoughts of publiſhing a tranſlation of Homer; but my informer could not ſay whether it was to be an original work, or a republication of Pope's with notes: probably a verſion, in Latin hexameters, of the hymns, one of which is to be found amongſt his Latin poems. He had however no great time for ſuch occupations, as he was prevented from proceeding with his obſervations on Spenſer by taking pupils in College.

From the expreſſions uſed by Johnſon, in his letters to Warton at this time, there is reaſon to ſuppoſe that this work was begun; and we have more cauſe to regret that he was hindered in this, than in the others, as the acquaintance with the poets &c. of the middle ages, which he had juſt then diſplayed in his "Obſervations on the Faerie Queene of Spenſer," might have been well applied to the illuſtration of the other beautiful, but (it is much to be lamented) neglected works of that delightful poet.

A paſſage in a letter from Johnſon to Warton, dated Dec. 21, 1754, is a ſtriking proof of the ignorance concerning the earlier Engliſh poets, which at that time prevailed even amongſt Engliſh ſcholars. "There is an old Engliſh "and Latin book of poems by Barclay, called 'The Ship of Fools,' at the end of which are a "number of EGLOGUES; ſo he writes it from "Egloga, which are probably the firſt in our "language. If you cannot find the book, I "will get Mr. Dodſley to ſend it you." It is ſtrange that Johnſon could imagine Warton to be unacquainted with ſo common a book as this, if we conſider the reſearches, which his late publication on the Faerie Queene might have ſhown, that he had been making into early Engliſh literature: or that Johnſon himſelf,

who was on the eve of ſending his Dictionary into the world, ſhould have been ſtruck with the apparent ſingularity of the word "Eglogues;" which denomination is given to ſome complimentary poems addreſſed to William Browne, author of "Britannia's Paſtorals," on the publication of his "Inner Temple Maſque," towards the middle of the 17th century. The reference ſeems to have been made by way of aſſiſting Warton in his "Spenſerian deſign," probably of illuſtrating the "Shepheard's Ca-"lendar."

Had the letters of Mr. Warton, in anſwer to thoſe of Dr. Johnſon above alluded to, been preſerved, they might have made us acquainted with ſome intereſting particulars relating to his ſtudies at this time. But it is moſt probable that they ſuffered conſiderable interruption from the employment in which he was then engaged. Still theſe avocations did not prevent him from exerting himſelf in the ſervice of his friend, or from filling, with credit to himſelf and benefit to the public, an office of diſtinguiſhed honour in the Univerſity. In 1757, on the reſignation of Mr. Hawkins of Pembroke College, Mr. Warton was elected Profeſſor of Poetry: and having been previouſly active in procuring for Dr. Johnſon the degree of A. M. by diploma, (a diſtinction which he was deſirous of placing

in the title-page of his Dictionary) he now gave farther proof of his reſpect for Johnſon, by procuring ſubſcriptions, and contributing notes, to his edition of Shakſpere. "Your notes upon "my poet (ſays Johnſon in a letter preſerved "by Boſwell) were very acceptable. I beg "that you will be ſo kind as to continue your "ſearches. It will be reputable to my work, "and ſuitable to your profeſſorſhip, to have "ſomething of yours in the notes, &c." And in another letter, a few months after, in which he introduces Mr. Baretti to Mr. Warton, he obſerves, "In recommending another to your "favour, I ought not to omit thanks for the "kindneſs which you have ſhown to myſelf. "Have you any more notes on Shakſpeare? I "ſhall be glad of them."

About the ſame time Mr. Warton contributed Numbers 33, 93, and 96 to the "Idler." Of the 33d Number, the ſubject was perhaps not well choſen, and the Journal contained in it has little either to intereſt or amuſe: but the remarks, with which it concludes, on the benefits of academical education, have been [q] quoted with approbation by a living author of eminence,

[q] Dr. Parr's Spital Sermon, p. 137. The paſſage, which I allude to, is quoted as the production of Dr. Johnſon.

and may be conſidered as worthy both of the mind and pen of Johnſon. It is obſervable that Warton choſe to fetch the ſubject of his journal from Cambridge, inſtead of ſupplying himſelf from his own Univerſity with a character, ſuch as may even now be found occaſionally in both; but, it is to be preſumed, is not common in either. The character in No. 93 is in all likelihood juſt, as it was not drawn from the Author's imagination, but from an original in real life, a diſtant relation of his own. The ſtory of Hacho, King of Lapland, in No. 96, which has repeatedly amuſed the hours of childhood, is calculated to convey an uſeful leſſon of temperance to more advanced age. Mr. Warton himſelf was an early riſer, and regular in his exerciſe.

From the circumſtances mentioned above, and from the particular account tranſmitted by Warton to Boſwell of Johnſon's viſit to Oxford, it appears that at this time a conſiderable degree of intimacy ſubſiſted between theſe two celebrated men. There is ſome reaſon to ſuſpect that this friendſhip was followed by a coldneſs; of which we may be allowed to conjecture, though it may be impoſſible to aſcertain, the cauſes. We are told on the authority of a perſon, who could ſpeak from actual obſer-

vation, that "[r] of Johnſon, conſidered as a "lexicographer, a philoſopher, and an eſſayiſt, "Warton thought highly; but was far from "entertaining an exalted opinion of him as a "man of taſte, or a claſſical ſcholar." And whatever might be Johnſon's opinion of Warton's literary purſuits in general, [s]we know that of his poetry he thought and ſpoke contemptuouſly. Such a difference of feeling on matters of taſte was not adapted to conciliate, if we ſuppoſe any cauſe of rupture to have ariſen. Their manners alſo, and modes of life, were extremely different. Indeed ſome cauſe of offence, whether real or imaginary, appears to have been given on both ſides. I have been preſent when it was ſaid on unqueſtionable authority, that Johnſon has been heard to lament, with tears in his eyes, that the Wartons had not called upon him for the laſt four years: and on authority, no leſs to be depended on, that Mr. Warton conceived a perſonal ſlight to have been put upon him by Johnſon; and farther, that Johnſon has been known to declare in terms of ſeverity, ſurely not a little calculated to offend and irritate, that Tom Warton was the only man of genius, whom he knew, without a heart.

[r] Biographical Dictionary; Art. Warton; which I believe to have been written by a friend of Mr. Warton.

[s] See the remarks on his poetry at the end of theſe Memoirs.

Whatever may have been the primary cauſe, I am ſatisfied that ſomething unpleaſant muſt have been experienced, or any unkindneſs would not have appeared in men of ſuch amiable diſpoſitions as the two "learned brothers."

It muſt have been about this time, or ſomewhat earlier, as the Connoiſſeur was publiſhed in 1754, that "Colman and Thornton invited "Mr. Warton to engage in a Periodical Publi-"cation. He declined being a principal con-"ductor: but he occaſionally favoured their "work, as he did the Adventurer and the World, "with gratuitous aſſiſtance[t]." He afterwards wrote the inſcription for Bonnel Thornton's monument in Weſtminſter Abbey[u]."

About this time alſo he publiſhed two ſmall tracts, without name or date. The firſt was a "Deſcription of the City, College, and Cathe-"dral of Wincheſter, &c." compiled chiefly from authentic and original records, printed at London, 12mo. A ſurreptitious and imperfect edition of it was ſoon afterwards printed by W. Greenville, Wincheſter. The other was "A

[t] On the authority of Dr. Huntingford. I am not able to particulariſe the papers contributed by Mr. Warton to either of theſe publications.

[u] A copy of it may be ſeen in the Gentleman's Magazine for December, 1771.

" Companion to the Guide, and a Guide to the " Companion, being a complete ſupplement " to all the accounts of Oxford hitherto pub- " liſhed :" a burleſque of infinite jeſt and humour on Oxford guides and companions, 12mo. It paſſed through ſeveral editions, and is now, as well as the former publication, extremely ſcarce.

During the time of Mr. Warton's holding the Poetry-Profeſſorſhip, which he did for the uſual term of ten years, he exerted himſelf to fulfil the duties of the office, by a conſtant recommendation of the elegance and ſimplicity of the claſſic poets. This was the grand object of the lectures, which he delivered in that capacity before the Univerſity; and which are ſaid to have been " [x] remarkable for elegance of diction, and " juſtneſs of obſervation." The tranſlations from the Greek Anthologies, which make a part of the laſt, and the preſent, edition of his poems, were originally introduced into theſe lectures : and a ſpecimen of their merit is before the public, under the title " De Poeſi Bucolica " Græcorum Diſſertatio ;" which was at firſt delivered as one of the Courſe, and afterwards enlarged, and prefixed to his edition of Theocritus.

[x] Biographical Dictionary.

But whilſt he was thus endeavouring to improve the taſte of the members of the Univerſity, he ſtrove to be of more laſting and general ſervice to her, and to literature at large, by his publications. With this view he publiſhed anonymouſly, in 1758, "Inſcriptionum Romanarum "Metricarum Delectus," 4to. Dodſley: the impreſſion was not numerous, and copies of it have become very ſcarce. This publication is, as the title imports, a ſelection of Latin Metrical Inſcriptions, principally ſepulchral, from Mazochius, Smetius, Gruter, and other voluminous collectors; containing alſo a few modern epigrams, namely, one by Dr. Jortin, and five by himſelf, on the model of the antique; with various readings and notes illuſtrative of cuſtoms, which are alluded to in the Inſcriptions, but are not generally known. The preface explains his deſign in the publication, and points out with great elegance and preciſion the proper conſtituents of an epigram. An octavo volume, of a nature ſomewhat ſimilar to this, but more extenſive, had been publiſhed at Cambridge in the year 1691, by Mr. Fleetwood, Fellow of Queen's College; but in it, as in the large collections above alluded to, the metrical and the proſe Inſcriptions were mixed together, and the ſelection was made with little taſte or diſcretion.

This publication was in 1766 followed by one of Greek Inſcriptions; being an edition of Cephalas's Anthology, from the Clarendon Preſs. The preface, written by our Author, contains a conciſe and clear account of this, and of the other Anthology; and propoſes a method by which a third might be compiled. This publication, as well as that of the Latin Inſcriptions, is without a name; but one or two expreſſions in the preface identify and aſcertain the editor. For in p. xxxiv. he mentions a work, intitled "Inſcriptionum &c. Delectus," publiſhed by himſelf; and concludes with a promiſe of his Theocritus in the following elegant alluſion. "Vereor, ut hactenus in plexendis florum corollis "otium nimis longum pertraxerim. Proxime "ſequetur, cui nunc omnes operas et vires in"tendo, Theocritus. Interea, quaſi promulſi"dem convivii, Lectoribus meis elegantias haſce "vetuſtatis eruditæ propino." P. xxxvi.

In 1770, the promiſed edition of Theocritus, which had been undertaken in 1758, made its appearance in two volumes, 4to. a publication diſtinguiſhed for its correctneſs and ſplendor; and of which Mr. Toup declares in a letter to the Editor, "You have done great honour to "me, to yourſelf, and to the Univerſity. It is "the beſt publication that ever came from the "Clarendon Preſs." Brunck indeed has objected

to it that the Editor did not make enough uſe of the ample materials in his poſſeſſion towards correcting and improving the text; and Harles has characteriſed it as ſplendid, but at the ſame time inconvenient and confuſed.

Mr. Warton had before this time ceaſed to be Poetry-Profeſſor, having held the office from 1758 to 1768, the uſual term of ten years. It was on his election to the office that he had determined on giving an edition of ſome Greek claſſic, by the advice of Judge Blackſtone, at that time Fellow of All Souls' College, and an ardent promoter of every undertaking likely to do credit to the Clarendon Preſs, of which he was one of the Delegates. His choice of the particular author was determined partly by the early and unremitted fondneſs, which in the preface he deſcribes himſelf to have entertained for Theocritus; and more immediately by the circumſtance of many valuable papers, then lately collected from the libraries of Italy, and bequeathed to the Bodleian by the learned J. St. Amand. He profeſſes obligations in the progreſs of the work to Dr. Wheeler, of Magdalen College, who had been Poetry-Profeſſor, and was then Regius Profeſſor of Divinity;—to Dr. Morres, Vice-Principal of Hertford College, for an unedited life of Theocritus by Joſhua Barnes, which, I find by a letter from Dr. Morres, was

procured from a ſon of Mr. Blackwall, author of the "Sacred Claſſics," who had once a deſign of editing Theocritus;—to Dr. Morrell, the lexicographer, for the loan of an index to Theocritus;—to Dr. Farmer, then Fellow, and afterwards Maſter, of Emanuel College, Cambridge, for ſome unedited remarks of Barnes, which proved of no ſervice;—to his friend Mr. Price, of the Bodleian, for his very kind attention and ſervices;—and eſpecially to Mr. Toup, for contributing to the work the fruits of his learning, induſtry, and ſagacity. I find that he had likewiſe ſome trifling communications with Dr. Sumner, and Dr. Barnard, reſpectively Provoſts of King's and Eton Colleges; and with Dr. Muſgrave, the editor of Euripides. The book was printed without accents by recommendation of the Delegates of the Preſs, and particularly, as Dr. Huntingford informed me, of Biſhop Lowth, who had a great regard for the Editor. It is dedicated to Lord North, who had himſelf been formerly a member of Trinity College, and whoſe ſon, Mr. North, the late Earl of Guilford, was in 1774 placed there, under the care of Mr. Warton.

By the purchaſe of a copy of the Theocritus from Mr. Payne, the bookſeller, into whoſe hands the library of our Author came on the

death of his brother, Dr. Joſeph Warton, in 1800, I am enabled to lay before my readers the following original letter from Reiſke, the editor of the Greek orators, &c. whoſe edition of Theocritus had appeared juſt before Warton's, and was noticed in his preface with commendation.

" WARTONO V. C.

" S. P. D.

" J. J. REISKE.

" Miſit ad me nuper Aſkewius V. C. Theo-
" critum a Te, Vir Doctiſſime, egregie expoli-
" tum. Non potui facere, quin tibi provin-
" ciam hanc cum laude geſtam congratularer,
" et hiſce meis ad te teſtatum facerem literis,
" cum ſenſu gaudii memoriſque animi me le-
" giſſe laudes abs te in opuſculum meum Theo-
" criteum, per feſtinationem effuſum magis quam
" meditatione atque mora maturatum, collatas.
" Raro a me diſcedis, aut ubi tamen in alia diſ-
" cedis, ſedulo caviſti humanitatem ne qua læ-
" deres, diſſimillimus hac in re Toupio, homini
" truculento et maledico, cujus literas majoris
" ſim facturus, ſi humanius alios tractare, et ipſe
" ſibi parcere, ſuæque famæ conſulere melius di-
" diciſſet. Injuriis tot et tam atrocibus, quibus
" in me graſſatus eſt, nullis meis provocatus,
" aliud nihil reponam, quam ut meliorem ei
" mentem apprecer. Probra enim jactare, et

" in alios rerum ſuarum ſatagentes, furioſe
" bacchari neque didici, neque juvat, neque
" vacat. Tu vero, mi Wartone, perge hac,
" quam iniſti, via, et bene bonis de literis me-
" reri, et famam meam ad cives tuos tueri, et
" commendatione tua cœptum meum Demo-
" ſthenicum ſecundare. Bene vale. Scripſi Lip-
" ſiæ d. 22. Octobr. 1770.

" Viro clariſſimo Wartono
" Editori Theocriti
" Oxonium."

The connection between the three laſt-mentioned publications of Mr. Warton, and the reference which they appear to have had to his office of Poetry-Profeſſor, have prevented me from mentioning two of his works, which in order of time ſhould have been before noticed: I mean the lives of the Founder and the principal Benefactor of his College. In the year 1760 he contributed to the Biographia Britannica the life of Sir Thomas Pope; which in 1772 he republiſhed, and again in 1780, with very conſiderable additions and improvements, in one volume, 8vo. and in 1761 he ſhowed the ſame reſpect to Dr. Bathurſt, by giving to the world his life and literary remains. Theſe works, if they have not ſerved much to increaſe or extend his reputation as an Author, are at leaſt credit-

able to his feelings as a Man. Communications for the former of theſe lives were received by him from the Hon. Dr. Brownlow North, then Biſhop of Worceſter, and now of Wincheſter; and for the latter from Lord Bathurſt, Dr. Cheney, late Dean of Wincheſter; and Mr. Payne, then Prebendary of Wells. And for aſſiſtance in both of them he acknowledges obligations to his learned friend Mr. Wiſe, Radcliffe's Librarian, and Keeper of the Archives in the Univerſity of Oxford.

In 1761 and 1762 he wrote, as Poetry-Profeſſor, his Verſes, for the Oxford Collections, on the Death of George II. the Marriage of his preſent Majeſty, and the Birth of the Prince of Wales. To the firſt of theſe collections he contributed likewiſe the Ode, intitled the Complaint of Cherwell, in the name of John Chicheſter, brother to the Earl of Donegal.

In 1764 was publiſhed the "Oxford Sauſage, "or ſelect poetical pieces written by the moſt "celebrated wits of the Univerſity of Oxford," 12mo. Several of the poems, and the humorous preface, were written by Mr. Warton, to whom likewiſe the conduct of the publication is attributed. The public is alſo partly indebted to him for an edition of the poems of William Browne (Author of Britannia's Paſtorals) in

1772. "The Shepheard's Pipe," conſiſting of ſome beautiful eclogues, was become ſo ſcarce, that it could not have been reprinted, had not Mr. Warton lent the editor his copy.

On the 7th of December, 1767, he took his degree of B. D. in 1771 was elected a Fellow of the Antiquarian Society, and on the 22d of October in the ſame year was inſtituted to the ſmall living of Kiddington in Oxfordſhire, on the preſentation of George Henry Earl of Litchfield, then Chancellor of the Univerſity, for whom he afterwards wrote an epitaph, which may be found in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1778, p. 645.

But the ſeveral productions of Mr. Warton, juſt mentioned, were trifles when compared with that, which he was now employed upon, and which is undoubtedly the greateſt and moſt important of his works. In the year 1774 appeared the firſt volume of his "Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, from the cloſe of the eleventh to the commencement of the eighteenth century; to which are prefixed two Diſſertations: 1. On the Origin of romantic Fiction in Europe; 2. On the Introduction of Learning into England." The ſecond volume appeared in 1778, and the third in 1781, to which was prefixed an additional "Diſſertation on the Geſta

" Romanorun." The work was originally deſigned to have been compriſed in three volumes; but the Author did not properly eſtimate the quantity of the materials, which he had collected, and has accordingly ended his third volume with a " general View and Character of " the Poetry of Queen Eliſabeth's age." The next part of his employment was to have been a particular examination of this, our Auguſtan age of Poetry; and having, like Æneas, ſurmounted the difficulties, and eſcaped from the obſcurity, of Tartarus, he was now about to enter on the Elyſian Fields.

> Devenere locos lætos et amœna vireta
> Fortunatorum nemorum, ſedeſque beatas:
> Largior hic campos æther, et lumine veſtit
> Purpureo, ſolemque ſuum, ſua ſidera norunt.

But notwithſtanding the enjoyment of theſe ſcenes muſt have been ſo congenial to his mind; though in his firſt edition of Milton's juvenile poems in 1785 he announces that ſpeedily will be publiſhed the fourth and laſt volume of the Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry; and though four years had then elapſed ſince the publication of the third volume, and five years afterwards elapſed between this notice and his death, the work (from what cauſe it does not appear) was never completed: whether it was that the

long duration of the ſame employment had in the end occaſioned diſguſt; or whether his ſubſequent attention was nearly engroſſed by Milton, and thus diverted from the maſters to their greater diſciple; or whether he ſuffered his mind, naturally verſatile, to wander at different times in purſuit of the various objects which were preſented to it, to the neglect of thoſe which he was following. Certain, however, it is, that the work was never brought to a concluſion, though the completion of it would have entitled him to the receipt of a conſiderable ſum; and there is reaſon to believe, that not much was written beyond what is in the poſſeſſion of the public.

It has been ſaid, and perhaps generally believed by thoſe, who have not had opportunities of gaining correct information on the ſubject, that a conſiderable portion of the unfiniſhed work was left by the Author in MS. and that it was the intention of Dr. Warton to complete it. But whatever may have been the intention of Dr. Warton, there is no reaſon to imagine that he began to carry it into effect; and as to the MSS. of Mr. Warton, none are to be found to juſtify the former opinion: a circumſtance leſs remarkable, as it is known by thoſe, who had opportunities of obſerving it, that long habit had given him great facility in compoſing,

and that he frequently wrote immediately for the preſs.

Only eleven ſheets of the fourth volume were printed; and as they were not, I believe, ever publiſhed, and are perhaps not generally known to exiſt, a tranſcription of the firſt paragraph, which opens the ſcheme of that volume, may not be unacceptable to my readers.—"More "poetry was written in the ſingle reign of "Eliſabeth, than in the two preceding centu- "ries. The ſame cauſes, among others already "enumerated and explained, which called forth "genius and imagination, ſuch as the new "ſources of fiction opened by a ſtudy of the "claſſics, a familiarity with the French, Italian, "and Spaniſh writers, the growing elegancies "of the Engliſh language, the diffuſion of po- "liſhed manners, the felicities of long peace and "public proſperity, and a certain freedom and "activity of mind, which immediately followed "the national emancipation from ſuperſtition, "contributed alſo to produce innumerable "compoſitions in poetry. In proſecuting my "farther examination of the poetical annals of "this reign, it therefore becomes neceſſary to "reduce ſuch a latitude of materials to ſome "ſort of methodical arrangement. On which "account I ſhall claſs and conſider the poets of "this reign under the general heads or divi-

" ſions of *Satire*, *Sonnet*, *Paſtoral*, and *Miſcellaneous*
" *Poetry*. Spenſer will ſtand alone, without a
" claſs, and without a rival."

Agreeably to the order of this diviſion, of which the plan is judicious, and the execution would doubtleſs have been moſt intereſting, the volume proceeds with an analyſis of Biſhop Hall's *Virgidemiarium*, and of Marſton's *Scourge of Vilanie*, and other Satires, and a compariſon between the two authors; and breaks off abruptly in the midſt of an account of the other Satiriſts of the age.

I have been told that the copy-right of this work was ſold to Meſſrs. Bowles for 350l. no enormous ſum, when we conſider the time and labour neceſſary for completing it; and ſuch was the confidence of the proprietors in the ſale of it, that the impreſſion conſiſted of 1250 copies.

As ſome notice of the origin of a work ſo important to Engliſh Literature may here be naturally expected, I do not think it neceſſary to apologize for laying before the public in one view, what has already been ſaid upon it by different perſons, and in detached places. The idea ſeems to have originated with Pope, who (as his biographer Ruffhead quaintly expreſſes it) " once had a purpoſe to pen a diſcourſe on

" the riſe and progreſs of Engliſh Poetry, as it " came from the Provincial poets, and had " claſſed the Engliſh poets, according to their " ſeveral ſchools and ſucceſſions, as appears " from the liſt underneath.

" ÆRA I.

Rymer, 2d part, page 65, 66, 67, 77. Petrarch 78. Catal. of Provençals, (Poets.)

1. School of Provence.
- Chaucer's Viſions, Romaunt of the Roſe,
- Pierce Plowman, Tales from Boccace,
- Gower.

2. School of Chaucer.
- Lydgate,
- T. Occleve,
- Walt. de Mapes,
- Skelton.

3. School of Petrarch.
- E. of Surry,
- Sir Thomas Wyat,
- Sir Philip Sidney,
- G. Gaſcoyn, Tranſlator of Arioſto's Com.

4. School of Dante.
- Mirror of Magiſtrates,
- Lord Buckhurſt's Induction, Gorboduck,
- Original of good Tragedy,
- Seneca [his model.]

" ÆRA II.

Spenſer, Col. Clout, from the ſchool of Arioſto and Petrarch, tranſlated from Taſſo.

5. School of Spenſer, and From Italian Sonnets.
- W. Browne's Paſtorals,
- Phineas Fletcher's Purple Iſland, Alabaſter, Piſcatory Ec.
- S. Daniel,
- Sir Walter Raleigh,
- Milton's Juvenilia. Heath. Habinton.

Tranſlators from Italian.
- Golding,
- Edm. Fairfax,
- Harrington.

6. School of Donne.
- Cowley, Davenant,
- Michael Drayton,
- Sir Thomas Overbury,
- Randolph,
- Sir John Davis,
- Sir John Beaumont,
- Cartwright,
- Cleveland,
- Craſhaw,
- Biſhop Corbet,
- Lord Falkland.

Models to Waller.
- Carew, } in matter,
- T. Carey, } in matter,
- G. Sandys, in his Par. of Job, } in verification
- Fairfax, } in verification

Originals of Hudibras."
- Sir John Mennis,
- Thomas Baynal,

It does not appear that Pope ever acted upon the plan he had thus formed; but on being ſhown to Gray, it ſeems to have ſuggeſted to him one of a ſimilar kind, but conſiderably enlarged and modified, of which Maſon has given the following account in the 4th volume of his Memoirs.—"[y] The only work," he obſerves, "which Mr. Gray meditated upon with a direct view to the preſs from the beginning, was "a Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry. He has mentioned this himſelf in an advertiſement pre-

of

[y] Page 142.

" fixed to thoſe three fine imitations of Norſe
" and Welch Poetry, which he gave the world
" in the laſt edition of his Poems. But the
" ſlight manner, in which he there ſpeaks of
" that deſign, may admit here of ſome addi-
" tional explanation. Several years ago I was
" indebted to the friendſhip of the preſent
" learned Biſhop of Glouceſter for a curious
" manuſcript paper of Mr. Pope, which con-
" tains the firſt ſketch of a plan for a work of
" this kind, and which I have ſtill in my poſ-
" ſeſſion. Mr. Gray was greatly ſtruck with
" the method, which Mr. Pope had traced out
" in this little ſketch; and on my propoſal of
" engaging with him in compiling ſuch a hiſ-
" tory, he examined the plan more accurately,
" enlarged it conſiderably, and formed an idea
" for an introduction to it. In this was to be
" aſcertained the origin of rhyme, and ſpeci-
" mens not only of the Provençal poetry, (to
" which alone Mr. Pope ſeemed to have ad-
" verted) but of the Scaldic, Britiſh, and Saxon,
" were to have been given; as, from all theſe
" different ſources united, Engliſh poetry had
" its original: though it could hardly be called
" by that name till the time of Chaucer, with
" whoſe ſchool (i. e. the poets who wrote in
" his manner) the hiſtory itſelf was intended
" to commence. The materials, which I col-
" lected for this purpoſe, are too inconſiderable

" to be mentioned; but Mr. Gray, beſides ver-
" ſifying thoſe Odes that he publiſhed, made
" many elaborate diſquiſitions into the origin of
" rhyme, and that variety of metre, to be found
" in the writings of our ancient poets. He
" alſo tranſcribed many parts of the volumin-
" ous Lidgate, from manuſcripts which he found
" in the Univerſity Library, and thoſe of pri-
" vate Colleges; remarking, as he went along,
" the ſeveral beauties and defects of this imme-
" diate ſcholar of Chaucer. He however ſoon
" found that a work of this kind, purſued on
" ſo very extenſive a plan, would become al-
" moſt endleſs: and hearing at the ſame time,
" that Mr. Thomas Warton, Fellow of Trinity
" College, Oxford, (of whoſe abilities, from his
" 'Obſervations on Spenſer,' we had each of us
" conceived the higheſt opinion) was engaged
" in a work of the ſame kind, we by mutual
" conſent relinquiſhed our undertaking; and
" ſoon after, on that Gentleman's deſiring a
" ſight of the plan, Mr. Gray readily ſent him
" a copy of it."

The plan, as drawn out by Pope, has been already given; that, which was formed on it by Gray, together with the letter to Warton, which accompanied it, is tranſcribed below from the Gentleman's Magazine for 1783: it is there ſaid to be communicated by a Gentle-

man of Oxford; and there ſeems no reaſon to doubt of its genuineneſs, though there may be to queſtion who it was, that had the power or right to communicate it. The letter &c. are as follows.

" Sir,

" Our friend, Dr. Hurd, having long " ago deſired me in your name to communicate " any fragments, or ſketches, of a deſign, I once " had, to give a Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, you " may well think me rude or negligent, when " you ſee me heſitating for ſo many months, " before I comply with your requeſt. And yet, " believe me, few of your friends have been " better pleaſed than I, to find this ſubject, " ſurely neither unentertaining nor unuſeful, " had fallen into hands ſo likely to do it juſ- " tice; few have felt a higher eſteem for your " talents, your taſte, and induſtry. In truth, " the only cauſe of my delay has been a ſort of " diffidence, that would not let me ſend you " any thing ſo ſhort, ſo ſlight, and ſo imperfect, " as the few materials, I had begun to collect, " or the obſervations, I had made on them. A " ſketch of the diviſion or arrangement of the " ſubject, however, I venture to tranſcribe; " and would wiſh to know, whether it corre- " ſponds in any thing with your own plan. For " I am told your firſt volume is in the preſs.

" INTRODUCTION.

" On the Poetry of the Galic, or Celtic, na-
" tions as far back as it can be traced.—On that
" of the Goths, its introduction into theſe iſlands
" by the Saxons and Danes, and its duration.—
" On the Origin of Rhyme among the Franks,
" the Saxons, and Provençaux. Some account
" of the Latin rhyming Poetry, from its early
" origin down to the fifteenth century.

" PART I.

" On the ſchool of Provence, which roſe
" about the year 1100, and was ſoon followed
" by the French and Italians. Their heroic
" Poetry, or Romances in verſe, Allegories,
" Fabliaux, Syrvientes, Comedies, Farces, Can-
" zoni, Sonnets, Balades, Madrigals, Seſtines, &c.
" Of their imitators the French; and of the firſt
" Italian ſchool, commonly called the Sicilian,
" about the year 1200, brought to perfection
" by Dante, Petrarch, Boccace, and others.—
" State of Poetry in England from the Con-
" queſt, 1066, or rather from Henry the Se-
" cond's time, 1154, to the reign of Edward
" the Third, 1327.

" PART II.

" On Chaucer, who firſt introduced the man-
" ner of the Provençaux, improved by the Ita-

" lians, into our country; his character and me-
" rits at large: the different kinds in which he
" excelled. Gower, Occleve, Lydgate, Hawes,
" Gawen Douglas, Lyndeſay, Bellenden, Dun-
" bar, &c.

" PART III.

" Second Italian School, of Arioſto, Taſſo,
" &c. an improvement on the firſt, occaſioned
" by the revival of letters, the end of the fif-
" teenth century. The Lyric Poetry of this
" and the former age introduced from Italy
" by Lord Surrey, Sir T. Wyat, Bryan, Lord
" Vaulx, &c. in the beginning of the ſixteenth
" century.

" PART IV.

" Spenſer, his character: ſubject of his poem,
" allegoric and romantic, of Provençal inven-
" tion; but his manner of tracing it, borrowed
" from the ſecond Italian School.—Drayton,
" Fairfax, Phineas Fletcher, Golding, Phaer, &c.
" This ſchool ends in Milton.—A third Italian
" ſchool, full of conceit, begun in Queen Eliſa-
" beth's reign, continued under James and
" Charles the Firſt, by Donne, Craſhaw, Cleve-
" land, carried to its height by Cowley, and
" ending perhaps in Sprat.

" PART V.

" School of France, introduced after the

" Reſtoration—Waller, Dryden, Addiſon, Prior,
" and Pope—which has continued to our own
" times.

" You will obſerve that my idea was in ſome
" meaſure taken from a ſcribbled paper of Pope,
" of which I believe you have a copy. You
" will alſo ſee I had excluded Dramatic Poetry
" entirely; which if you have taken in, it will
" at leaſt double the bulk and labour of your
" book. I am, Sir, with great eſteem,

" Your moſt humble and obedient ſervant,

" THOMAS GRAY.

" PEMBROKE-HALL, *April* 15, 1770."

It is natural enough to enquire what occaſioned Warton to reject this method in the formation of his work, and to have recourſe to a chronological arrangement. He was aware of, and has met, the enquiry. And as an Author can beſt explain his own motives; and as, if I were to attempt to explain them, I ſhould perhaps at the moſt be only ſaying in a worſe way what he himſelf has ſaid in a better, I ſhall content myſelf with tranſcribing the account, which he has given in the preface to his Hiſtory. " A few years ago," he ſays, " Mr. Maſon, with
" that liberality, which ever accompanies true
" genius, gave me an authentic copy of Mr.
" Pope's ſcheme of an Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry,

" in which our Poets were claſſed under their " ſuppoſed reſpective ſchools. The late la- " mented Mr. Gray had alſo projected a work " of this kind, and tranſlated ſome Runic odes " for its illuſtration, now publiſhed: but ſoon " relinquiſhing the proſecution of a deſign, " which would have detained him from his " own noble inventions, he moſt obligingly con- " deſcended to favour me with the ſubſtance of " his plan, which I found to be that of Mr. " Pope, conſiderably enlarged, extended, and " improved.

" It is vanity in me to have mentioned theſe " communications. But I am apprehenſive my " vanity will juſtly be thought much greater, " when it ſhall appear, that, in giving the Hiſ- " tory of Engliſh Poetry, I have rejected the " ideas of men, who are its moſt diſtinguiſhed " ornaments. To confeſs the real truth, upon " examination and experiment, I ſoon diſcovered " their mode of treating my ſubject, plauſible " as it is and brilliant in theory, to be attended " with difficulties and inconveniencies, and pro- " ductive of embarraſſment both to the reader " and the writer. Like other ingenious ſyſ- " tems, it ſacrifices much uſeful intelligence to " the obſervance of arrangement; and in the " place of that ſatisfaction, which reſults from a " clearneſs and a fulneſs of information, ſeemed

" only to ſubſtitute the merit of diſpoſition,
" and the praiſe of contrivance. The conſtraint,
" impoſed by a mechanical attention to this
" diſtribution, appeared to me to deſtroy that
" free exertion of reſearch, with which ſuch a
" hiſtory ought to be executed, and not eaſily
" reconcileable with that complication, variety,
" and extent of materials, which it ought to
" comprehend.

" The method, I have purſued, on one ac-
" count at leaſt, ſeems preferable to all others.
" My performance, in its preſent form, exhi-
" bits without tranſpoſition the gradual improve-
" ments of our poetry, at the ſame time that it
" uniformly repreſents the progreſſion of our
" language."

Theſe reaſons for the preference, which Warton has given to his own method, will probably appear concluſive. The practice of reducing the ſeveral painters under their reſpective ſchools may have inclined Pope, who is well known to have been fond and ſtudious of the art of painting, to introduce a ſimilar method in examining the ſiſter art of poetry; and a like propenſity may have influenced Gray and Maſon, when they adopted and improved on this method. Probably it is more ſpecious, and more gratifying

to the fancy; but the merit of it ſhould be eſtimated by its practicability, of which experiment is the ſureſt, and, it may be, the only, criterion. Warton aſſures us he made the experiment, and was thereby deterred from proceeding in it: Pope himſelf, the original projector, does not appear to have attempted to embody his plan: Gray, as we have already ſeen, found "that a work of the kind in queſtion, "purſued on ſo very extenſive a plan, would "become almoſt endleſs:" and Maſon may be conſidered as having given a tacit approbation, at leaſt he forbore to object, to the chronological arrangement of Warton[z].

If it ſhould appear that this account of circumſtances, connected with "the Hiſtory of "Engliſh Poetry," has been drawn to an unexpected length, I ſhall ſhelter myſelf under a plea not only of the importance of the ſubject itſelf, but alſo of the ſatisfaction derived from the contemplation of ſuch diſtinguiſhed men, liberally communicating their thoughts in order to promote the general intereſts of literature; and free from the feelings of envy and ill-natured rivalry, to which little minds are ſubject,

[z] See the note annexed to the paſſage quoted above from the 4th volume of his Memoirs.

conſpiring to promote, and participating in the ſatisfaction conſequent on, the well-earned reputation of each other.

But the treatment, which Mr. Warton met with in return for his hiſtorical labours, was not always of this mild and gentle complexion. The publication of the work raiſed him up an antagoniſt in the anonymous writer of "Obſervations on the three firſt Volumes of the "Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, in a familiar Letter to the Author." A writer, of whom it is no harſh judgment to pronounce, that the acuteneſs of his mind is greater than its elegance; and that, whatever other obligations he may be under to his learning, he certainly is not indebted to it for any peculiar ſoftneſs of manner. I would not willingly ſpeak of any man otherwiſe than with temper; but I feel it incumbent on me to mention this tract, and impoſſible to mention it but with ſeverity. With reſpect to the ſpecific accuſations urged in this anonymous attack, ſome of the inaccuracies and errors pointed out had been before noticed and corrected by the hiſtorian himſelf; [a] ſome of

[a] See the Gentleman's Magazine for 1782 and 1783, in which are ſeveral letters in vindication of Mr. Warton. Thoſe ſigned A. S. are from the elegant pen of Mr. Ruſſell, fellow of New College, the author of ſome Sonnets and very beautiful pieces of miſcellaneous poetry, publiſhed after his death.

the charges have been ſhown to be groundleſs, and ſome at leaſt of a queſtionable nature; and all of them, without an exception, are obtruded on public notice with ſuch aſperity of language, with ſuch hardineſs of aſſertion, and in ſuch a ſpirit of exaggeration and (it ſhould ſeem) of perſonal acrimony, as no one who has not read them will readily conceive.

In the mean time, with reſpect to many of the charges, as I am not prepared to prove them to be falſe, I do not heſitate to ſuppoſe, and to allow, them to be true. Nor do I think that hereby much is detracted from the merit of the hiſtorian: for in a work of ſuch a nature as to require the exertions of a mind poſſeſſed of the united powers of reſearch, comprehenſion, ſelection, combination, and arrangement, warmed by a lively taſte, and chaſtiſed by a correct judgment, to make it tolerably perfect, a man of common ſenſe will expect to meet with errors, which a man of common ingenuouſneſs will forbear to condemn with harſhneſs. And if, after the deduction of thoſe charges which cannot be ſubſtantiated, and a decent qualification of thoſe which can, the remainder ſhall be neither very numerous nor very material, then may it, on the other hand, be not unfairly argued, that the very adduction of theſe errors from a work of ſuch magnitude and difficulty,

as the one in queſtion, is to a certain extent a teſtimony in its favour; as it may thence be preſumed, that not many others of much importance exiſt in it, or they would not have eſcaped the notice of an obſerver, ſo diligent in diſcovering imperfections, and ſo eager in expoſing them. For as to the *general* charges, contained in the attack, little credit can be due to blind and unſupported accuſations; to inſinuations of a power to expoſe, when it is, from the whole tenor of the pamphlet, pretty evident, that, if the power exiſted, the will would not be wanting. From the unqualified and ſcurrilous language of abuſe, which this anonymous writer employs, I am at little pains to attempt to defend the hiſtorian, for they ſerve to reflect diſgrace on him alone, who can employ them; ſtill leſs have I to do, on this occaſion, with his indecent ſneers at religion, utterly irrelevant, as they are, to the ſubject before him: nor ſhould I notice his charges of book-making, of wilful falſehood and miſrepreſentation, of pilfering, of diſhoneſty, of ſwindling, and the like, charges on the moral character of the hiſtorian, uttered without reſtraint, and ſupported by no foundation, but to mark them with my abhorrence and contempt.

An intimate friend of Mr. Warton has informed me, that he neither allowed the juſtneſs,

nor felt, though he might lament, the keenneſs of the cenſure: and it ſhould ſeem that the critic did not long exult in his fancied triumph; for in a ſubſequent publication [b], he condeſcends ſomewhat to ſoften the aſperity, and temper the virulence, of his invective; where, inſtead of laviſhing on the hiſtorian the terms of "childiſh ignorance," and others of a kindred ſtamp, in which his vocabulary ſeems to abound, he aſcribes to him the poſſeſſion of "great and "ſplendid abilities;" and, though he ſtill pronounces the Hiſtory to be pervaded by "gene-"ral inaccuracy," ſeems to conſider it ſuperior to his propoſed "poetical Annals of the Britiſh "Nurſery;" by ſtyling it "an intereſting and "important work."

Having ſaid ſo much of the hiſtory of this work, and the circumſtances connected with it, I will here only add, on the ſuggeſtion of a friend, that it was perhaps modelled on a ſimilar work in Italian, entitled L'Iſtoria della volgar Poeſia ſcritta da Gio. Mario Creſcimbeni. In Venezia 1731.

In 1777 Mr. Warton publiſhed an octavo volume of poems, conſiſting principally of un-

[b] See the preface to Minot's Poems. I heartily beg pardon of the Author of this preface, if I am wrong in identifying him with the Author of the "Obſervations."

publiſhed pieces, whilſt ſeveral of thoſe, which he had before publiſhed, were omitted. Amongſt the latter were the Triumph of Iſis, the Pleaſures of Melancholy, the Ode on the Approach of Summer, Newmarket, and others. A ſecond edition ſoon followed; a third in 1779, when the Triumph of Iſis was added, as noticed in a former page: and a fourth in 1789, containing, beſides the other poems, the Verſes to Sir Joſhua Reynolds. His reaſon for omitting the others does not appear; for ſo far would they have been from diſgracing the collection, that the Summer-Ode may be pronounced one of his beſt productions in point of poetical imagery, as may Newmarket, in point of ſatirical humour.

Mr. Warton reſided for the moſt part in Oxford during term, and paſſed his vacations in making excurſions over the country, or in viſiting his brother, Dr. Joſeph Warton, at Wincheſter; between whom and himſelf there always ſubſiſted the moſt cordial affection. "Proofs "of this love and mutual reſpect for each other's "abilities," ſays the Biſhop of Glouceſter, who had numerous opportunities of witneſſing it in their perſonal intercourſe alſo, "are evident in "their ſeveral works. Our Author's Ode, which "begins 'Ah! mourn thou lov'd retreat,' and "the firſt Sonnet, were written on Dr. Joſeph

" Warton's leaving Winſlade, the place in " which he tranſlated the Eclogues and Geor- " gics of Virgil.

" When Dr. Warton removed from Win- " ſlade to Wincheſter College, it was the cuſ- " tom of Mr. Warton conſtantly to ſpend his " long vacation at Wincheſter with his brother. " To this circumſtance we owe that admirable " ſpecimen of firm, clear, and pure Hexameter " compoſition, the Mons Catharinæ, and the " Sonnet on King Arthur's round table. At " Wincheſter alſo was written the Ode on the " Firſt of April, which, ſoon after its produc- " tion, was recited in the School of Wincheſter " College. The beautiful Hendecaſyllaba, in- " titled ' Apud Hortum jucundiſſimum Winto- " niæ,' paint the ſcenery of a garden formed, " and in the ſummer frequented, by his brother. " The ſite of it is between two arms of the " river, which runs under the walls of the Col- " lege; and it looks immediately on that mea- " dow, where once ſtood a College dedicated to " St. Eliſabeth. Had our Author lived longer, " it is probable he would have printed, what he " had prepared for the preſs, a Hiſtory of St. " Eliſabeth's College. This work would have " been highly acceptable, and a fit addition to " his ' Hiſtory of Wincheſter,' which he pub- " liſhed at a former period.

" During his reſidence at Wincheſter, he " wrote the greater part of his Hiſtory of En- " gliſh Poetry. On examining that laborious " and ingenious work, we find our Author " deriving conſiderable advantage from thoſe " ſources of information, to which, in conſe- " quence of his connexion with the College, " Church, and City of Wincheſter, through " means of his brother, he could have eaſy ac- " ceſs. Hence it is that, ſometimes to illuſtrate " remarks, and ſometimes to confirm inſtances " relating to the ancient uſages and inſtitutions " of our country, he often cites the records " preſerved in that place, which was once the " ſeat of Royalty and Monaſtic celebrity.

" In proſecuting his Hiſtory, our Author, " like every other writer of ſuperior abilities, " was glad to avail himſelf of remarks from a " critic equally eminent with himſelf: he there- " fore ſubmitted the greater part of his papers " to the inſpection of Dr. Warton, and received " from him occaſional hints. The concluding " page of the firſt volume was written by Dr. " Warton."

Another work of Mr. Warton connected with Wincheſter is mentioned by Dr. Sturges in his letter to Mr. Milner. " Mr. Thomas Warton," he remarks, " has left an elaborate and very

" curious work on St. Mary's Chapel in the " Cathedral, quite prepared for the preſs; which " I have ſeen by favour of my friend Dr. War- " ton." In ſhort, his mind appears to have been always active, and prepared to take advantage of whatever preſented itſelf.

It was during one of theſe viſits to his brother in 1778, that his Majeſty honoured the College with his preſence, and was received with a Latin ſpeech from Mr. Chamberlayne, ſon of William Chamberlayne, Eſq. Solicitor of the Treaſury, the ſenior ſcholar on the foundation, and afterwards fellow of New College; and with a copy of Engliſh verſes by the Earl of Shafteſbury, one of Dr. Warton's commoners. The Latin ſpeech, which is written with great elegance and terſeneſs, was compoſed by Mr. Warton[c], and is accordingly here introduced. " Regum antiquorum, Rex auguſtiſſime, morem " revocas, qui literatorum ſodalitiis intereſſe, " oculiſque et aſpectu doctrinarum ſtudia com- " probare non indignum putabant amplitudine " ſuâ. Et profecto complures regios hoſpites, " Henricos, Edvardos, Carolos, olim excepit ve- " tus hoc inclytumque Muſarum domicilium ; " nullum, qui bonas literas te, Pater illuſtriſſi- " me, vel magis amaverit, vel auxerit, vel orna-

[c] Aſſerted on the authority of his nephew, the Rev. John Warton.

" verit. Quin et animum tuum propenſamque
" in literas voluntatem vel hoc abundè teſtari
" poſſit, quod vicina caſtra tot tantiſque pro-
" cerum Britannicorum pro patria militantium
" præſidiis inſtructiſſima, bellicis ſpectaculis te
" non penitus occupatum tenuere, quo minus
" et togatam juventutem reſpiceres, et ex armo-
" rum ſtrepitu remiſſionem quandam literati
" hujus otii captares. Ut diu vivas et valeas,
" in utriuſque Minervæ perennem gloriam, tibi
" fauſta et felicia comprecantur omnia vovent-
" que Wiccamici tui."

Mr. Price of the Bodleian Library, who lived for many years with Mr. Warton in habits of familiar friendſhip, has kindly put into my hands a collection of letters received from him at different times of his abſence from Oxford. From theſe he appears to have been an indolent and haſty correſpondent, as they ſeldom contain more than a mention of the buſineſs on which they were written. Occaſionally however they give ſcattered notices of his literary engagements, and on that account I am induced to tranſcribe the following extracts in the order of their dates, as likewiſe becauſe they will be found to give ſome idea of his general character, and particularly of the eaſy and unaffected good humour, by which his friends know him to have been diſtinguiſhed. At leaſt, if they do not abound in

information or intereſt, they are altogether free from diſguiſe or artifice, and exhibit the writer, as he was. The earlieſt of them is dated 1774, which is about the time when the firſt volume of his Hiſtory was publiſhed. It begins as follows.

" Dear Price,

" I ſuppoſe you to be in the land of the " living; and after your Devonſhire peregrina- " tions to be returned to Jeſus College, or at " leaſt the neighbourhood of North-Leigh. I " have the pleaſure to tell you that great part " of the ſecond volume of my Hiſtory is ready " for preſs. I ſee by the papers old Sandford is " dead, and I imagine by this time it is known " to *which* library he has left his books and " coins. A noble legacy ſomewhere! You cer- " tainly know Mr. North is coming to me at " Trinity College. I will tell you all the par- " ticulars of that affair when we meet; which " I think will be in about a fortnight. I have ſe- " veral things to look at in the B. Library, which " I hope I can do, though it is ſhut for the Viſi- " tation, as you are always ſo good as to admit " me *behind the ſcenes*. I have a variety of things " in the literary way to talk to you about.

" I am, dear Price,

" Yours moſt ſincerely,

" T. WARTON.

" WINTON, *Sept.* 30, 1774.

"P. S. Pray write. My brother ſends com-
" pliments."

Mr. North, as I mentioned before, and as is intimated in this letter, was now ſent to Trinity College, and put under the care of Mr. Warton, who, in compliance with the wiſh of Lord North, immediately relinquiſhed his other pupils.

" Dear Price,

" I have long wiſhed to hear from you,
" though I hope to ſee you ſo ſoon as the 15th
" of next month. Then for ſheep's heart or
" griſkin as ſoon as you pleaſe at Enſham. I
" give you much joy that your friend Sheffield
" is appointed Provoſt of Worceſter. I think
" he will make a very good one. Who is to be
" Head of Braſenoſe? I hope for Cleaver, but
" I hear he is *not qualified to ſtart* on account of
" his foundation. * * * I ſee a ballad on Lord
" Ab——n's republican pamphlet, which I am
" ſure is written by Dr. Cooper of Queen's. I
" have a correſpondence on foot with Pennant
" about ſome old Plays acted at Cheſter, and I
" think I have amply atoned for keeping the
" thin folio manuſcript ſo long. My ſecond
" volume goes on ſwimmingly. I have already
" written almoſt the whole; but I intend a
" third volume, of which more when we meet.

" I am going to dine and drink Champagne " to-day with Hans Stanley, which I fear will " *throw me out* a little. Obſerve my many " ſporting phraſes, though I have not been at " one race this vacation. What beautiful " weather for Wilcott! Pray write ſoon. I " think this letter will find you at Oxford: " therefore if I do not hear from you ſoon, I " ſhall conclude you are rambling in ſearch of " plants and epitaphs.

" I am,

" Dear Price,

" Very ſincerely yours,

" T. WARTON.

" WINTON. *Sept.* 16, 1777."

The following contains an account of one of his antiquarian reſearches, which has never yet been publicly noticed; it is dated from Winton. Sept. 22, 1778. " * * * My travels ſince I " left you have been on ſo large a ſcale, that I " muſt not attempt a detail of them in the " narrow compaſs of the preſent half ſheet. I " fear it will be all in vain to invite you to ſee " the camp, where the South-Glouceſter, head- " ed by Lord Berkley, is one of the moſt fa- " mous regiments in the line. I have often " dined with his Lordſhip, and like him ſo well " that I wiſh for a coalition of parties. Here is " nothing but exploſion and ſmoke; you would

" think we lived in a land of volcanoes. I hope
" the gout will permit me to have a few gallops
" with the Duke of Beaufort's dogs at my re-
" turn to Oxford. I don't mean that I have
" any preſentiments of it. I have borrowed from
" the muniment houſe of this college a moſt
" curious roll of W. Wykeham's houſe-keeping
" expences for the year 1394. It is 100 feet
" long and 12 broad, and really the moſt ve-
" nerable and valuable record I have ever ſeen
" of the kind. I am making an abſtract of it,
" which I believe I ſhall publiſh. But you
" ſhall ſee what I have done. * * *"

William of Wykeham's roll is again noticed in a letter from Wincheſter, dated Sept. 18, 1784.
" I write to you, I think according to annual cuſ-
" tom in long vacations, to aſk how you go on,
" and whether old Oxford is ſtill in being. * *
" I think I ſhall ſee you in about five weeks; but
" I ſhould not wiſh to return till we have a bit
" of a common room. This place is dull enough
" without drumming and fifing, but I am little
" at it. * * * I will bring with me Wyke-
" ham's *Rotulus Hoſpicii*, which you will like to
" ſee, and where ſome of the abbreviations are
" too tough for me. I am ready for publica-
" tion, when they are got over. But elſe I
" ſhall leave them as I find them. It will be
" more than a *merely curious* work."

From Wincheſter, Auguſt 18, 1780, he begins a letter, "After a long camping tour, "I am ſitting down again to my book in "good earneſt;" and deſires Mr. Price to ſend him ſome tranſcripts "of paſſages relating to "our old Engliſh poets, ſatiriſts chiefly;" which ſhould ſeem to look to the fourth volume of his Hiſtory, in which, as before noticed, he commences with Hall, the firſt Engliſh ſatiriſt. This letter gives a proof of his fondneſs for military ſpectacles, in the enumeration and arrangement of the regiments that formed the camps he had juſt viſited at Portſmouth and Plymouth. Yarmouth, Iſle of Wight, June 25, 1781. *** "At Hurſt "Caſtle yeſterday I almoſt dropt a tear in the "gloomy chamber in which K. Charles the "firſt was confined."

Oct. 13, 1781. (Probably juſt after the third volume of the Hiſtory came out, for it was publiſhed in the ſame year.) "I have lately been "working hard; have made ſome progreſs in "my *fourth* volume, and have written a Hiſtory "of Kiddington, which I intend as a ſpecimen "of a parochial Hiſtory of Oxfordſhire. You "will be ſurpriſed to ſee my account of ſo "ſmall a village take up three large quarto "paper books." Twenty copies of this Hiſtory were ſoon after printed for the uſe of his friends, but not then publiſhed: but in the

following year, 1782, Aug. 13, he writes again; "Pray ſend me the legend and dimenſions of "Thomas de Wilcot's ſeal, and any other "particulars about it neceſſary to be known. "How near Freeman's lodge, and with what "bearing was the pavement found at Ditch-"ley? You will ſee Kiddington quite a new "thing; which I mean to reprint and to pub-"liſh. Tell me any thing elſe you think of "uſe." He accordingly publiſhed his Hiſtory of Kiddington at the latter end of the ſame year, or the beginning of the next. In the preface, which contains ſome very ſenſible remarks on the general and national utility of county hiſtories, he gives ſome account of the occaſion of this publication; which it is needleſs to enter upon here.

The year 1782 appears to have been a buſy year with Mr. Warton. Beſides his employments, which have been juſt mentioned, he was occaſionally engaged in two or three other works. It was naturally to be expected that the controverſy concerning Rowley and Chatterton, turning upon ſubjects, with which he was more than ordinarily acquainted, would not paſs unnoticed by him. He had accordingly in the ſecond volume of his Hiſtory, which treats of the times when Rowley is ſuppoſed to have

written, diſcuſſed the queſtion, and declared himſelf of opinion that the poems were modern compoſitions. In the preſent year he publiſhed an 8vo. pamphlet, entitled "An Enquiry into "the Authenticity of the Poems attributed to "Thomas Rowley," confining his arguments to the internal evidence of the poems.

He now alſo publiſhed his Verſes on Sir Joſhua Reynolds's painted window at New College, 4to. which occaſioned the following letter[d] from Sir Joſhua.

"LONDON, *May* 13, 1782.

"Dear Sir,

"This is the firſt minute I have had to "thank you for the verſes which I had the "honour and pleaſure of receiving a week ago. "It is a bijoux, it is a beautiful little thing; and "I think I ſhould have equally admired it, if I "had not been ſo much intereſted in it as I "certainly am. I owe you great obligations for "the ſacrifice which you have made, or pretend "to have made, to modern art: I ſay pretend; "for though it is allowed that you have, like a "true poet, feigned marvellouſly well, and have "oppoſed the two different ſtyles with the ſkill "of a Connoiſſeur, yet I may be allowed to en-

[d] Communicated to me by Mr. J. Warton.

" tertain ſome doubts of the ſincerity of your " converſion. I have no great confidence in the " recantation of ſuch an old offender.

" It is ſhort, but it is a complete compoſi- " tion; it is a whole. The ſtruggle is, I think, " eminently beautiful—

" From bliſs long felt unwillingly we part,
" Ah! ſpare the weakneſs of a lover's heart.

" It is not much to ſay that your verſes are " by far the beſt that ever my name was con- " cerned in. I am ſorry therefore my name " was not hitched in, in the body of the poem. " If the title page ſhould be loſt, it will appear " to be addreſſed to Mr. Jervais.

" I am, dear Sir,
" With the greateſt reſpect,
" Your moſt humble
" And obedient ſervant,
" J. Reynolds."

In compliance with this ſuggeſtion of very pardonable vanity in Sir Joſhua, in a ſecond edition of the poem, the word " Artiſt," which begins the laſt paragraph, was altered into " Reynolds." It may be remarked, that in thoſe of Mr. Warton's Letters which have fallen into my hands, he does not once mention this or any other of his poems; though the ſelection of

them, which he publiſhed, was made during the time of the correſpondence which I poſſeſs.

In this year he was preſented by his College to the donative of Hill Farrance in Somerſetſhire; and about the ſame time, as I conjecture, was elected a member of the Literary Club. I do not ſuppoſe that he was a regular, or even frequent, attendant at its meetings: which indeed will hardly appear ſtrange, when we conſider how little time he paſſed in Town. He was however individually acquainted with ſeveral of its members; with Mr. Langton, who had been his pupil at Trinity College; with Dr. Johnſon; Dr. Percy, Lord Biſhop of Dromore; and Mr. Stevens, to whom he contributed notes in 1786 for the variorum edition of Shakſpere. Mr. Boſwell, in the advertiſement prefixed to his Life of Johnſon, particularly laments that he was deprived by death of Mr. Warton's approbation to his work, and acknowledges the high eſtimation in which he held his contributions: and a gentleman, well acquainted with Warton, once caſually remarked to me, that his ſubmitting to have his portrait taken, was a proof of the regard which he had for Sir Joſhua Reynolds. With Dr. Farmer, another member of the club, he firſt became acquainted from an accidental viſit to Cambridge. Dr. Farmer,

hearing that he was there, introduced and attached himſelf to Mr. Warton, and did not quit him during his ſtay in the Univerſity.

I will here curſorily mention alſo, that, beſides thoſe who have been, or may be, more particularly noticed, Mr. Warton had communications or perſonal acquaintance with ſeveral of the moſt celebrated literary characters of the age; amongſt others, with Collins and Glover, the poets; the late Earl of Orford; Mr. Aſtle, the Author of the Diſſertation on Writing; Mr. Gough, the Antiquarian; Mr. Tyrwhitt, the learned Editor of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, of Rowley, and of Ariſtotle's Poetic.

In the year 1785, it appears that the merit of Mr. Warton was duly eſtimated both within and without the precincts of his own ſphere, by his election to a ſecond office in the Univerſity, that of Camden Profeſſor of Hiſtory, on the reſignation of Dr. Scott; and by his appointment to the Laurel in May, on the death of William Whitehead.

The Camden Profeſſorſhip of Hiſtory had been founded by the celebrated Antiquarian and Annaliſt of that name in the year 1621; and ſuch was the low ſtate of learning in Oxford at the time of its foundation, that the Profeſſor is

required to lecture the Bachelors of Arts and the Students in Civil Law twice a week in Lucius Florus, or ſome other of the more ancient and diſtinguiſhed hiſtorians. It will readily be ſuppoſed that in the preſent ſtate of academical acquirements the new Profeſſor would be neither required, nor wiſhed, to comply with the primitive injunction. In his Inaugural Lecture, which was moſt fully and reſpectably attended, from a comparative view of learning at the different times, he ſhewed the abſurdity of any ſuch expectation; and having perſpicuouſly traced the characteriſtic diſtinctions of the ſeveral hiſtorians of Greece and Rome, declared his intention of coming forward, as occaſion might ſerve, with more particular remarks on their reſpective merits. The readers of the Lecture[e] may think it matter of regret, that he ſuffered the "roſtrum to grow cold" whilſt it was in his poſſeſſion.

The office of Poet-Laureate acquires more credit from being filled by a reſpectable character, than it confers on the perſon who fills it. Gray, on its being offered to him at the death of Cibber, refuſed it; and Warton himſelf a few years after, whilſt he paid a handſome com-

[e] By the kindneſs of Mr. John Warton, it makes a part of this publication.

pliment to Whitehead, who then held it, had expreſſed a wiſh that "the more than annual return of a compoſition on a trite ſubject would be no longer required[f]." I know not whether it may appear ſtrange or inconſiſtent that he ſhould accept the appointment after this declaration; but ſure I am that he has executed the office with ſurpriſing ability; that he has given variety to a hackneyed argument by the happieſt ſelection and adaptation of collateral topics; and has ſhewn how a poet may celebrate his Sovereign, not with the fulſome adulation of an Auguſtan Courtier, or the baſe proſtration of an Oriental Slave, but with the genuine ſpirit and erect front of an Engliſhman.

"The Laureates of our own country have "ever been, as Falſtaff ſays, the occaſion of wit "in other men." Mr. Warton however was peculiarly diſtinguiſhed, ſhortly after his appointment, by the publication of "Probationary Odes "for the Laureatſhip;" a work, of which it is but juſtice to ſay, that it not only poſſeſſes a very conſiderable portion of wit, but is alſo diſtinguiſhed from attacks made on him upon other occaſions, by a more innocent ſpirit of raillery. But in ſaying this, I would be cautious of being underſtood to expreſs any approbation of ſuch

[f] Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, vol. ii. p. 133.

compoſitions. Perſonal ſatire muſt at all times expoſe its author to a ſuſpicion of malignity; and for myſelf I muſt profeſs, that the circumſtance of its being anonymous would have no trifling influence towards converting ſuſpicion into conviction.

A copy of the Odes was ſent to Mr. Warton by the Editor, with the following letter, which *my readers* may perhaps underſtand.

" Rev. Sir,

" I hold Ingratitude to be one of the " baſeſt crimes that can ſtain the human cha- " racter. I have deemed it therefore my indiſ- " penſable duty to tranſmit the incloſed to you, " as a teſtimony of my grateful recollection for " the peculiar ſervice you have rendered me in " ſetting the firſt example of a *Joke*, by the " continuance of which I have already profited " ſo much, and hope to do ſtill more ſo by the " ſucceſſion of future editions, with which the " accompanying effuſions will be indiſpenſa- " bly honoured in future. Had it not been for " the inimitable effort of luxuriant humour " which proceeded from you on the occaſion I " allude to, the world would have been de- " prived of the moſt aſtoniſhing exhibition of " genuine Joke that ever graced the annals of " literature, and I ſhould have been ſtill more

" unhappy to have loſt the opportunity of a " competent independency. I entreat you " therefore, good Sir, to accept my warm- " eſt gratitude, and believe me to be ever " yours,

" The EDITOR
" of the PROBATIONARY ODES."

It ſhould be remembered, that whilſt the other Odes in this humorous publication were fabricated by the Editor for the perſons whoſe names they bear; the one aſſigned to the Laureate was his own compoſition, written for the Birth-day in the year of his appointment. In truth, the Ode was not happy either in the matter or execution; and it will not perhaps be pronouncing too harſh a judgment, to ſay, that it poſſeſſes leſs merit than any other poem which he wrote either before or after it. It was however attended with this incidental recommendation, that it ſerved to diſplay the character of its Author in its uſual amiable colours. For we are told by one who had the beſt opportunity of judging, I mean his brother, Dr. Warton, that " the Laureat of all men felt the leaſt, " and leaſt deſerved to feel, the force of the " Probationary Odes, written on his appoint- " ment to the office; and that he always " heartily joined in the laugh, and applauded

" the exquiſite wit and humour, that appeared " in many of thoſe original Satires [g]."

The laſt work of any importance in which our Author engaged was an edition of the juvenile Poems of Milton, with notes critical and explanatory, and other illuſtrations. The chief purpoſe of this work was, as he himſelf declares in the exquiſite preface to it, " to explain his " Author's alluſions, to illuſtrate or to vindicate " his beauties, to point out his imitations both " of others and of himſelf, to elucidate his ob- " ſolete diction, and by the adduction and juxta- " poſition of parallels univerſally gleaned both " from his poetry and proſe, to aſcertain his " favourite words, and to ſhow the peculi- " arities of his phraſeology." How far he was judicious in the formation of his plan, and happy in the execution of it, may be more properly conſidered, when we come to diſcuſs his literary character. It may here however be curſorily remarked, that he ſometimes ſuffered his politics to interfere with his criticiſms, and amidſt his obſervations on the poetry, now and then

[g] Pope's Works, vol. vi. p. 328. " But I beg to add," continues the Doctor, " that not one of theſe ingenious Laughers " could have produced ſuch pieces of true poetry as the Cruſade, " the Grave of King Arthur, the Suicide, and Ode on the Approach " of Summer, by this very Laureat."

let ſlip a cenſure of too much ſeverity on the principles, of Milton.

His firſt edition of theſe poems, ſomewhat indeed anterior to his appointment to the offices juſt noticed, was publiſhed in 1785; but the idea itſelf, on which it is founded, as hinted in a preceding page, ſeems to have ſtruck him nearly or quite forty years before; though it does not appear that he deſigned ſuch an edition any long time before the date we are now arrived at. The work was principally ſupported by his own individual exertions, with occaſional contributions by Mr. Bowle, the learned and ingenious publiſher of Don Quixote; and by his brother, Dr. Joſ. Warton. "And I am convinced," ſays he in acknowledging this communication, "that my readers will concur with "me in wiſhing, that his indiſpenſable engage-"ments would have permitted him to commu-"nicate many more."

A ſecond edition appeared in 1791, a ſhort time after his death, with very conſiderable alterations and additions, having been entirely completed and prepared for the preſs by himſelf. In a letter to Mr. Price from Wincheſter, Oct. 12, 1789, he ſays, "I return with my "new edition of Milton ready for preſs at the "Clarendon." And a ſhort time after his death,

Dr. Warton writes to the ſame gentleman, "Mr. Croſs the printer has in his hands the "*whole* of the *firſt* volume of the Milton, and "it is printed as far as page 330 or thereabouts; "and I have told him to go on, and ſend me "the ſheets by the Southampton Frigate to cor- "rect. This unavoidably takes up time; but I "know not what elſe to do."

In explanation of this expreſſion, "the firſt "volume of the Milton," it ſhould be remarked, that Mr. Warton had extended his plan, and deſigned to publiſh, not I apprehend the whole of Milton's poetical works, but a ſecond volume, containing the Paradiſe Regained and Samſon Agoniſtes. And I have been told by a gentleman, who without doubt ſpoke from good authority, that Warton thought of enlarging his ſcheme at the ſuggeſtion of his Majeſty; though Mr. Price, whom I have queſtioned on the ſubject, and who was in the habit of familiar and almoſt daily communication with Mr. Warton, was not aware of ſuch a ſuggeſtion.

The volume however was printed with notices of its being the firſt volume, and the Editor had collected materials for the ſecond, which after his death his brother had poſſibly ſome thoughts of continuing. But on application to him by Mr. Dunſter in 1795, for contributions

towards an edition of Paradiſe Regained, it was diſcovered, that, in the removal of his books and papers from Wincheſter, the interleaved Milton, which contained the remarks of both the brothers, had been unfortunately loſt or miſlaid.

This intention of Mr. Warton accounts for ſeveral omiſſions, in the ſecond edition, of notes contained in the firſt; and for references, which ſometimes occur, to notes on Paradiſe Regained, or Samſon Agoniſtes. It ſhould not eſcape us, that in this ſecond edition are remarks on the Greek verſes of Milton by the learned Dr. C. Burney; and ſome obſervations on the other poems by Bps. Warburton and Hurd, kindly communicated by the latter.

He was at this time alſo engaged in preparing a new and more complete edition, than had yet been publiſhed, of his own poems, which made its appearance in 1791. A conſiderable part of the impreſſion was already finiſhed, when he was taken off by a ſudden and unexpected death.

" Until he reached his ſixty-ſecond year he " continued to enjoy vigorous and uninterrupt- " ed health. On being ſeized with the gout, " he went to Bath; and flattered himſelf, on his " return to college, that he was in a fair way

" of recovery. But the change that had taken " place in his conſtitution was viſible to his " friends. On Thurſday, May 20, 1790, he " paſſed the evening in the common room, and " was for ſome time more cheerful than uſual. " Between ten and eleven o'clock [h]," there being then only two fellows of the college in the common room with him, he was ſuddenly ſeized with a paralytic ſtroke. At the moment he uttered ſome ſound, which appeared like the name of his friend Mr. Price; but never afterwards ſpoke, though he once ſeemed ſenſible, and deſirous to expreſs his gratitude to his friends, who attended him during the night.

I was at Wincheſter-college at the time, and remember, that on the afternoon of the following day an expreſs arrived to inform his brother, who immediately ſet out for Oxford, but came too late to ſee him alive. He had died on that day at two o'clock; before his brother could receive notice of his illneſs.

On the twenty-ſeventh, in the afternoon, his remains were interred in the college-chapel with the higheſt academical honours; the ceremony being attended, not only by the members of his own college, but by the Vice-Chan-

[h] Biographical Dictionary.

cellor, Heads of Houſes, and Proctors at their own particular requeſt [i]; an honour indeed of a diſtinguiſhed and uncommon nature; but not undeſerved by the man, who had teſtified his regard to the Univerſity by a reſidence of more than 47 years, and had raiſed her reputation by many valuable publications during that interval; and who ſignally united in himſelf the power of commanding admiration by the variety and extent of his talents, and of conciliating affection by the amiable qualities of his heart. He lies buried in the ante-chapel of his college, under a plain marble ſlab, not far diſtant from that over the grave of the Preſident Bathurſt. The inſcription contains an enume-

[i] The following letter upon this ſubject was written by the Vice-Chancellor (Dr. Cook, Preſ. of C. C. C.) to Dr. Warton, and communicated to me by Mrs. Jane Warton.

" Rev. Sir,

" The great and general loſs, ſuſtained by a moſt unfortu-
" nate event in your family, calls loudly (no doubt) upon us all
" here, publickly to expreſs our lively ſentiments of it, as alſo our
" very reſpectful regard to the memory of one of our brighteſt or-
" naments: and it is with ſingular ſatisfaction that I find a per-
" fect unanimity of ſentiment on the propriety of adopting the
" beſt mode I can deviſe (circumſtanced as we are) for fulfilling
" our laſt obligations to a dear departed friend.

" I am, Sir,

" With the moſt perfect eſteem,

" Your obedient Servant,

" J. Cook."

ration of his preferments, his age, and the date of his death [k].

Of the perſonal character of Mr. Warton I am enabled to ſay nothing from my own obſervation. His death had happened ſome years before I came to the Univerſity; and although, whilſt I was a ſcholar of the college, he was occaſionally at Wincheſter, and very fond of being with the boys, he was principally known to the commoners in his brother's houſe. I was then alſo too young to have made any remarks on his character; and have therefore leſs cauſe to regret that I ſaw him ſo little. My recollection goes no farther than to give me an imperfect image of his perſon. But I have endeavoured to ſupply this defect from other ſources.

I have already had occaſion to mention the

[k] The inſcription is here ſubjoined.

THOMAS WARTON,
S.T.B. & S.A.S.
Hujus Collegii Socius,
Eccleſiæ de Cuddington
In Com. Oxon. Rector,
Poetices iterum Prælector,
Hiſtorices Prælector Camden,
Poeta Laureatus,
Obiit 21. Die Maii,
Anno Domini 1790,
Ætat. 63.

the very kind communications furniſhed me by the Rev. Dr. Huntingford, the preſent learned Biſhop of Glouceſter, and Warden of Wincheſter College; from whom ſeveral detached pieces of information have been inſerted in theſe memoirs. To the ſame gentleman I am indebted for the following ſketch of Mr. Warton's character and conduct during his occaſional viſits at his brother's.

"As in the time of his vacation and reſi-
"dence at Wincheſter he was free from all
"reſtraint of academical life, Mr. Warton's
"real character could no where be better known
"than at this place.

"Unaffected as he was in all his ſentiments
"and manners, he was pleaſed with the native
"ſimplicity of the young people educated by
"his brother, and frequently ſhewed them in-
"ſtances of kind condeſcenſion, which en-
"deared him to the community of Wincheſter
"ſcholars.

"It is ſaid 'Men of genius are melancholy;'
"omnes *ingenioſos melancholicos*. (Cic. *Tuſc. Diſp.*
"i. 33.) There certainly was in our Author
"a ſerious caſt of mind, which makes him
"ſpeak with particular delight of 'cloyſters
"pale;' of 'the ruin'd abbey's moſs-grown

" piles ;' of ' the taper'd choir ;' and ' ſequeſter'd
" iſles of the deep dome :' yet in his general
" intercourſe there was nothing gloomy, but
" every thing cheerful. Indeed before the faſ-
" tidious and diſputatious he would ſit reſerved:
" but when in company with perſons, who
" themſelves were eaſy in their manners, ' Ne-
" mo unquam urbanitate, nemo lepore, nemo
" ſuavitate conditior ;' as Cicero ſays of C.
" Julius (*de Cl. Orator.*) : ' No one ſeaſoned his
" diſcourſe with more wit, humour, and plea-
" ſantry.' That he could be facetious we diſ-
" cern in his poems ; and the verſatility of his
" genius appears in that variety, by which they
" are diverſified.

" A ſenſe of conſcious worth will naturally
" ariſe in a mind, which, being itſelf endowed
" with ſuperior talents, reflects on its own powers
" and exertions, and compares them with infe-
" rior abilities, and leſs active endeavours. It
" is however the part of modeſty never to let
" that ſelf-conſciouſneſs ſo operate, as to occa-
" ſion diſguſt by an appearance of vanity and
" preſumption. Such modeſty was predomi-
" nant in Mr. Warton. For he was ſo far from
" ever making an oſtentatious diſplay of his
" great attainments, that, on the contrary, he
" would much more frequently conceal than
" ſhew them.

" He was fond of ſeeing and frequenting " public fights. Yet thoſe were very much " miſtaken in their opinion of him, who from " this circumſtance conceived he was therefore " ſpending his time idly. There have been few " men, whoſe minds were always at work ſo " much as his. He would ſtand indeed among " ſpectators, and perhaps at firſt view be engaged " for a moment by what was exhibiting: but " his thoughts were ſoon abſorbed by ſome ſub- " ject of conſideration, which was then paſſing " within himſelf; and thoſe, who were ac- " quainted with his looks, well knew, when " his attention was turned to ſome literary " contemplation.

" His practice was to riſe at a moderate hour; " and to read and write much in the courſe of " every day. And this practice he would con- " tinue during the greater part of his long va- " cation; applying himſelf with a degree of " induſtry, which far exceeded what was gene- " rally imagined, and was far more intenſe " than what was exerciſed by many of thoſe, " who either in their ignorance preſumed, or in " their envy delighted, to depreciate his ex- " cellence.

" To the Chapel of the College he punctu-

" ally reſorted on ſtated days of public ſervice;
" for, in his own language, he loved

" The clear ſlow-dittied chaunt, or varied hymn:

" And was ſtrongly attached to the Church of
" England in all the offices of her Liturgy.

" From the whole of what was known of
" him at Wincheſter, through a period of nearly
" forty years, he is there recollected and be-
" loved as a moſt amiable man, and conſidered
" as one of the chief literary characters of his
" age: equal to the beſt ſcholars in the elegant
" parts of claſſical learning; ſuperior to the ge-
" nerality in literature of the modern kind; a
" Poet of fine fancy and maſculine ſtyle; and
" a Critic of deep information, ſound judgment,
" and correct taſte."

The character of Mr. Warton in the Biographical Dictionary, drawn by one who was perſonally acquainted with him in the Univerſity, gives a more particular account of his habits, whilſt reſident in Oxford. " Such was the
" conduct and behaviour of Mr. Warton, as to
" render him truly amiable and reſpectable.
" By his friends he was beloved for his open
" and eaſy manners; and by the members of
" the Univerſity at large he was reſpected for

" his conſtant reſidence, ſtrong attachment to
" Alma Mater, his ſtudious purſuits, and high
" literary character. In all parties where the
" company accorded with his inclination, his
" converſation was eaſy and gay, enlivened with
" humour, enriched with anecdote, and pointed
" with wit. Among his peculiarities it may be
" mentioned, that he was fond of all military
" ſights. He was averſe to ſtrangers, particu-
" larly thoſe of a literary turn: and yet he took
" a great pleaſure in encouraging the efforts of
" riſing genius, and aſſiſting the ſtudious with
" his advice; as many of the young men of
" his College, who ſhared his affability, and
" honoured his talents, could teſtify. He was
" bred in the ſchool of punſters; and made as
" many good puns as Barton and Leigh, the ce-
" lebrated word-hunters of his day. Under the
" maſk of indolence, no man was more buſy:
" his mind was ever on the wing in ſearch of
" ſome literary prey. Although at the accuſ-
" tomed hours of Oxford ſtudy, he was often
" ſeen ſauntering about, and converſing with
" any friend he chanced to meet; yet, when
" others were waſting their mornings in ſleep,
" he was indulging his meditations in his fa-
" vourite walks, and courting the Muſes. His
" ſituation in Oxford was perfectly congenial
" with his diſpoſition; whether he indulged his
" ſallies of pleaſantry in the common-room, re-

" tired to his own ſtudy, or to the Bodleian
" Library, ſauntered on the banks of his fa-
" vourite Cherwell, or ſurveyed with the en-
" thuſiaſtic eye of taſte the ancient gate-way of
" Magdalen College, and other ſpecimens of
" Gothic architecture."

To theſe characters of Mr. Warton I will venture to add two or three other traits derived from different ſources. When in Oxford he viſited little: and though he was much attached to Wykehamiſts, and had a ſpeaking acquaintance with almoſt all, who came off from Wincheſter, and was forward in paying them attentions when he met them in Trinity, he could ſeldom be prevailed on to dine in New College. A fellow of that Society, a particular favourite of Mr. Warton, has told me, that he repeatedly endeavoured to prevail on him, but without ſucceſs.

Though he was, as hinted above, for the moſt part ſilent in company, his ſilence was not ſuch as to throw a damp over the converſation, which he would ſhow that he enjoyed, and would encourage by leading queſtions and remarks. And though he had none of the oſtentation of talents or learning in his compoſition, and would never aſſume a ſuperiority over others, or obtrude on them his opinion, yet when con-

ſulted by a friend on any ſubject of literature, he would communicate his advice moſt freely, at the ſame time with modeſty and gentleneſs. He was, as a friend of his once deſcribed him to me, the moſt *under-bearing* man exiſting. "I "never knew," added the ſame perſon, "any "one who bore his faculties more meekly."

Theſe qualities attended him throughout his life, and in all its occurrences. When engaged in literary controverſy, he was liberal to his opponents: in common life he was fond of children, and young perſons; humane to the brute creation; patient and charitable. A perſon, who was intimately acquainted with him for above forty years, profeſſes to have witneſſed frequent inſtances of his mildneſs and forbearance under much provocation, and never, during the whole of that time, to have ſeen him out of humour: the ſame perſon has declared, from actual knowledge, that his income, which ſolely aroſe from his merit and literary labours, was in a great part ſpent in acts of beneficence, like himſelf, ſilent and ſincere.

Such an aſſertion, and ſo ſupported, is ſufficient to do away a remark of Dr. Johnſon, that Warton was the only man of genius that he knew without a heart. A remark, which thoſe, who are acquainted with the peculiarities of the

great man that made it, may believe to poſſeſs more point than juſtice; and which they, who were beſt acquainted with the ſubject of it, know to be untrue. The gentleman, who communicated it to me, followed it up with an inſtance of kindneſs ſhown to himſelf on ſlender acquaintance by Mr. Warton, who, in order to accompliſh it, was forced to commit ſome violence on his own inclinations, by laying himſelf under an obligation to a third perſon.

That he was not a man of ſtrong paſſions I will readily believe. Twice indeed, in the courſe of his poems, he deſcribes himſelf as being in love; but his ſiſter, who was confidentially acquainted with him, could not tell me the object of his paſſion, which poſſibly was but feigned. To her however, to his brother, and to thoſe of his family, whom I have the happineſs of knowing, he was moſt tenderly endeared, and entertained for them a reciprocal affection. And more than one inſtance might be given of his being warmly attached to his Country; and alſo to his Univerſity, and his College. Doubtleſs alſo examples of kindneſs, ſimilar to that which I have alluded to, might be mentioned; were it not that he ſhrunk from the diſplay of his beneficence, as it is known that he did from that of his talents. But were not even a ſingle teſtimony of his actual kindneſs to be known,

who will perſuade himſelf to believe that the Author of the Suicide wanted feeling?

It will be no ſerious imputation on the character of ſuch a man to ſay, that he had his ſingularities and imperfections. Biographical juſtice requires that ſuch things ſhould be noticed; and a ſmile may perhaps be excited at the information, that the Hiſtorian of Engliſh Poetry was fond of drinking his ale and ſmoking his pipe with perſons of mean rank and education:—that he partook of a weakneſs, which has been attributed to the Author of the Rambler, and believed in preternatural apparitions:—that, in his fondneſs for pleaſantry and humour, he delighted in popular ſpectacles, eſpecially when enlivened by the muſic of a drum:—and that ſuch was his propenſity to be preſent at public exhibitions, as to have induced him at a time, when he was deſirous of not being diſcovered, to attend an execution in the dreſs of a carter.

The mention of ſuch things may not be without its uſe, as it may give encouragement to perſons of inferior talents and acquirements, by ſhowing them, that imperfections are to be found even in thoſe of the greateſt. But before the man of ſtrict decorum and propriety of conduct ſuffers himſelf on this account to exult

in his fancied ſuperiority over ſuch an one as Mr. Warton, let him advert to the motives and complexion of the failings I have noticed; and reflect, that they proceeded not from any vicious or malignant propenſity, and are no blemiſh on the moral character of him, who poſſeſſed them. Such a reflection may ſerve to repreſs inordinate cenſure: for not only may the man inclined to harſher judgment be induced to relax his ſeverity, when he conſiders, that theſe failings were injurious to no one; but the man of good-nature may feel his kindneſs excited by the recollection, that they aroſe from ſimplicity and openneſs of heart.

It has been before remarked, that during his reſidence at Wincheſter he was fond of aſſociating with his brother's ſcholars: indeed he entered ſo heartily into their ſports and employments, as to have been occaſionally involved in rather ludicrous incidents. Being engaged with them in ſome *culinary* occupation, and alarmed by the ſudden approach of Dr. Warton, he has been known to conceal himſelf in ſome dark corner, and has been drawn out from his hiding place, to the no ſmall aſtoniſhment and amuſement of the Doctor, who had taken him for ſome great boy. He would aſſiſt the boys in making their exerciſes, generally contriving to accommodate his compoſition to the capacity of

him whom he was aſſiſting. "How many "faults?" was a queſtion, the anſwer to which regulated him: and a boy was perhaps as likely to be flogged for the verſes of Mr. Warton, as for his own.

I remember that an anecdote uſed to be told, relating to this part of Mr. Warton's conduct, which is ſomewhat characteriſtic of both the brothers. Warton had given a boy an exerciſe; and the Doctor thinking it too good for the boy himſelf, and ſuſpecting the truth, ordered him into his ſtudy after ſchool, and ſent for Mr. Warton. The exerciſe was read and approved: "And don't you think it worth half a crown, "Mr. Warton?" ſaid his brother: Mr. Warton aſſented: "Well then, you ſhall give the boy "one." Our Author accordingly paid the half crown for his own verſes, and the Doctor enjoyed the joke.

As to his perſon, I have been informed by one, who knew him well, but in whoſe judgment ſome allowance ſhould perhaps be made for an amiable partiality, that in his youth he was eminently handſome; and that even in the latter part of his life, when he grew large, he was remarkably well-looking. His figure was not very prepoſſeſſing; and did not receive any great ſupport from his dreſs, of which he was

habitually negligent. The Editor of the Probationary Odes deſcribes him as a little, thick, ſquat, red-faced man; and proceeds to ſay, that he firſt became known to his Majeſty, who on his firſt appearance had given orders to one of the beef-eaters to diſmiſs him from the preſence, by a certain haſty ſpaſmodic mumbling, together with two or three prompt quotations from Virgil. The whole of this deſcription was evidently deſigned for caricature. Dr. Johnſon alſo, who was remarkable for deſcribing his friends in terms not the moſt poliſhed and delicate imaginable, would ſometimes compare Mr. Warton's manner of ſpeaking to the gobble of a Turkey-cock.

The Biſhop of Glouceſter has repreſented Mr. Warton as ſtrongly attached to the Church of England in all the offices of her Liturgy: in his political opinions he was inclined to Toryiſm. The former attachment, mixed with a decided antipathy to Calviniſtic doctrines and diſcipline, may have diſpoſed him not only to regard choral ſervice with fondneſs, but to have reprobated ſomewhat too ſeverely the practice of popular pſalmody in our churches[1]: and the latter may have been the cauſe that he has ſometimes marked with too harſh a cenſure the conduct

[1] See Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, iii. 178.

and principles of Milton. In the mean time let it be remembered to his honour, that he has ſhown no ſervile ſpirit in his official odes, where flattery is too often indulged by preſcription.

In the exerciſe of his profeſſion as a divine, I do not underſtand that he was much diſtinguiſhed. A retired village church is not a theatre likely to bring forward the abilities of its miniſter, and Mr. Warton had never any other kind of preferment. I have however been informed, that he gained ſome credit in the Univerſity by a Sermon on the 30th of January; and have myſelf ſeen a Latin Sermon of his compoſition, preached perhaps on his taking the degree of B. D. wherein he reviews the objections advanced againſt Chriſtianity at its firſt promulgation, in a claſſical ſtyle, and a well-arranged and perſpicuous method. But his abilities were for the moſt part employed in enquiries not theological: let us preſume, innocently, inaſmuch as they did not interfere with his practical duties; and beneficially, as they tended to promote the intereſts of general learning.

May I here hazard a remark, which I truſt will not be deemed invidious, on the comparative labours and merit of our Author, and of one of his moſt celebrated contemporaries? Between Gray and Warton there exiſted more than

a general reſemblance of talents, purſuits, taſte, and acquirements. They were both poſſeſſed of minds verſatile, active, and vigorous: were both Men of Genius and Learning; Poets, claſſical Scholars, and Antiquaries. But with this reſemblance, preſerved even in ſome minute particulars, how different are the monuments of them, which remain! The Lyre is the only memorial of the mind of Gray, exquiſite indeed, but ſtill the only one; whilſt many an emblem may be choſen to grace the monument, and record the abilities, of Warton. "Mille habet ornatus, "mille decenter habet."

A ſhort compariſon of their ſtudies and performances may not be altogether unintereſting.

Gray[m] (as we have already ſeen) deſigned a Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, and ſketched a plan of it, and tranſlated a few Odes for its illuſtration and embelliſhment, and made many elaborate diſquiſitions on relative topics: "he how-"ever ſoon found that a work of this kind, "purſued on ſo very extenſive a plan, would "become almoſt endleſs;" and, partly on this account, relinquiſhed his undertaking. Warton

[m] For the circumſtances in the life and ſtudies of Gray here incidentally noticed, ſee Maſon's Memoirs, vol. iv. 141, and following pages.

deſigned a hiſtory on the ſame ſubject, and advanced a very conſiderable way towards its completion.

Gray was a great admirer and obſerver of Gothic Architecture: in his ſtudy of it he "arrived at ſo very extraordinary a pitch of ſagacity, as to be enabled to pronounce at firſt ſight on the preciſe time when every particular part of any of our Cathedrals was erected;" and appears to have intended to compoſe ſome regular account of the characteriſtics of the ſeveral ſtyles: but ſuch an intention he never completed, and has given no more of his ſentiments on the ſubject, than is contained in ſome occaſional remarks in his letters, and ſome contributions to Bentham's Hiſtory of Ely Cathedral. Warton was attached to the ſame ſtudy; at an early period of his life he threw together ſome intereſting obſervations on it, and afterwards not only proſecuted his enquiries, but completed a ſyſtematic account of Engliſh Architecture.

Gray conſumed great labour and time in illuſtrating Strabo and Plato, one or both of whom he perhaps entertained an intention of editing. He certainly left a great number of geographical diſquiſitions with a view to the former of theſe authors, and a quantity of critical and

explanatory obſervations on the latter. But whatever were his views of publiſhing, he never proceeded any farther. Warton not only planned, but publiſhed, a magnificent edition of Theocritus.

"Amongſt the books, which Gray bequeathed "to Maſon, is Henry Stephens's edition of the "Anthologia, interleaved; in which he has "tranſcribed ſeveral additional ones that he ſe-"lected in his extenſive reading, has inſerted a "great number of critical notes and emenda-"tions, and ſubjoined a copious index, in which "every Epigram is arranged under the name of "its reſpective Author." This work was never given to the public, and does not appear to have been ever intended for its benefit. Warton re-edited Cephalas's Anthologia; and alſo publiſhed a ſimilar compilation of Latin Inſcriptions, ſelected and illuſtrated by himſelf.

Gray had an offer of the office of Poet-laureate, which he declined, probably becauſe he thought that it was beneath him, or might interfere with his other employments; but after the refuſal he engaged in no material work. Warton accepted it, not many years after; ſupported it with dignity, and purſued more than one laborious occupation, whilſt he held it.

Gray was Profeſſor of Modern Hiſtory in the Univerſity of Cambridge; and in that capacity "ſketched out an admirable plan for his Inau-"guration Speech," which he never completed; and repeatedly reſolved to read lectures, which he never began. Warton was Profeſſor of Ancient Hiſtory in the Univerſity of Oxford; he delivered an excellent Inaugural Lecture in that capacity, though, like Gray, he never proſecuted his courſe. Yet here may a difference be remarked. During the period in which they reſpectively held their Profeſſorſhips of Hiſtory, Gray was not much engaged in other ſtudies, but Warton was variouſly and ſeriouſly employed; and in the office of Poetry-Profeſſor, which he had held ſome years earlier, it has already been ſhown, that he was by no means inefficient.

The contraſt in other particulars is not ſo pointed. Gray never engaged in any work of biography, Engliſh philology, or topography; whilſt Warton completed more than one in each of theſe departments; as the lives of Sir Thomas Pope and Dr. Bathurſt; his Obſervations on Chatterton, on the Faerie Queene of Spenſer, and his edition of the juvenile Poems of Milton; his deſcription of Wincheſter, and Hiſtory of Kiddington, not to mention his humorous jeu d'eſprit on Oxford. The only branch of ſtudy,

uncultivated by Warton, which occupied the mind of Gray, was Natural Hiſtory, in which however he never digeſted and methodiſed his information; and the only ſpecies of compoſition, in which Gray has diſtinguiſhed himſelf to the excluſion of Warton, is epiſtolary correſpondence; a fortuitous ſpecies of compoſition, requiring no great ſtrength of mind or ſerioufneſs of application.

Of the reſpective powers of theſe congenial minds, (congenial, I mean, in a literary view, for as to their ſocial qualities they ſeem to have been widely different) there is hardly ground left us for compariſon. The powers of one of them muſt be eſtimated principally from conjecture, and the account tranſmitted by his friend; the other has left us numerous teſtimonies of his, from which may be diſcovered both his excellencies and imperfections. In one point alone do their works open a field in which their powers may be compared. I neceſſarily allude to their poetical compoſitions; nor ſhall partiality to my Author lead me to diſpute, that the palm of ſuperiority muſt here be adjudged to Gray.

But in making this conceſſion, ſome reſervation may not unfairly be claimed. It ſhould be remembered, that the poems of Gray were uni-

formly compoſed on ſubjects choſen by himſelf; but that the ſubjects of ſome of the beſt of Warton's were impoſed by the duty, and encumbered with the weight, of an official ſtation. Nor is this all: for it may farther be added, that in every point the ſuperiority of Gray is far from manifeſt: that if Gray has more abſtract poetry, Warton has more pictureſque imagery;—if Gray has more fire, Warton yields not to him in grandeur;—if Gray more frequently ſtrikes the imagination, Warton is not leſs ſucceſsful in delighting it;—and that if, in the examination of individual pieces, Gray is allowed to be more perfect, Warton, in the general eſtimate, has certainly more variety. Not a poem of Gray's can be mentioned, but one of the ſame kind may be produced from Warton: but ſeveral of the poems of Warton are of ſuch kinds as Gray has never attempted.

After all, whatever may have been their reſpective powers, from what has already appeared, there can be no doubt which was the more active in his exertions for the benefit of learning; nor can there in conſequence be any, which is more deſerving of general commendation. The "gem of pureſt ray ſerene," which is hidden in "the dark unfathom'd caves of the ocean," is ſurely leſs eſtimable than that which is diſ-

cloſed to the public eye, and gives light and pleaſure by its luſtre.

Cuſtom ſeems to require that the life of an Author ſhould be followed by a critical examination of his works. I ſhall then ſcarcely expoſe myſelf to a charge of preſumption, if I venture ſome remarks on the works of Warton, though I am conſcious that a proper judgment on their merits cannot be formed without conſiderable previous information on the ſubjects of them; and the ſubjects of ſome of them are not a little abſtruſe and uncommon.

The works of Warton may be conſidered under the heads of biography, topography, claſſical and Engliſh criticiſm, hiſtory, and poetry. The loſs of his work on Gothic Architecture precludes the neceſſity of conſidering him ſpecifically as an Antiquary, though he frequently appears in that character in moſt of the departments above mentioned.

As a *biographer* he is not, nor indeed is he likely to be, much celebrated. Sir Thomas Pope and Dr. Bathurſt were not of ſufficient importance, either as political or literary characters, for narratives of their lives to excite general intereſt; however gratifying ſuch narratives

may be to members of the Univerſity of Oxford, particularly to thoſe, who are connected with Trinity College. Warton was aware of this defect in his ſubjects; and has accordingly endeavoured to ſupply it by the interſperſion of collateral matter. The life of Bathurſt is diverſified with anecdotes of ſeveral learned men, who were his contemporaries: and that of Pope exhibits an intereſting, and partly original, narrative of particulars connected with the perſecutions and private life of Queen Eliſabeth, the cuſtody of whom was committed to him by Queen Mary. Nor ſhould it be omitted that it contains a judicious ſummary of the ſtate of learning in England, about the time of the foundation of Trinity College, together with ſeveral curious anecdotes of contemporary manners. But ſuch digreſſions, although amuſing and intereſting in themſelves, detract from the proper merit of the works; they divert the attention from that, which is the principal, and ſhould be the prominent, object of the piece, to its appendages; and are as cenſurable as a landſcape or a building would be, if introduced into the moſt ſtriking part of a picture, in which the buſineſs of the painter was to delineate a portrait. Pars minima eſt ipſa puella ſui. When we have allowed however for this defect in his plan, we ought not to deny him the praiſe of induſtry and ſagacity in the execution of it; nor to deprive him

of the higher commendation, that he was content to ſink his own reputation in endeavours to gratify the feelings of his ſociety, and to raiſe a monument to his benefactors.

His *topographical* reſearches do not appear to have been extenſive; and his publications on ſuch ſubjects were neither numerous nor large.

The deſcription of Wincheſter, which was deſigned principally for local uſe, is drawn up with ſufficient minuteneſs and accuracy, and contains ſeveral curious particulars collected from original records, relating to the antiquities of the place; though, the work being an early production of its Author, the conjectural remarks on architecture are not always happy.

His Hiſtory of Kiddington, which (had he not been ſo well employed in other enquiries) might make us reaſonably regret that he did not proſecute this ſtudy, is an admirable ſpecimen of parochial hiſtory. Without neglecting the natural productions and curioſities of the country, which form ſo marked a feature in Plott's Hiſtory, he unites with them other topics of intereſting enquiry. The Church and other remains of ancient architecture and ſculpture; the diviſion of the property, and the families among whom it was diſtributed; together with

the events and rude monuments, which conſtitute the military hiſtory of the place, are in their turn noticed: on all which topics, but eſpecially on the laſt, the particular information brought forward is interwoven with ſome that is more general.

As a *claſſical ſcholar*, we might preſume that he poſſeſſed an elegant taſte from his choice of the poets, whom he edited; but he has farther ſhown it in the conduct of his editions.

From that of Cephalas's Anthology indeed he can claim little praiſe but from the choice of his author, as he has added to Reiſke's nothing but the preface, which, though chiefly narrative, is however written with elegance and perſpicuity; diſtinguiſhing features of all his Latin proſe compoſitions.

In his publication of Latin Metrical Inſcriptions he deſerves greater credit; not only as the plan is in ſome degree original, and the epigrams are ſelected by himſelf from a farrago of unintereſting materials, but alſo on account of the judgment, with which he diſcriminates between the flippancy and point of the modern epigrammatiſts of Martial's ſchool, and the chaſtiſed and ſimple grace of the Greek, and earlier Latin, models.

His greateſt work in this department is clearly his edition of Theocritus: to which the chief objection appears to be, that he has not ſufficiently exerted his critical acumen in improving the text. Yet he has not been remiſs in attempts to explain his author by the aid of the ſcholiaſts and other commentators: and he brings his learning to bear on the ſubject by explaining alluſions to the more obſcure cuſtoms and mythology of the ancients; and his taſte, by developing the beauties of Theocritus, and comparing him with other poets. The prefixed diſſertation is ingenious, and in ſome parts original; and his reaſons for preferring Theocritus, as a paſtoral poet, to Virgil are deciſive. Let me add, that the illuſtration, with which he concludes the parallel and the diſſertation, is not unworthy of Cicero or Quintilian: which I particularly notice, as it is a ſpecies of ornament, with which the critical works of Warton, as well as of thoſe two celebrated Romans, are not unfrequently embelliſhed. Another example of it occurs towards the concluſion of his Camden Oration, which ought to be mentioned in this general eſtimate of his works, and to be applauded for the diſtinct characters which it exhibits of the moſt famous Greek and Latin hiſtorians, and eſpecially for its maſterly delineation of Tacitus.

Under the head of *Engliſh criticiſm* we muſt

rank his Enquiry into the Authenticity of Rowley's Poems; his Obſervations on Spenſer's Faerie Queene; and his edition of Milton's juvenile Poems.

The firſt of theſe, in which he reſts his argument on internal evidence, evinces great perſpicuity and diſcernment, and is, agreeably to Dr. Warton's opinion, deciſive againſt the antiquity of the poems in queſtion: at leaſt as far as arguments of that preſumptive kind can be deciſive.

As a commentator on Engliſh poetry, in which character he appears in the two laſt of theſe publications, he poſſeſſes the ſingular merit of having been the firſt to illuſtrate his authors by an examination of the works, with which they had been principally converſant. In the former of the two, his remarks on the ſtanza and verſification of Spenſer, on Spenſer's imitations of Chaucer and Arioſto, and thoſe which relate to the poem conſidered by itſelf, diſplay an elegant taſte and a diſcriminative judgment, though they lie not ſo much out of the beaten track of criticiſm. But the great merit of this work conſiſts in its illuſtration of the more obſcure ſources, from which Spenſer drew; its detection of the fabulous legends, which he copied; its developement of the reaſons, which

induced Spenſer to adapt his plan to the extravagance of romance, rather than to the correcter model of the claſſics; and its expoſition and examination of that attachment to allegoric poetry, which prevailed at, and before, the time of Spenſer. Such enquiries as theſe muſt naturally occaſion the diſplay of a good deal of "ſuch "reading as is never read." But the critic is not open to a fair charge of pedantry, if by ſuch a diſplay he explains and illuſtrates the poet, on whom he comments: nor, again, is he fairly chargeable with malignity, although he ventures to cenſure the extravagance of an Italian poet on a compariſon with the leſs fanciful beauties of the ancients; or to point out with judgment and candour the occaſional defects of his author, rather than detail a profuſe panegyric on his excellences.

He proceeded on the ſame general principle, taken up (as I have before obſerved) at a very early period, in his edition of Milton. Biſhop Newton, who was himſelf a good claſſical ſcholar, and the various other commentators, who preceded Warton in the ſame walk, had been accuſtomed to trace Milton in his imitations of the Greek, Latin, and Italian poets; but whilſt they were contented with illuſtrating him from theſe, to whom they alſo added Shakſpere, the Faerie Queene of Spenſer, and a few occaſional

paſſages from Chaucer, they appear to have been hardly aware, that with a conſummate knowledge of theſe languages he united a no leſs intimate acquaintance with the authors of his own country; and that the Iliſſus, the Tibur, and the Arno did not alienate his affections from his native Thames. This circumſtance in the ſtudies of Milton was noticed, and (if I miſtake not) firſt acted upon, by Warton. For the employment he was ſingularly qualified: to him "the treaſures of the Gothic Library" had long been familiarly known, and his general attainments were the ſame in kind, if not in degree, with thoſe of the great poet, whom he undertook to explain.

To this mode of illuſtration he added another, almoſt equally new, but attended with conſiderable difficulty; becauſe the ſources of information are neither eaſily diſcovered; nor, when diſcovered, always to be arrived at. "Theſe "pieces (as Warton obſerves) contain ſeveral "curious circumſtances of Milton's early life, "ſituations, friendſhips, and connections, which "are often ſo tranſiently or implicitly noticed, "as to need examination and enlargement." In purſuing this track, he has collected much intereſting information; and has not only illuſtrated the poems, which were the immediate cauſe of his reſearches, but has at the ſame time,

through them, given light to the future biographer of Milton, and to the hiſtorian of the ſtate of literature and manners during his time.

In another view alſo his labours are of more extenſive uſe, than as they merely reſpect the poems he was editing. "By the adduction and "juxta-poſition of paſſages, univerſally gleaned "both from the poetry and proſe of Milton, "Warton has aſcertained his favourite words, "and ſhown the peculiarities of his phraſe-"ology: and has thus made ſome of the notes, "which particularly relate to the ſmaller poems, "to have a more general effect, and to be ap-"plicable to all Milton's writings."

Scarcely any writer can be more diſguſting than a commentator, who fills his pages with an oſtentatious profuſion of uſeleſs notes, and, under the pretence of illuſtrating or doing honour to his author, but with the real intention of diſplaying his own ingenuity, incumbers him with the multitude and weight of his trappings. There may be ſome, who with an appearance of reaſon will object, that Warton in his edition of Milton ſeems to have carried his principle too far, and to have ſwelled his notes with extraneous matter. His commentary is indeed copious and full; but it contains ſo much intereſting information, both of a general and particular

nature; it is conducted with ſo much taſte and elegance; and eſpecially it contributes to make our great poet ſo much better underſtood, to explain what is difficult, and to enhance the beauty of what is clear, that to me at leaſt it is "a perpetual feaſt of nectar'd ſweets, where no "crude ſurfeit reigns."

Let it however be allowed, that he may have been occaſionally induced to bring forward a beautiful paſſage, where it was not abſolutely neceſſary, by a hope of enticing his readers to a farther acquaintance with our valuable, but neglected, poets; ſuch as William Browne, the Fletchers, Drayton, Fairfax, and Spenſer; and above all, the truly Homeric Chaucer: an error, which, if it be an error, may claim indulgence, whilſt the motive of it is deſerving of praiſe.

At the ſame time I do not wiſh to deny or conceal, that this work is occaſionally defective: that there are readers, to whom the illuſtrations may appear to be ſometimes unneceſſarily and tediouſly prolix; and the remarks now and then frivolous and unintereſting; and that he has in one or two inſtances been guilty of an overſight, of which a remarkable example occurs in the note on the twenty-ſecond verſe of "Manſus," where he attributes the life of Homer to Plu-

tarch inſtead of Herodotus, and deſcribes Mycale as a mountain in Bœotia inſtead of Aſia Minor.

But before I entirely quit the character of Warton as an Engliſh critic, let me obſerve, that in this publication he has very happily met the cenſures of Dr. Johnſon, eſpecially on Lycidas and Comus. It has been remarked, and with ſome degree of contempt, that there are perſons, who can prefer the ſchool of the Wartons to that of Johnſon. I might lay myſelf open to a charge of impertinence, were I on this occaſion to deſcant on the excellence of my late amiable and elegant maſter: and well might I feel that I was acting an unbecoming part, were I to ſpeak otherwiſe than with reverence of the maſculine powers of the great Engliſh moraliſt. But great as were the powers of Johnſon, and eminently qualified, as he was, to deliver the oracles of reaſon, he ſeems to have poſſeſſed little of that finer feeling, and of that lively and active admiration of the works of nature, which are requiſite for the enjoyment, as well as for the compoſition, of true poetry. Fortunately for me in the preſent caſe, as far as any competition may be ſuppoſed to exiſt between Johnſon and T. Warton for the palm of critical ſuperiority, the latter is ſupported by a powerful advocate: and his ſchool may ſurely without

abſurdity be preferred by a lover of Milton, whoſe early poems he has edited with all the fondneſs of an ardent admirer; has eſtabliſhed their excellence againſt invidious compariſon, and vindicated their beauties from ungrounded cenſure; whilſt of the ſame poems the former has declared in general terms, "that though "they make no promiſe of Paradiſe Loſt, they "have this evidence of genius, that they have a "caſt original and unborrowed: but that their "peculiarity is not excellence, and if they differ "from the verſes of others, they differ for the "worſe:" and ſpecifically of the Sonnets, that "they deſerve not any particular criticiſm, for "of the beſt it can only be ſaid that they are "not bad; and perhaps only the eighth and "twenty-firſt are entitled to this ſlender com-"mendation:" of Comus, that "it is a drama "in the epic ſtyle, inelegantly ſplendid, and te-"diouſly inſtructive:" and of Lycidas, that "ſurely no man could have fancied that he "read Lycidas with pleaſure, had he not known "the author." Of theſe poems indeed we could hardly expect an admirer in one, who thought Fleet-ſtreet more delightful than Tempe: —but who can perſuade himſelf to be a follower of that critic, who is not enchanted with Lycidas and Comus?

The *Hiſtory* of Engliſh Poetry is the moſt

ſolid baſis of our Author's reputation. It has been before remarked, that he judiciouſly preferred the plan, on which he has proceeded, to that propoſed by Pope, Gray, and Maſon: but there may be room to doubt of his judgment in not commencing his hiſtory at an earlier period. As one advantage of his plan was that it marked the progreſſion of our language, an enquiry into Saxon poetry would ſurely not have been irrelevant to his ſubject: which appears to have been the opinion of a late elegant writer, who has thought proper to begin an hiſtorical ſketch of our poetry at an earlier period than Warton.

Throughout his work he has employed indefatigable diligence and minute reſearch in collecting materials; indeed it has been obſerved, that "he has ſhown more ſolicitude in collecting, than perſpicuity and accuracy in arranging them. Hence," continues the ſame critic, "his hiſtory has been found ſo dry and oppreſſive as to ſubdue the eagerneſs of the generality of readers; and hence nearly one fourth of the ſecond volume is filled with errata and amendments to the firſt [n]."

[n] Life by Anderſon. The remark here quoted, as well as ſeveral others in the ſame critique, are borrowed without acknowledgment from an article in the tenth volume of the Monthly Review

The hiſtory is certainly not free from inaccuracies, and indeed it would be aſtoniſhing if it were. But the latter of theſe remarks, which was advanced ſomewhat incautiouſly by one writer, and repeated without examination by another, is much too comprehenſive. The ſecond volume contains 544 pages; forty-ſix of theſe, making a little more than one twelfth, inſtead of nearly one fourth, of the ſecond volume, are filled with additions and emendations (not errata and amendments) to the firſt.

The former remark is founded apparently on a miſconception of the nature of the work in queſtion, and on a miſtake in charging the writer with what is incident to his ſubject. If the eagerneſs of the generality of readers is ſubdued in their progreſs through the Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, it ſhould be remembered that a work abounding in diſquiſition, a ſpecies of writing to which the people are unuſed, and replete with quotations in language and metre, with which the people are unacquainted, can hardly look for extenſive popularity: in its very nature it cannot be expected to "pleaſe the "million: it muſt be caviare to the *general.*" If ſuch a work is ſometimes dry and oppreſſive

Enlarged. Rev. for March, 1793. In the following obſervations on Warton's poems, two or three remarks from the ſame critique are noticed.

even to readers of a ſuperior claſs, it ſhould be remembered, that enquiries concerning the obſcure writers of a barbarous age promiſe no great entertainment; and, inaſmuch as they are neceſſary to the main object, fix the charge of dryneſs upon the ſubject rather than the author; who, on the other hand, is deſerving of commendation for relieving the unavoidable weight of his ſubject by the general tenor of his ſtyle and manner, by lively remarks and amuſing anecdotes.

And this conſideration ſhould influence the judgment formed on the digreſſions, which he occaſionally introduces; as for inſtance, on the riſe of the Myſteries in the ſecond volume, and on Dante's Inferno in the third. For let it be allowed that they are excreſcences, yet they bring with them their own excuſe, when it is conſidered that they are to a reader what mountains are to a traveller; they retard his progreſs perhaps, but prevent the irkſomeneſs, which is experienced in proceeding over an uninterrupted plain.

It is this alſo, which contributes to give ſuch a reliſh to the abundant and various information, which theſe volumes contain, relating to ancient manners. Not that ſuch information is to be deemed in any degree digreſſive: the

poetry and manners of a nation are intimately connected; their hiſtories then muſt alſo be blended, and reflect light on each other.

Where ſcope is given for the exertion of the hiſtorian's powers, he is not backward in exerting them, and in vindicating to himſelf a higher than the mere mechanical diſtinction of reſearch and accuracy. He then ſhows that, as an antiquary, he poſſeſſes not only induſtry in collecting materials, but ſagacity and perſpicuity in uſing them: that, as a critic, he can analyſe the principles of compoſitions, can diſtinguiſh their characteriſtic features, and appreciate their merits: and, what, as an hiſtorian, is his peculiar province, that from the compariſon and combination of ſingle facts he can draw general remarks and concluſions; and can trace the progreſs of the mind, not merely as exemplified in the confined exertions of an individual, but in a ſucceſſion of ages, and in the purſuits and acquirements of a people. As proofs, amongſt others which might be given, of this aſſertion, I would refer to the characters of Chaucer in the firſt volume, and of Lord Surrey in the third; to the Diſſertations prefixed to the work; and to the ſurveys of the revival of learning and of the poetry of Queen Eliſabeth's age, which reſpectively cloſe the ſecond and third volumes.

On the proſe ſtyle of Warton may be added a few words, which are applicable to his other works, and eſpecially to the Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry. His expreſſions are ſelect and forcible, and his ſentences animated. He has frequent compariſons and alluſions, which not only embelliſh his thoughts, but at the ſame time illuſtrate them. He abounds in figurative language, but without loſing ſight of ſimplicity; and is, perhaps, as much as any modern Engliſh author, remarkable for uniting, without affectation and without an appearance of art and labour, the excellences of a ſtyle at once perſpicuous, ornamented, vigorous, and muſical.

In remarking on the poetry of Warton, as it is that department of his works, with which I am more particularly engaged, I may be excuſed for ſpeaking more at length.

In his VERSIFICATION, eſpecially in the common Engliſh pentameter, he diſplays more ſtrength than elegance. He ſeldom betrays weakneſs, but I doubt whether he is always graceful.

Though he has avoided the point and antitheſis of Pope, like him he ſeems not to have known, at leaſt not much to have practiſed, that

harmony of period which reſults from the natural and unaffected eaſe, the variety of pauſe, the mixture of ſimple and ornamented, of weaker and more nervous lines, and the many other peculiarities, which, though they are to be found in ſome of his predeceſſors, eminently characteriſe the periods of Dryden. He generally terminates the ſenſe with a couplet, and reſts his pauſes on the even feet, moſt commonly on the fourth ſyllable: a practice which will be readily obſerved and objected to by a reader of a muſical ear, accuſtomed to that melody of verſe, which has been carried to its extent by Milton, and by Dryden as far as it can be carried in rhime. Throughout his pentameters he has but one triplet and ſcarcely an Alexandrine. He ſeems to have copied Dryden, perhaps not always judiciouſly, in one reſpect; in terminating a verſe with a triſyllable, which will hardly bear the accent, where it will then of neceſſity be, on the laſt ſyllable; and in making the verſe ſo formed the leading verſe of the couplet. Thus in the Triumph of Iſis,

> Like Greece in ſcience and in liberty,
> As Athens learn'd, as Lacedæmon free.

And in Verſes to Sir Joſhua Reynolds,

> With arts unknown before to reconcile
> The willing Graces to the Gothic pile.

I ſuſpect however that he had never made Dryden much the object of his ſtudy.

But the ſame defect as to the muſic of his verſification appears in his blank verſe, which was hardly to have been expected in ſo fond an admirer, and ſo diligent a reader, of Milton. The happieſt pauſe in blank verſe, when occaſionally introduced, and of which Milton perfectly knew the ſecret, is on the eighth ſyllable: a pauſe which Warton has very rarely adopted. Yet after all nothing was to be done without conſiderable practice; and in blank verſe the practice of Warton was not great. He has written only two poems in that metre; of which the former was compoſed in his 17th year, when he could not have had time for practice; and the latter but a few years after. Poſſibly he was aware of his want of ſucceſs, and gave up the attempt.

In another ſpecies of poetical compoſition, practice made him more ſucceſsful. In his earlier laureate Odes the lines are often rugged, the conſtruction harſh, and the rhimes awkwardly diſpoſed: faults which he corrected as he advanced; till he at length attained a very fair degree of lyrical harmony: though he has in that reſpect never equalled his friend Collins's

Ode on the Paſſions, much leſs Dryden's Alexander's Feaſt.

Theſe remarks on the defects of Warton's verſification muſt not however be underſtood as extending to the Suicide, or his ſeveral Odes in the eight-ſyllable verſe. To the latter metre, which indeed neither requires nor admits ſo great a variety and compaſs of tone, he ſeems to have paid the greateſt attention, and has very well ſucceeded in it. His poems in this metre are uniformly ſweet; nor do I in this point of view know any poem in the Engliſh language ſuperior to the Inſcription in a Hermitage, or the Hamlet.

It has indeed been objected to his verſification in this metre, that "the frequent mixture of "regular trochaics of ſeven ſyllables, and iam-"bics of eight, ſeems a defect." It is allowed that he is ſupported in this practice by the authority of Milton and Gray, in the ſame metre; and it may be added, without reference to the interchange of meaſures in the Greek lyric poetry, that in our pentameter, which is ſtrictly an iambic meaſure, we not only admit ſpondaic, but dactylic, anapæſtic, and trochaic feet. The cauſe of all which indulgences may be found in the pleaſure derived from variety. But perhaps it is leſs a matter of authority or of reaſon, than

of taſte and feeling: and for myſelf I muſt confeſs that the mixture of trochaic verſes complained of appears to merit not only indulgence, but approbation. Sometimes they have an appropriate force and beauty; as when the Minſtrels in the Cruſade burſt forth abruptly with menaces on their enemies:

> Syrian Virgins, wail and weep,
> Engliſh Richard ploughs the deep, &c.

or when the tripping motion of May, one of the attendants of Summer, is deſcribed,

> But who is ſhe that bears thy train,
> Pacing light the velvet plain?

But I will not multiply inſtances of this beauty, which may eaſily be obſerved by the reader.

Alliteration, when introduced ſparingly and with diſcretion, is not only tolerable, but pleaſing and productive of good effect. But, like all other figures of ſpeech, it ſatiates by being often repeated; and, as much as any figure, betrays deſign. It is certainly too frequent in Warton; and, even in the examination of individual inſtances, will be found not always happily introduced. Warton probably adopted the practice from Spenſer, than whom no one of our poets more frequently uſes it; and whom (as is obſerved in the notes on the Suicide) he obviouſly

imitated in that poem, in which he has perhaps more alliteration than in any other.

His PHRASEOLOGY is diſtinguiſhed from that of his contemporary poets by rather a frequent introduction of antiquated expreſſions, derived no doubt from the fondneſs with which he "ſpelt the fabling rime." This peculiarity has been repreſented as a blemiſh. Dr. Johnſon ridiculed it (according to Mad. Piozzi) in the following lines:

Whereſoe'er I turn my view,
All is ſtrange, yet nothing new:
Endleſs labour all along,
Endleſs labour to be wrong;
Phraſe that Time has flung away,
Uncouth words in diſarray,
Trick'd in antique ruff and bonnet,
Ode, and elegy, and ſonnet.

And another * critic has remarked, that "the "uſe of old words, in a poem not called an "imitation of ſome old bard, ſeems a ſtudied "imperfection: ſuch are the words *aye*, *eld*, "*murky*, *watchet*, *hue*." I ſhall not avail myſelf of what he ſubjoins, namely, that the word watchet is uſed by Dryden; for I allow it to be probably ſo obſolete at preſent, as to be unintelligible to the generality of readers. There is however no ſingle word in the Engliſh

* Monthly Rev. ut ſupr.

language to expreſs exactly the ſame thing. Nor ſhall I endeavour to extenuate the charge brought againſt our Poet, by obſerving that, of the other words cited above, *eld* is uſed by Akenſide; *aye* is frequently to be met with in various modern writers; *murky* is hardly obſolete, certainly not unintelligible; and *hue* is ſtill retained amongſt us even in common converſation. Such a defence muſt be ineffectual, for other words, confeſſedly out of uſe, might be brought from his poems. Nor ſhall I juſtify the practice, by aſking why old Engliſh expreſſions may not be revived, and introduced anew into the language, at leaſt as well as modern French or Angliciſed Latin. The practice, if it be wrong, is not to be defended by an appeal to other practices, perhaps of no leſs queſtionable propriety.

For my own part I cannot allow the juſtice of the cenſure. If the poet cannot find in common uſe, words, which will fully convey the image of his mind; or if words in common uſe do occur to him, but ſuch as, though they may fully convey his meaning, are deſtitute of poetical beauty and propriety (for poetry has always been allowed to ſpeak in language removed from that of the vulgar); in either caſe he muſt look farther, and invent or revive others; and he may ſurely as well revive thoſe that are old, as invent new. Horace conſidered it as a na-

tural event in the revolutions of a language, that many obſolete terms would be reſtored to uſe; and he contends for the privilege, to which he and the other poets of his time were entitled, of contributing to that change. And it does not ſeem reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that Horace would have denied to an Engliſh poet, what he claimed for thoſe of Rome. Quintilian maintains the ſame privilege for the orator, and extends it much farther in the caſe of the poet: and he remarks with no leſs truth than elegance, that words acquire a dignity from antiquity, and ſprinkle over a compoſition, as time does over paintings, a mellowneſs inimitable by art. It is this practice, which makes the language of Milton more venerable than that of his contemporary, Dryden.

What has been ſaid will perhaps be allowed as an argument for the propriety of the practice in queſtion; of the arguments for its impropriety I confeſs I am not aware; nor of the reaſonableneſs of marking, as a fit object of ridicule or cenſure, an Engliſh poet, becauſe he has occaſionally enriched his own compoſitions, and through them the language of his country, with expreſſions drawn from the neglected though "pure well-heads of Engliſh undefil'd."

But every excellence is liable to abuſe. Let

me not then, in contending for the general principle, be underſtood as defending the practice to whatever extravagance it may be proſecuted; or as altogether denying that antiquated expreſſions have been ſometimes uſed by our poet, where they were neither neceſſary to convey his meaning, nor conducive to perſpicuity or elegance.

I do not remember that he has introduced into his poetry many words abſolutely new; but he has formed ſeveral new combinations of words already in uſe: a practice, as well as the former, recommended by Horace and Quintilian, and followed by Milton and the beſt Greek poets. A ſingle word, thus compounded, has ſometimes the effect of a long deſcription. *Silver-axled, agate-axled, nectar-trickling, magic-temper'd, violet-woven, woodbine-mantled, lofty-window'd,* are inſtances of not unpleaſing combination. He is ſometimes leſs happy in this way. *Gladſome-gliſtering,* which may be noticed alſo as a diſagreeable example of alliteration, is, as a combination, inelegant and harſh.

In his humorous poems he is ſometimes very ſucceſsful in giving to a word a ludicrous ſignification, very different from that in which it is commonly uſed. As when in the "Panegyric "on Oxford Ale" he ſpeaks of a "*material* break-"faſt;" and in "Newmarket," of a "*laconic* boot."

He ſeems to have a fondneſs for certain particular terms, and to have taken almoſt every opportunity of uſing them. This might lead to a ſuſpicion that he had a poverty of ideas, which however was not the caſe. In a note on the Pleaſures of Melancholy, v. 175. are inſtances of his repeated uſe of one word, which is in every individual inſtance connected with an image different from that contained in the others.

A ſimilar remark will hold as to his imitations of Milton. His diction is perpetually Miltonic; but it will be found on examination to be connected with ſentiments and ideas different from thoſe with which it is connected in his original, and to repreſent images of his own. But of this I ſhall preſently have occaſion to ſpeak more particularly.

Minute ſtrictures on little grammatical inaccuracies have at leaſt this uſe, that they ſhow to poets, that they do not offend without being noticed. I ſhall therefore juſt remark, that Warton has now and then been guilty of a ſoleciſm, in uſing the paſt participle of the paſſive voice, inſtead of the preterite tenſe of the active; and that he has once, and, I believe, but once, uſed indiſcriminately the pronouns

thee and *you*. Such inaccuracies, if they occur ſeldom, though not overlooked, may be pardoned; particularly as they are found in ſome of the moſt correct compoſitions of Pope, perhaps the moſt correct poet of the nation.

To what has been thus particularly obſerved of the language of Warton, may be added that it is in general ſelect and poetical: indeed his prevailing fault ſeems to be, that he ſometimes appears to aim too much at departing from common terms and formularies, and forgets that art loſes its effect, unleſs it is concealed. But though, in conſequence of this, his ſtyle is ſometimes ſtiff and conſtrained, and though it has now and then a redundant expreſſion, it certainly merits the general commendation of perſpicuity, elegance, and ſtrength.

It is not my intention in this place to examine every one of our Author's poems minutely, and the nature of this work precludes the neceſſity of it. Thoſe, which naturally fall under the ſame general character, may be conſidered together; and thoſe, which are not ſo reducible, muſt in conſequence be conſidered by themſelves: but it is my particular wiſh to examine them all, with the view of drawing from them a few general remarks on the genius of the poet.

In conſidering the works of any Author, it is but fair to make allowances for the productions of very early years. Warton ſtands in need of no great allowance for his firſt production, for few perſons would attribute " the Pleaſures of " Melancholy" to a boy in his 17th year. The youth of the Author is however diſcernible in its luxuriance and want of compreſſion. It has been characteriſed as " a beautiful Miltonic " poem, abounding with bold metaphors and " highly-coloured pictures." It points out alſo the propenſities of the Author at a very early age; and ſhows that he was then partial to the " taper'd choir" and ſcenes of awful and ſolemn grandeur; and, in conformity with ſuch propenſities, he was then (as his brother, I believe, afterwards deſcribed him) " of the ſchool " of Spenſer and Milton, rather than that of " Pope."

" The Triumph of Iſis" is an inſtance of the readineſs with which Warton could apply himſelf to the treatment of an occaſional ſubject: it was called for by a voluntary effuſion from a man of genius, and has the merit of being at leaſt equal to that which provoked it. Maſon had, as we have ſeen, the liberality to ſay, that in poetical imagery and the correct flow of its verſification he thought it greatly excelled his own. It is alſo diſtinguiſhed by a firm and

manly tone of indignation. Like all other party-productions, this muſt have loſt a conſiderable ſhare of its intereſt with the reader. To the general reader indeed it muſt have been at all times leſs intereſting than to an Oxford man: and even an Oxford man will now perhaps feel himſelf little intereſted in ſeeing his Univerſity defended from an imputation, to which the circumſtances of the times no longer leave her open. No ſtronger proof of this can be given, than that the poem is frequently read without its being known, or perhaps enquired, for whom the character of Dr. King was intended; and yet the very lines which contain that character were at firſt the moſt admired in the poem. The Poet however is not to be blamed for a fault incident to his ſubject; when it is conſidered that the ſubject was in ſome meaſure impoſed upon him. And indeed, though ſome parts of the poem have unavoidably become leſs intereſting, others of a more general character ſtill retain their charms. The paſſage from v. 149 to the end cannot fail of being enjoyed as long as it ſhall be read; and the whole of that paſſage, particularly the apoſtrophe in the firſt paragraph, breathes the true ſpirit of poetry.

To avoid with decency common-place compliments, when writing officially on the com-

mon-place topics of a royal birth, marriage, or death, is a taſk of no ſmall difficulty. Warton has ſucceeded in the taſk not only with decency, but with dignity and ſpirit. Of the three poems, which he wrote as Poetry-Profeſſor, to which may be added the Elegy on the Death of Frederic, the Verſes on the King's Marriage are the moſt elegant, and moſt diſtinguiſhed for their delicacy of compliment: though they have leſs poetical imagery than thoſe on the Birth of the Prince of Wales, and leſs dignity than thoſe on the Death of George the Second. To theſe laſt it may be objected, that, pregnant as they are with independent ſentiments, and rich in appropriate claſſical alluſion, they have leſs concern with the King, on whoſe death they were written, than with the diſtinguiſhed patriot, to whom they are addreſſed: an objection, which will hardly be removed by obſerving that the luſtre of the Miniſter is reflected on the Monarch. Let me add however, that the Poet's judgment appears in the Elegy on Frederic. If we conſider the circumſtances of the times, it may be allowed, that to have celebrated the Prince's political character might not have been adviſable: but to a compliment on his domeſtic virtues, and on his patronage of men of letters, no one could with propriety object; for no one perhaps could deny that it was merited.

The Engliſh Inſcriptions are elegant and pleaſing; but that, which is ſaid to be written in a Hermitage, is eſpecially diſtinguiſhed, and particularly by the exquiſite ſtroke at the concluſion of the fourth ſtanza.

To ſay of the verſion from Job, that it is nervous and ſpirited, is not much to commend it; for it could not eaſily have been otherwiſe. But the paraphraſe of the whole of the book by Young, which was poetically imagined and ſuitably executed, may well preclude all farther attempts of the ſame kind.

In the Paſtoral, which profeſſes to be at once a tranſlation from Theocritus and an imitation of Spenſer, the thoughts of the Greek are ingeniouſly adapted to the language and manner of the Engliſh poet.

The Odes tranſlated from Horace, in imitation of Milton's attempt, are perhaps not inferior to that which they imitate. But Engliſh lyric poetry can hardly ſupport itſelf without rhyme: poſſibly one cauſe of this is its want of a variety of feet; which want is compenſated in our heroic blank verſe, by full and ſwelling periods, where a perpetual recurrence of the ſame ſpecies of foot, and even the harſhneſs of the

language itſelf, are relieved by a variety of pauſe.

The Monody at Stratford, the Odes to Sleep, to Upton, and at Vale-royal Abbey, the Complaint of Cherwell, and the Ode entitled Morning, would not contribute much towards eſtabliſhing the fame of a poet, nor add much to it when eſtabliſhed. The Complaint of Cherwell is however a pleaſing paſtoral; Maſon called it, in his letter to the Author, "the delicate Com-"plaint of Cherwell." The Monody, by no means a contemptible production, contains one image of a more ſublime and terrible nature, than our poet uſually ſupplies. I mean in the 18th and four following verſes, particularly the two laſt of them, which I never read without having my attention forcibly drawn to the laſt ſcene in the Electra of Sophocles, than which I do not know a finer ſubject for a deeply-moving tragic painting. The Ode at Vale-royal Abbey, the beſt of theſe ſix poems, though it is certainly heavy, and occaſionally commonplace, contains ſome leſs hackneyed reflections on the benefits derived to modern times from monaſtic inſtitutions, and ſome fine touches of Gothic painting. Every ſubject, connected with the ages of Chivalry and Romance, with Gothic manners and Gothic arts, was contemplated with peculiar fondneſs by Warton.

The "Verſes to Sir Joſhua Reynolds" are an admirable ſpecimen of his excellence in this way; though the paragraph beginning with the 41ſt verſe will ſhow, that he was well qualified to diſcern and enjoy the ſofter and more chaſtiſed beauties of Grecian art. It is difficult to ſay which is preferable, the deſcription of a Gothic cathedral in the beginning of the poem, or that of the New College window in the laſt-mentioned paragraph. Each poſſeſſes that merit which might be expected from its more immediate ſubject, and will be preferred accordingly as the mind of the reader is more alive to ſcenes of ſolemnity and magnificence, or to thoſe of elegance and grace.

There is ſomewhat of groteſque in the rude grandeur of the middle ages, which would hardly eſcape a man of the humorous propenſities of our Author, and which he has transfuſed into one part of this poem with touches of delicate humour not unworthy of Addiſon; and has thereby contributed to make it one of the moſt characteriſtic of his performances, as it diſplays the poet, the antiquarian, the man of claſſical taſte, and the man of humour.

It was a bold undertaking to venture on a ſubject, which had employed the genius of two of our moſt eminent poets, one certainly a judge,

and the other a practitioner, in the art of painting; and which had produced from them two of the moſt elegant and finiſhed pieces in the language; I mean the Epiſtle of Dryden to Sir Godfrey Kneller, and that of Pope to Jervas. But as the attempt was bold, the event is not diſgraceful to our Poet. The peculiarities in his ſubject preclude general compariſon. Whilſt Dryden is naturally enough led to give ſome account of the origin and progreſs of painting, and Pope to expreſs his eagerneſs to viſit its principal ſchools, Warton is with equal propriety engaged in delineating his Gothic ſcenery. In ſome parts however there is room for compariſon; and I do not think that the 45th and fifteen following verſes yield in correctneſs of drawing, or in warm and appropriate colouring, to any in Pope or Dryden. His poem has one advantage, perhaps in ſome meaſure incident to the ſubject, that it is more entire than either of the others: no part of it can be tranſpoſed or taken away without injury to the whole. It is alſo more perfect than the others; it has none of the fanciful conceit of Dryden's, nor of the ſmartneſs and point of Pope's. Let me add, by the way, that Pope's concluſion is more eſpecially in this bad taſte; but that Dryden's has as much felicity both of thought and expreſſion as any lines in the language.

In the delineation of the ſame or of ſimilar ſcenes, we may expect to find features of general reſemblance. But Nature is not ſo perpetually the ſame as to exclude variety of deſcription, nor are the beauties of Nature ſo reſtricted, as for thoſe even in a ſingle proſpect to be comprehended or remarked by the eye of an individual. Hence the poet derives his power of ſelecting ſome from amongſt a variety of images, and of bringing forward to notice others, which may have been before either ſlightly touched on, or entirely overlooked. Inſtances of both theſe caſes occur in almoſt every page of our Author's deſcriptive poems; and mark him for one who wrote from an attentive ſurvey of the works of Nature, and not merely from the deſcriptions of others; of one who, in the language of his favourite Milton,

> Forth iſſuing on a ſummer's morn to breathe,
> Among the pleaſant villages and farms
> Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceiv'd delight,
> The ſmell of grain, or tedded graſs, or kine,
> Or dairy', each rural ſight, each rural ſound.

Not that he diſdained imitation; for his imitations of other poets are frequent; but there is generally an originality even in thoſe of his deſcriptions which are formed by imitation; and as he does not borrow through poverty, ſo what he borrows he makes his own, by the addition

and interweaving of circumſtances not to be found in his archetype. And ſo evident does this appear to me, that I have been ſurpriſed to ſee it remarked, [p] that, "in his deſcriptive "poetry, Milton was not only his model in re- "ſpect of language and verſification, but of "ideas." To the former part of the remark I will readily accede, but cannot to the latter, at leaſt in its full extent. That he ſometimes imitates the ideas of Milton is ſufficiently obvious; and the elegant remark of the critic is then juſt, that "his imitations of Milton, like the pictures "of Raphael copied by Giulio Romano, are "perfectly copied:" but I cannot allow that the whole of one of the moſt Miltonic of his poems, the Ode on the Approach of Summer, much leſs that the remaining part of his deſcriptive poetry, is copied or modelled from any one. There ſeems to me indeed to be one point, in which there is but little reſemblance between the deſcriptions of Warton and of Milton (at leaſt in his L'Allegro and Il Penſeroſo, for to thoſe poems the alluſion ſeems chiefly to be made). The delineations of Milton in theſe poems are ſeldom ſo clearly marked, as that a painter might be able to copy from them. But neither Claude nor Ruyſdale ever painted a

[p] Monthly Review.

more glowing or a more diſtinct picture, than are many of the deſcriptions of Warton.

And this leads me to remark, that, together with the faculty of ſelecting from a variety of images, and of developing others, which are new and uncommon, he poſſeſſed in an eminent degree that of repreſenting them ſo clearly and accurately, as to make them appear rather pictures than deſcriptions; rather works of the pencil than of the pen. It has been beautifully remarked by a [q] critic of eminent taſte and learning, that the ancients have very little of the pictureſque in their deſcriptive poetry. "They have no Thomſons, for they had no "Claudes." Without attending then to the ancients, I would obſerve, that Warton in his delineations of nature may be compared with the beſt modern poets in the ſame line, and will by no means ſink in the compariſon. For being an attentive obſerver of nature, objects were clearly impreſſed upon his imagination; and as the more clear is the perception, which the mind has of any object, the more clearly in general will they be deſcribed, he ſhares with Thomſon, the great maſter of the art, the praiſe of truth and diſtinctneſs; and is ſometimes

[q] Mr. Twining, in the firſt Diſſertation prefixed to his able tranſlation and commentary on Ariſtotle's Poetic.

more pictureſque, becauſe he is more ſimple and ſelect, even than Thomſon himſelf.

It is to be regretted however that the deſcriptive poetry of Warton is ſo purely deſcriptive; that it has ſo few touches of manners or paſſions, ſuch as are found in the Georgics of Virgil; ſo little of moral reflection, ſuch as gives a reliſh to that exquiſite piece of Dyer, which makes us lament that he has written no more of the ſame kind; and ſo little of religious reflection, ſuch as particularly recommends Thomſon's Seaſons, and which a contemplation of the works of Nature ſeems peculiarly calculated to inſpire. "The unexpected inſertion of ſuch "reflections," ſays Dr. Warton, with ſingular felicity of illuſtration[r], "imparts to us the ſame "pleaſure that we feel, when, in wandering "through a wilderneſs or grove, we ſuddenly "behold in the turning of the walk a ſtatue of "ſome Virtue or Muſe."

This circumſtance would probably have conſiderable influence on my deciſion, were I called on to place the ſeveral deſcriptive poems of our Author in their order of merit. Of the Hamlet, the Firſt of April, the Ode to a Friend, and that on the Approach of Summer, the

[r] Eſſay on Pope, Vol. I.

Hamlet would ſtand firſt, and the Firſt of April laſt; though not one of the others excels, or perhaps equals, the latter in variety of natural and appropriate imagery.

This likewiſe gives its greateſt effect to that which is at preſent the moſt known, and will always deſerve to be the moſt popular of Warton's poems, "The Suicide:" where an appeal is made not only to the fancy, but to the heart; where the moſt ſtriking poetical imagery is not only clothed in the moſt expreſſive diction, but heightened by the tendereſt ſentiments; and all conſpire to promote the nobleſt purpoſes; to comfort the miſerable, and to reſtrain the vicious, by enforcing the dictates of religion. The great excellence of this poem may not unreaſonably excite regret that it is not perfect. I have before remarked, that it has too much alliteration; and to this may be added, that it is too allegorical. Particularly the laſt part of the 14th ſtanza is made obſcure by the figurativeneſs of its language; even had it not produced this effect, the allegory would have been objectionable. A ſentiment truly dignified does not want any pomp of language to ſupport it. I may mention here the additional ſpirit given to this Ode by its dramatic form; a merit which it has in common with the two which follow.

"The Cruſade" and "the Grave of Arthur" are perhaps the moſt poetical of our Author's poems. They are imitative in that ſenſe, in which alone Ariſtotle ſeems to conſider poetry as ſtrictly imitative; namely, when the poet takes upon him the character of ſome other perſon, and acts and ſpeaks accordingly: whence, though the dramatic poet is not the only imitator, he alone is uniformly ſo; and others only become ſo when they give their works a dramatic turn, by aſſuming another character. And this is done by Warton in the odes before us; and nothing certainly gives ſo much animation to any ſpecies of poetry, or is in conſequence more adapted to the lyric.

In theſe odes too, the geographical parts are well managed, and the manners of chivalry well depictured. But the Author ſhould be particularly commended for the choice of his ſubjects, and for "celebrating domeſtic exploits," or more ſtrictly perhaps domeſtic traditions; for no Engliſhman, certainly no poetical Engliſhman, can hear with indifference of

——what reſounds
In fable or romance of Uther's ſon;

or of what reſounds, in ſcarcely leſs romantic hiſtory, of the achievements of "Engliſh "Richard."

Of the two odes, "the Cruſade" is certainly ſuperior to the other both in invention and execution. The plan is formed by the poet himſelf; whereas that of the other is exactly what had been chalked out by Camden and Drayton. The execution alſo is more animated, for there is in it nothing ſuperfluous or redundant; and this can hardly be ſaid of the other, which contains more prolix deſcription: a material fault in lyric poetry. It may be queſtioned beſides, whether the concluſion of the "Grave of Ar-"thur" might not have been ſhortened with effect; and whether the diſcovery is not repreſented as having too powerful an influence on Henry.

The Sonnet, a ſpecies of poetry, foreign to the genius of the Engliſh language, and ſingularly liable to ſtiffneſs, was not very ſuitable to the talents of a man, whoſe prevailing fault was a want of eaſe. Warton's ſonnets however have as much merit as ſonnets uſually have. Two of them, thoſe to Wynſlade and the River Lodon, have been frequently ſpoken of with approbation. They are certainly ſuperior to the others; it may be, becauſe they ſhow more of the genuine feelings of the Author.

His leſs ſerious pieces are deſerving of commendation, though not equally ſo: but they all

ſhare in this common praiſe, that they have humour and pleaſantry without licentiouſneſs. "The Panegyric on Oxford Ale" is inferior to Philips's "Splendid Shilling," of which it is an imitation, rather becauſe it is not the original, than on account of any defect in the execution. "The Progreſs of Diſcontent" is an exquiſite picture of human life, exemplified in an individual inſtance: Dr. Warton has pronounced it in his opinion "the beſt imitation of Swift "that has yet appeared." A deciſion ſo well founded, as to avert from him any imputation of prejudice. "Newmarket," the only ſatire, which our poet has written, is remarkable for its vein of ſevere and manly indignation: nor do I think that it can be deemed inferior to the beſt ſatirical compoſitions of Pope or Young. The apoſtrophe to Greece, with which it concludes, being in ſo much higher a ſtrain, might on that account be objectionable, did it not ariſe ſo naturally out of the ſubject.

The Ode for Muſic might well be diſpenſed with; it has little of poetry to recommend either its thoughts or expreſſions; and the introduction of Minerva (to ſay the beſt of it) is puerile.

The Laureate Odes are the moſt ſtriking teſtimony of the ſtrength of Warton's poetical

genius. Intangled in the difficulties of a perpetually-recurring ſubject, he is like Milton's

——lion pawing to get free
His hinder parts.

One circumſtance indeed was favourable to him. Though he rejected indiſcriminate panegyric with a manly ſpirit of independence, to have avoided all celebration of his royal Maſter would have been an unworthy dereliction of what is conſidered the duty of his office. Fortunately he was enabled to perform this duty without any proſtitution of his Muſe; and to deſcant with ſincerity on the perſonal character of his Sovereign; on his domeſtic virtues, his patronage of the uſeful and liberal arts; his encouragement of maritime diſcoveries; and his paternal regard for his people.

But theſe perſonal virtues would not have furniſhed conſtant argument for the laureate odes of Warton; and even the genius of Pindar, when engaged in the ſame kind of panegyrical compoſition, ſought for matter in collateral topics. Warton proceeded on the ſame plan; and his odes are diſtinguiſhed not only by the manlineſs of their ſentiments, but by the felicity of their claſſical alluſions, and the richneſs of their Gothic imagery.

In the Ode for the New Year 1786, the ap-

plication of a moſt delightful thought in Homer and Pindar to the circumſtances of his own country was ſingularly happy; and the Ode for the Birth-day in the ſame year, wherein he characteriſes the Poets laureate (if I may uſe the expreſſion) of Greece, is inferior only to that of the following year, in which he does the ſame with the Poets laureate of England. The latter ode is perhaps ſuperior on the whole; though there is no part of it written in ſuch exquiſite taſte, or with ſo much apparent intereſt in the ſubject, as the character of Theocritus, his favourite paſtoral poet, in the former; unleſs indeed it is the character of his no leſs favourite romantic poet, Spenſer, in the latter.

" We have formerly obſerved," ſays a critic, whom, as I have once or twice had occaſion to diſſent from, I now quote with approbation and pleaſure, " that our Bard was particularly happy " in deſcriptive poetry; and he has ſince, in " his official odes as Poet Laureate, rendered " it juſt and neceſſary to extend this praiſe to " his felicity in Gothic painting: for which he " probably qualified himſelf by his ſtudy of " Chaucer, Spenſer, and other old authors, who " have deſcribed the feats of knights and barons " bold, and who

" In ſage and ſolemn tunes have ſung
" Of turneys and of trophies hung.

" The Odes for 1787 and 1788, while the Bard " had no ſplendid foreign or domeſtic events " to celebrate, nor any calamities to deplore, " abound with Gothic pictures and embelliſh- " ments, which give that kind of mellow- " neſs to theſe poems, that time confers on " medals and productions of the pencil." A happy illuſtration, and the ſame with that which I have above remarked to be given by Quintilian of the effect produced by the adoption of antiquated words. With reſpect to theſe four odes, or rather the three laſt of them, I am unwilling even ſeemingly to depreciate the others, by declaring a preference for either. I cannot however but add, that the opening of that on Windſor Caſtle ſhows the grandeſt and moſt vigorous conception.

The two laſt odes are in a different ſtyle: the laſt in particular, which contains a eulogy on the principal mineral ſprings in England, blended with two or three fabulous or hiſtorical alluſions, which Drayton perhaps ſupplied him with, contains alſo more glowing deſcription than any of his former poems: and being compoſed but a few days before his death, proves that his fancy was ſtill warm and active.

It has been already intimated that our Poet

reſembles Pindar in the ſelection of his topics; let me here add, that he diſplays a Pindaric boldneſs and fire in his execution. But as theſe and ſimilar expreſſions are often uſed, perhaps without any determinate meaning, it ſeems adviſable to mention, for the ſake of preciſion, that by a Pindaric boldneſs and fire I would underſtand manlineſs of ſentiment, grand and lofty imagery, glowing words, and a highly-wrought and metaphorical ſtyle: qualities, more truly Pindaric than thoſe which ſome perſons ſeem to think conſtitute an imitation of Pindar; ſuch as irregular metre, ſudden and unconnected tranſitions, and obſcure and confuſed thoughts. Warton however has more of Pindar's majeſty, than of his enthuſiaſm; which latter has been carried perhaps to its greateſt extent in the Engliſh language by nature in Dryden's "Alex-"ander's Feaſt," and by art in "The Bard" of Gray.

Of the Latin poems of Warton little need be ſaid; as the judgment of his brother concerning them has never been diſputed, that they are written with "a true claſſical Purity, Elegance, "and Simplicity." The Author (to uſe another expreſſion of the Doctor's) ſeems to have thought in Latin.

His model was evidently Virgil; though in

the opening of the Verſes on the rebuilding of Trinity College Chapel, he appears to wiſh for the Ovidian Graces of Bathurſt. This was undoubtedly the moſt arduous of his Latin poems, and diſplays the greateſt knowledge and command of the language; but it is at the ſame time much leſs calculated to create general intereſt than Mons Catharinæ. The number of readers intereſted in the one ſubject is comparatively ſmall: but every one is alive to whatever awakens the feelings, and recalls the ſports and employments, of youth.

The two hendecaſyllaba entitled "In Horto "ſcript." and "Apud Hortum jucundiſſimum "Wintoniæ," are worthy of the hand of Flaminius: and the Epitaph on Mrs. Serle, and that in the "Inſcriptionum Delectus" which begins O dulcis puer, have all the delicacy and tenderneſs of the pureſt Greek models; and are ſuch as might have proceeded from Meleager or Callimachus, had they written in the language of Catullus.

A modern writer of an ancient language is always liable to inaccuracies. We are however ſurpriſed at finding in ſuch a man as Warton, miſtakes of ſo glaring a kind as that of making Tempe a noun feminine of the ſingular number.

If theſe obſervations are juſt, it may be concluded, by way of general remark, that, notwithſtanding his blemiſhes, for blemiſhes he undoubtedly had, Warton is entitled to claim no mean rank amongſt the poets of his country: that he diſplays great facility and variety of powers; that his ſtyle is forcible and ornamented; his thoughts lofty and dignified; his imagery in his deſcriptive poetry ſelect, new, and diſtinct; in his lyric poetry, gorgeous and magnificent; that in his leſs ſerious pieces he has the humour, without the groſſneſs, of Swift; that in his Latin compoſitions he ſhows a true claſſical taſte and feeling; and that, in all his poems, though he abounds in imitations of his predeceſſors, his imitations are not ſervile, and that what he borrows he makes his own.

In one department he is not only unequalled, but original and unprecedented: I mean in applying to modern poetry the embelliſhment of Gothic manners and Gothic arts; the tournaments and feſtivals, the poetry, muſic, painting, and architecture of "elder days." Nor can I here refrain from repeating, that, though engaged in the ſervice, his talents were never proſtituted to the undue praiſe, of royalty: nor from adding as a topic of incidental applauſe, that, though he wanders in the mazes of fancy, he may always be reſorted to as ſupplying at leaſt an harmleſs

amuſement; and that with Milton and Gray, whom he reſembled in various other points, he ſhares alſo this moral commendation, that his laurels, like theirs, are untainted by impurity, and that he has uniformly written (to uſe the words of another unſullied bard[a])

Verſe that a Virgin without bluſh may read.

[a] Sylveſter's Du Bartas.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

Εις τον λειμωνα καθισας,
Εδρεπεν ἑτερον εφ' ἑτερῳ
Αιρομενος αγρευμ' ανθεων
Αδομενα ψυχα—.

Grotii Excerpta ex Tragicis, p. 463. et Valckenærii Diatriben in Euripidis relliq. p. 212.

THE

TRIUMPH OF ISIS,

OCCASIONED BY

ISIS AN ELEGY.

(Written in 1749, the Author's 21ſt year.)

Quid mihi neſcio quam, proprio cum TYBRIDE, *Romam*
Semper in ore geris? Referunt ſi vera parentes,
Hanc urbem inſano nullus qui marte petivit,
Lætatus violaſſe redit. Nec numina ſedem
Deſtituunt.——— CLAUDIAN.

ON cloſing flowers when genial gales diffuſe
The fragrant tribute of refreſhing dews;
When chants the milk-maid at her balmy pail,
And weary reapers whiſtle o'er the vale;

The Triumph of Iſis &c.] For an account of the occaſion, on which this Poem was written, and of the circumſtances connected with it, ſee the memoirs prefixed to this edition. There are ſeveral variations in the poem as it now ſtands, and as it firſt appeared in 4to. and in the Union: but they are in general too trifling to require any particular notice.

V. 3. When chants the milk-maid at her balmy pail,
And weary reapers whiſtle o'er the vale;]
See nearly the ſame circumſtances in a morning landſcape, *L'Allegro*, ver. 63.

While the plowman near at hand
Whiſtles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the *milk-maid ſingeth* blithe.

Charm'd by the murmurs of the quivering ſhade,
O'er Isis' willow-fringed banks I ſtray'd:
And calmly muſing through the twilight way,
In penſive mood I fram'd the Doric lay.
When lo! from opening clouds a golden gleam
Pour'd ſudden ſplendors o'er the ſhadowy ſtream;
And from the wave aroſe it's guardian queen,
Known by her ſweeping ſtole of gloſſy green;
While in the coral crown, that bound her brow,
Was wove the Delphic laurel's verdant bough.

V. 6. O'er Isis' willow-fringed banks] For inſtances of "fringed" uſed in this manner, both ſimply and in compoſition, ſee Warton's note on *Comus*, ver. 890.

By the ruſhy-*fringed* bank
Where grows the willow and the oſier dank.

The word, from its frequent recurrence appears a favourite with our poet.

V. 12. —Her ſweeping ſtole] Correſponding with Homer's ἑλικοβλεφαρος (*Il.* Z. v. 442.) as "*ſilver*-ſlipper'd" below, v. 16. is altered from αργυροπεζα (*Il.* A. 538.) Milton uſes "tinſel-ſlipper'd," *Comus*, 877. W. Browne, in *Britannia's Paſtorals*, had retained with greater judgment "*ſilver-footed*," (Book ii. Song 1. and in other places) which had been introduced into the language by Chapman in his tranſlation of Homer.

V. 13. While in the coral crown, that bound her brow] In Drayton's *Muſes Elyſium*, a ſhepherd thus compliments his miſtreſs:

With *coral* I will have thee *crown'd*,
Whoſe branches intricately wound
Shall girt thy temples every way.

Nymphal. 2. vol. iv. p. 1460. edit. 1753.

In the *Ode for Muſic*, ver. 52. Iſis has "*coral-crowned treſſes*." Cherwell in *Complaint of Cherwell*, v. 15. wears a "*coral-cinctur'd ſtole*."

As the ſmooth ſurface of the dimply flood
The ſilver-ſlipper'd virgin lightly trod;
From her looſe hair the dropping dew ſhe preſs'd,
And thus mine ear in accents mild addreſs'd.

No more, my ſon, the rural reed employ,
Nor trill the tinkling ſtrain of empty joy;
No more thy love-reſounding ſonnets ſuit
To notes of paſtoral pipe, or oaten flute.
For hark! high-thron'd on yon majeſtic walls,
To the dear Muſe afflicted Freedom calls:
When Freedom calls, and Oxford bids thee ſing,
Why ſtays thy hand to ſtrike the ſounding ſtring?
While thus, in Freedom's and in Phœbus' ſpite,
The venal ſons of ſlaviſh CAM unite;
To ſhake yon towers when Malice rears her creſt,
Shall all my ſons in ſilence idly reſt?

V. 15. The dimply flood] *Comus*, 119.
By *dimpled* brook and fountain brim.

V. 22. To notes of paſtoral pipe, or oaten flute.] *Lycidas*, ver. 32.
Meanwhile the *rural* ditties were not mute
Temper'd to *the oaten flute*.
Comus, 345.
Or ſound of *paſtoral reed*, with *oaten* ſtops.
Collins in his *Ode to Evening* had the ſame in his eye:
If aught of *oaten ſtop* or *paſtoral* ſong
May hope, chaſte Eve, to ſoothe thy modeſt ear.

Still ſing, O CAM, your fav'rite Freedom's
cauſe;
Still boaſt of Freedom, while you break her laws:
To power your ſongs of Gratulation pay,
To courts addreſs ſoft flattery's ſervile lay.
What though your gentle MASON's plantive
verſe
Has hung with ſweeteſt wreaths Muſæus' herſe;
What though your vaunted bard's ingenuous woe,
Soft as my ſtream, in tuneful numbers flow;
Yet ſtrove his Muſe, by fame or envy led,
To tear the laurels from a ſiſter's head?—
Miſguided youth! with rude unclaſſic rage

V. 35. What though your gentle MASON's plaintive verſe
Has hung with ſweeteſt wreaths Muſæus' herſe;]
Alluding to Maſon's *Muſæus*, a Monody to the memory of Pope. It is however rather a puerile performance, and not worthy of ſo high a character; though the imitations in it are occaſionally good; indeed much preferable to Pope's deſpicable imitations, as he calls them, of Chaucer and Spenſer, of whom in reality they are baſe caricatures.

V. 37. What though your vaunted bard's ingenuous woe,
Soft as my ſtream, in tuneful numbers flow;]
Drayton of the Muſe:

Smooth as the lowly *ſtream* ſhe *ſoftly* now doth glide.
Poly-olbion, Song 14. vol. iii. p. 930.

But ſee Denham's celebrated addreſs to the Thames in *Cooper's Hill*:

O could I *flow* like thee, and make thy *ſtream*
My great example, as it is my theme,
Tho' deep yet clear, tho' gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

To blot the beauties of thy whiter page!
A rage that ſullies e'en thy guiltleſs lays,
And blaſts the vernal bloom of half thy bays.

Let GRANTA boaſt the patrons of her name,
Each ſplendid fool of fortune and of fame:
Still of preferment let her ſhine the queen,
Prolific parent of each bowing dean:
Be hers each prelate of the pamper'd cheek,
Each courtly chaplain, ſanctified and ſleek:
Still let the drones of her exhauſtleſs hive
On rich pluralities ſupinely thrive:
Still let her ſenates titled ſlaves revere,
Nor dare to know the patriot from the peer;
No longer charm'd by Virtue's lofty ſong,
Once heard ſage Milton's manly tones among,
Where CAM, meandering thro' the matted reeds,
With loitering wave his groves of laurel feeds.

V. 45. GRANTA—] Cambridge. In note to ver. 57. a paſſage is quoted from Bp. Hall's Satires, where the river Cam is called Grant. The Saxon name of the town was Grantan bridge, or Grantabridge.

V. 48. —Each bowing dean:] Young, in his *Love of Fame*, Satire iv. ſays, with alluſion, as it ſeems, to ſome particular and well-known character,

And then he can outbow the *bowing dean.*

V. 57. Where CAM, meandering through the matted reeds,
With loitering wave his groves of laurel feeds.]
Cam is well enough diſtinguiſhed by his "reeds and loitering

'Tis ours, my ſon, to deal the ſacred bay,
Where honour calls, and juſtice points the way;
To wear the well-earn'd wreath that merit brings,
And ſnatch a gift beyond the reach of kings.
Scorning and ſcorn'd by courts, yon Muſe's bower
Still nor enjoys, nor ſeeks, the ſmile of power.
Though wakeful Vengeance watch my cryſtal ſpring,

wave:" but I believe that his "groves of laurel," as well as "the oliv'd portals" of Iſis (ſee ver. 77) exiſt only in the imagination of the poet. Milton ſays of the former more appropriately, but with no ſmall appearance of contempt,

Stat quoque *juncoſas Cami* remeare *paludes*,
Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire ſcholæ. *Eleg.* i. ver. 89.

I will here take occaſion to obſerve, that a paſſage in the ſame elegy was perhaps ſuggeſted by Biſhop Hall:

Me tenet urbs reflua quam Thameſis alluit unda,
Meque nec inviſum patria dulcis habet.
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura reviſere Camum,
Nec dudum vetiti me Laris angit amor:
Nuda nec arva placent, umbraſque negantia molles;
Quam malè Phœbicolis convenit iſte locus. V. 9.
—— What baſer Muſe can bide
To ſit and ſing by Granta's naked ſide?
They haunt the tided Thames and ſalt Medway
E'er ſince the fame of their late bridal day:
Nought have we here but willow-ſhaded ſhore,
To tell our Grant his banks are left forlore. B. i. Sat. 1.

In one or two inſtances the reſemblance is minute: particularly the epithet "reflua" of Milton, ſo much admired by Warton, exactly anſwers to the "tided" of Bp. Hall. It is well known that Milton was a penſioner of Chriſt's College, Cambridge.

Though Perſecution wave her iron wing,
And, o'er yon ſpiry temples as ſhe flies,
" Theſe deſtin'd ſeats be mine," exulting cries;
Fortune's fair ſmiles on Iſis ſtill attend:
And, as the dews of gracious heaven deſcend
Unaſk'd, unſeen, in ſtill but copious ſhow'rs,
Her ſtores on me ſpontaneous Bounty pours.
See, Science walks with recent chaplets crown'd;
With fancy's ſtrain my fairy ſhades reſound;
My Muſe divine ſtill keeps her cuſtom'd ſtate,
The mien erect, and high majeſtic gait:

V. 66. Though Perſecution wave her iron wing, &c.] An evident imitation of a paſſage in his father's paraphraſe of Horace, B. ii. Od. 8.

At this Corruption ſmiles with ghaſtly grin,
Foretelling triumphs to her ſiſter Sin;
Who, *as with baneful wing aloft ſhe flies,*
" This ruin'd land be mine," exulting cries:
Grim Tyranny attends her on her way,
And whets his flaming ſword, that thirſts to ſlay. P. 49.

In the third volume of Dodſley's *Collection* is a poem, entitled " Faſhion, a Satire," in ſome editions printed anonymouſly, but in one, which I have ſeen, ſaid to be by Dr. Joſ. Warton. Into that poem the above ſix lines have been introduced with one or two ſlight variations.

V. 75. My Muſe divine ſtill keeps her cuſtom'd ſtate,
The mien erect, and high majeſtic gait:]

Il Penſeroſo, ver. 37.

Come, but *keep thy wonted ſtate*
With even ſtep and muſing *gate.*

See note on the paſſage. Drayton in *Muſes Elyſium, Nymph.* 7. vol. iv. p. 1466.

Green as of old each oliv'd portal ſmiles,
And ſtill the Graces build my Grecian piles:
My Gothic ſpires in ancient glory riſe,
And dare with wonted pride to ruſh into the ſkies.

E'en late, when Radcliffe's delegated train
Auſpicious ſhone in Iſis' happy plain;
When yon proud dome, fair Learning's ampleſt ſhrine,
Beneath its Attic roofs receiv'd the Nine;
Was Rapture mute, or ceas'd the glad acclame,
To Radcliffe due, and Iſis' honour'd name?
What free-born crouds adorn'd the feſtive day,
Nor bluſh'd to wear my tributary bay!

———ſo goddeſs-like a *gate*,
Each ſtep ſo full of *majeſty and ſtate*.
The paſſage in the text was originally,
My Muſe divine ſtill keeps her *wonted* ſtate.

V. 81. E'en late, when Radcliffe's delegated train, &c.] The Radcliffe Library was dedicated on the 13th of April, 1749; the ſame year in which this poem was written. The ceremony was attended by Charles Duke of Beaufort, Edward Earl of Oxford, and the other truſtees of Dr. Radcliffe's will; and a ſpeech upon the occaſion was delivered in the Theatre by Dr. King, Principal of St. Mary Hall, and Public Orator of the Univerſity. In order to make ſome alluſions in the poem more intelligible, it is neceſſary to add, that the "Sage" complimented in ver. 111. is Dr. King; and "the Puny Champion," and the "Parricide" of verſes, 131, and 136, were deſigned for another member of the Univerſity, with whom Dr. King was engaged in a controverſy.

How each brave breaſt with honeſt ardors heav'd,
When Sheldon's fane the patriot band receiv'd;
While, as we loudly hail'd the choſen few,
Rome's awful ſenate ruſh'd upon the view!

O may the day in lateſt annals ſhine,
That made a Beaufort and an Harley mine:
That bade them leave the loftier ſcene awhile,
The pomp of guiltleſs ſtate, the patriot toil,
For bleeding Albion's aid the ſage deſign,
To hold ſhort dalliance with the tuneful Nine.
Then Muſic left her ſilver ſphere on high,
And bore each ſtrain of triumph from the ſky;

V. 90. —Sheldon's fane—] The Theatre, built by Abp. Sheldon about 1670. See note on *Sacellum Coll. Trin. inſtauratum*, &c. ver. 157.

V. 98. To hold ſhort dalliance with the tuneful Nine.] From Milton:

——where the ſapient King
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian ſpouſe.
Par. Loſt, ix. 442.

And Warton has the ſame expreſſion in his *Ode on the approach of Summer*, where ſpeaking of Poeſy, he ſays,

She ſhall be my blooming bride;
With her, as years ſucceſſive glide,
I'll *hold* divineſt *dalliance*. Ver. 335.

Maſon, in *Muſæus*, publiſhed in 1747, two years before this poem;

Trembling he ſtrove to court the *tuneful* maid
With ſtripling arts, and *dalliance* all too weak.

V. 99. Then Muſic left her ſilver ſphere on high,] Agreeably to the pleaſing notion of the muſic of the ſpheres, of which Poetry

Swell'd the loud ſong, and to my chiefs around
Pour'd the full pæans of mellifluous ſound.
My Naiads blithe the dying accents caught,
And liſtening danc'd beneath their pearly grot:
In gentler eddies play'd my conſcious wave,
And all my reeds their ſofteſt whiſpers gave;
Each lay with brighter green adorn'd my bowers,
And breath'd a freſher fragrance on my flowers.

But lo! at once the pealing concerts ceaſe,
And crouded theatres are huſh'd in peace.
See, on yon Sage how all attentive ſtand,
To catch his darting eye, and waving hand.
Hark! he begins, with all a Tully's art,
To pour the dictates of a Cato's heart:
Skill'd to pronounce what nobleſt thoughts inſpire,
He blends the ſpeaker's with the patriot's fire;

has frequently availed herſelf. This ſeems to have been in the mind of the author of the book of Job, when he ſays, that at the laying of the foundations of the earth, "*The morning ſtars ſang together*, and all the ſons of God ſhouted for joy." xxxviii. 7.

V. 107. Each lay with brighter green adorn'd my bowers,
And breath'd a freſher fragrance on my flowers.]

A contraſt to Pope's finiſhed picture of the effects of melancholy:

Her gloomy preſence ſaddens all the ſcene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.
Eloiſ. to Abel. 167.

Bold to conceive, nor timorous to conceal,
What Britons dare to think, he dares to tell.
'Tis his alike the ear and eye to charm,
To win with action, and with ſenſe to warm;
Untaught in flowery periods to diſpenſe
The lulling ſounds of ſweet impertinence:
In frowns or ſmiles he gains an equal prize,
Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to riſe;
Bids happier days to Albion be reſtor'd,
Bids ancient Juſtice rear her radiant ſword;
From me, as from my country, claims applauſe,
And makes an Oxford's, a Britannia's cauſe.

While arms like theſe my ſtedfaſt ſages wield,
While mine is Truth's impenetrable ſhield;
Say, ſhall the Puny Champion fondly dare
To wage with force like this ſcholaſtic war?
Still vainly ſcribble on with pert pretence,

V. 118. What Britons dare to think, he dares to tell.] In the ſame rhythm with a line in Young's *Love of Fame*, Sat. v.

Thaleſtris triumphs in a manly mien,
Loud is her accent, and her phraſe obſcene;
In fair and open dealing where's the ſhame?
What nature *dares* to give, *ſhe dares* to name.

V. 120. —with ſenſe to warm] This is not ſufficiently preciſe. The property of "ſenſe" is leſs to warm, to excite the paſſions, than to convince the judgment.

V. 124. Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to riſe;] The conſtruction of this line is faulty.

With all the rage of pedant impotence?
Say, ſhall I foſter this domeſtic peſt,
This parricide, that wounds a mother's breaſt?

Thus in ſome gallant ſhip, that long has bore
Britain's victorious croſs from ſhore to ſhore,
By chance, beneath her cloſe ſequeſter'd cells,
Some low-born worm, a lurking miſchief dwells;
Eats his blind way, and ſaps with ſecret guile
The deep foundations of the floating pile:
In vain the foreſt lent its ſtatelieſt pride,
Rear'd her tall maſt, and fram'd her knotty ſide;
The martial thunder's rage in vain ſhe ſtood,
With every conflict of the ſtormy flood;
More ſure the reptile's little arts devour,
Than wars, or waves, or Eurus' wintry power.

Ye fretted pinnacles, ye fanes ſublime,
Ye towers that wear the moſſy veſt of time;
Ye maſſy piles of old munificence,

V. 137. ——that long has bore
Britain's victorious croſs from ſhore to ſhore.]
Pope, in *Windſor Foreſt*:
Bear Britain's thunder, and her *croſs* diſplay
To the bright regions of the riſing day. Ver. 387.

V. 141. Eats his blind way] The expreſſion is claſſical. Virgil ſpeaks of *cæcus* ignis (*Æn.* iv. 2.) and *cæcum* vulnus (x. 733.). Euripides, in *Phœniſſæ*, ver. 848. τυφλὰν πυθῖ.

At once the pride of learning and defence;
Ye cloiſters pale, that lengthening to the ſight,
To contemplation, ſtep by ſtep, invite;
Ye high-arch'd walks, where oft the whiſpers clear
Of harps unſeen have ſwept the poet's ear;
Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praiſe;

V. 152. At once the pride of learning and defence;] Virg. *Æn.* v. 5.

——*decus* et *tutamen* in armis.

V. 153. Ye cloiſters pale] *Il Penſ.* ver. 156.

To walk the ſtudious *cloiſters pale.*

V. 155. Ye high-arch'd walks, where oft the whiſpers clear
Of harps unſeen have ſwept the poet's ear;]

An happy inſtance of an improved thought. Theſe lines were at firſt written,

Ye high-arch'd walks, where oft the bard has caught
The glowing ſentiment, the lofty thought.

There can be not a doubt that as they now ſtand they are greatly more poetical. Poſſibly the alteration may have been ſuggeſted by Thomſon's *Summer:*

Angelic *harps* are in full concert heard,
And voices chaunting from the wood-crown'd hill,
The deepening dale, or inmoſt ſylvan glade;
A privilege by us beſtow'd alone
On Contemplation, or the hallow'd *ear*
Of poet, ſwelling to ſeraphic ſtrain. Ver. 558.

Compare alſo *Par. Loſt,* iv. 677.

Millions of ſpiritual creatures walk the earth
Unſeen, both when we wake and when we ſleep:
——————how often from the ſteep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celeſtial voices, &c.

Lo! your lov'd Iſis, from the bordering vale,
With all a mother's fondneſs bids you hail!—
Hail, Oxford, hail! of all that's good and great,
Of all that's fair, the guardian and the ſeat;
Nurſe of each brave purſuit, each generous aim,
By truth exalted to the throne of fame!
Like Greece in ſcience and in liberty,
As Athens learn'd, as Lacedemon free!

Ev'n now, confeſs'd to my adoring eyes,
In awful ranks thy gifted ſons ariſe.
Tuning to knightly tale his Britiſh reeds,
Thy genuine bards immortal Chaucer leads:
His hoary head o'erlooks the gazing quire,
And beams on all around celeſtial fire.

V. 169. Tuning to knightly tale his Britiſh reeds,
Thy genuine bards immortal Chaucer leads, &c.]
It is upon the authority of Leland, followed by Speght and Urry in their lives of Chaucer, that Oxford lays claim to a part of Chaucer's education; and it is probably upon the ſame authority, as none is mentioned, that Warton in his *Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry*, i. 341. makes the ſame aſſertion. In his *Court of Love* however, ver. 912. Chaucer ſpeaks of himſelf under the name and character of "Philogenet—of *Cambridge*, Clerk." Upon which Mr. Tyrwhitt obſerves, that it is "by no means a deciſive proof that "he was really educated at Cambridge; but it may be admitted as "a ſtrong argument that he was not educated at Oxford." See Tyrwhitt's Chaucer's *C. T.* p. 17. edit. Ox. 1798. However, in a caſe of this ſort, even tradition is ſufficient authority for a poet. Chaucer died in 1400, in the 72d year of his age.

With graceful ſtep ſee Addiſon advance,
The ſweeteſt child of Attic elegance:
See Chillingworth the depths of Doubt explore,
And Selden ope the rolls of ancient lore:
To all but his belov'd embrace deny'd,
See Locke lead Reaſon, his majeſtic bride:

V. 173. —Addiſon] Firſt of Queen's, and afterwards Demy of Magd. Coll. 1689.

V. 175. —Chillingworth] He was born in October 1602, and educated in grammar learning in Oxford: became ſcholar of Trinity College June 2, 1618; A. M. in the latter end of 1623, and fellow of the ſaid college June 10, 1628. Wood's *Athen. Oxon.* vol. ii. col. 40. It is obſervable that this and the following line, concerning Chillingworth and Selden, were not in the firſt edition of the poem., Locke and Addiſon are in Maſon's "Iſis."

V. 176. —Selden] John Selden, according to Wood, (*Athen. Oxon.* ii. 179.) after having been inſtructed in grammar learning at Chicheſter, by Mr. Hugh Barker, of New College, was by his care and advice ſent to Hart Hall in 1600, and committed to the tuition of Mr. Anthony Barker, and (according to Wilkins's life of him, prefixed to his Works) of Mr. Thomas Young, both fellows of the aforeſaid college: under whom he continued about three years, and then went to the Inner Temple. His connection with Oxford however did not entirely ceaſe here, as in 1640 and 1641 he repreſented the Univerſity in parliament, and protected it againſt the Viſitors in 1648. I know not on what authority Warton, in his Verſes on Trinity College Chapel, and in his Life of Bathurſt, p. 86. *note*, calls Selden a member of that college. He had an offer of the Maſterſhip of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, in 1646, which he declined accepting. I may add, that Bathurſt, in his Verſes on Selden's death, though he ſpeaks of his being an Oxford man, does not mention his particular college, which he probably would have done, had he belonged to Trinity.

V. 178. —Locke] He was a member of Chriſt-Church College,

See Hammond pierce Religion's golden mine,
And ſpread the treaſur'd ſtores of truth divine.

All who to Albion gave the arts of peace,
And beſt the labours plann'd of letter'd eaſe;
Who taught with truth, or with perſuaſion mov'd;
Who ſooth'd with numbers, or with ſenſe improv'd;
Who rang'd the powers of reaſon, or refin'd,
All that adorn'd or humaniz'd the mind;
Each prieſt of health, that mix'd the balmy bowl,
To rear frail man, and ſtay the fleeting ſoul;
All croud around, and echoing to the ſky,
Hail, Oxford, hail! with filial tranſport cry.

And ſee yon ſapient train! with liberal aim,
'Twas theirs new plans of liberty to frame;

and took his degree of A. B. in February, 1655. *Athen. Oxon.* vol. ii. f. col. 786.

V. 179. —Hammond] Henry Hammond, born at Chertſey in Surrey, 1605, and educated at Eton. In 1622 became Demy of Magd. Coll. and A. B. In 1625 admitted A. M. and elected fellow of the ſame college; "being then Philoſophy Reader, and a ſingular ornament thereunto." *Athen. Oxon.* ii. 245. In the beginning of 1645 he was made one of the Canons of Chriſt-Church; "by virtue of which place he became Orator of the Univerſity, but had ſeldom an opportunity to ſhew his parts that way." He was a ſteady adherent to Charles I. and ſuffered for his loyalty by impriſonment under the Viſitors of the Univerſity.

Ibid. —Religion's golden mine,] Compare *Hiſt. of Eng.* p. iii. 464.

And on the Gothic gloom of ſlaviſh ſway
To ſhed the dawn of intellectual day.
With mild debate each muſing feature glows,
And well-weigh'd counſels mark their meaning brows.
"Lo! theſe the leaders of thy patriot line,"
A Raleigh, Hampden, and a Somers ſhine.

"But the *golden mine* of Italian fiction opened by Chaucer was ſoon cloſed and forgotten."

V. 197. Lo! theſe the leaders of thy patriot line,
A Raleigh, Hampden, and a Somers ſhine.]
From Maſon's *Elegy:*
See the firm *leaders of my patriot line,*
See Sidney, *Raleigh, Hampden, Somers ſhine.*
But I believe that Algernon Sidney, who appears to have been deſigned in this place, was not a member of the Univerſity of Oxford.

V. 198. —Raleigh] Sir Walter Raleigh was born in Devonſhire in 1552. "In 1568, or thereabouts, (ſays Wood) he became a Commoner of Oriel College, where his natural parts being ſtrangely advanced by academical learning under the care of an excellent tutor, he became the ornament of the juniours, and was worthily eſteemed a proficient in oratory and philoſophy. After he had ſpent about three years in that houſe, he left the Univerſity without a degree, and went to the Middle Temple, &c." *Athen. Oxon.* vol. i. col. 435.

Ibid. —Hampden] John Hampden, that wiſe ſtateſman, as he was called by his friends, became a Commoner of Magdalen College in the year 1609, aged 15 years; but leaving the Univerſity without a degree, he went to the Inns of Court, where he made conſiderable proficiency in the municipal law. Wood, *ut ſupr.* ii. 30. "He received his mortal wound (obſerves the royaliſt biographer) on Sunday, June 18, 1643, in Chalgrove-field in

Theſe from thy ſource the bold contagion caught,
Their future ſons the great example taught:
While in each youth th' hereditary flame
Still blazes, unextinguiſh'd and the ſame!

Nor all the taſks of thoughtful peace engage,
'Tis thine to form the hero as the ſage.
I ſee the ſable-ſuited Prince advance
With lilies crown'd, the ſpoils of bleeding France,

Oxfordſhire, being the very place where he firſt muſtered and drew up men in arms, to put in execution the rebellious ordinance for the militia."

V. 198. —Somers] The celebrated Lord Chancellor was a native of Worceſter, 1652, and educated at the college-ſchool there; where he was ſoon diſtinguiſhed for the quickneſs and ſolidity of his parts, and became afterwards a Gentleman Commoner of Trinity Coll. See *Verſes on Death of George II.* 89. and *note*.

V. 205. —the ſable-ſuited Prince] Gray calls the Black Prince the ſable warrior:

Is the *ſable* warrior fled? *Bard*, ii.

But ſee Shakſpere, in *Hamlet*, Act iii. Sc. 2. "Nay then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a *ſuit of ſables*." The epithet is compounded in the manner of Milton:

——with him enthron'd
Sat *ſable*-veſted Night. *Par. Loſt*, ii. 961.

And again, in *Ode on the Nativity*,

The *ſable*-ſtoled ſorcerers. St. xxiv.

And in *Il Penſeroſo*,

Till civil-*ſuited* morn appear. Ver. 122.

See note on *Birth of Prince of Wales*, ver. 36.

V. 206. With lilies crown'd, the ſpoils of bleeding France,]

Edward. The Muſes, in yon cloiſter'd ſhade,
Bound on his maiden thigh the martial blade;
Bade him the ſteel for Britiſh freedom draw,
And Oxford taught the deeds that Creſſy ſaw.

And ſee, great father of the ſacred band,
The Patriot King before me ſeems to ſtand.
He by the bloom of this gay vale beguil'd,
That cheer'd with lively green the ſhaggy wild,
Hither of yore, forlorn forgotten maid,
The Muſe in prattling infancy convey'd;

Pope deſcribes Edward III. as poetically, and perhaps with more propriety, by

The lilies blazing on the regal ſhield. *Windſ. For.* ver. 306.

A circumſtance of which Whitehead has happily availed himſelf, where he ſays, in the true dramatic ſtyle of lyric poetry, in the perſon of Britannia,

—— "'Twas thus of old
"My warlike ſons, a gallant train,
"Call'd forth their genuine ſtrength, and ſpread
"Their banners o'er the tented mead;
"'Twas thus they taught perfidious France to yield,"
She cries, and ſhows the lilies on her ſhield.
Ode for King's Birth-Day, 1778.

V. 207. —The Muſes, in yon cloiſter'd ſhade, &c.] Edward the Black Prince, as well as Henry V. whom, by the way, there was a good opportunity of mentioning in this place, was a member of Queen's College; perhaps out of compliment to the new foundation, which was denominated after his mother, Queen Philippa.

V. 212. The Patriot King] Alfred. The tradition reſpecting the foundation of the Univerſity of Oxford by him is well known.

From Vandal rage the helpleſs virgin bore,
And fix'd her cradle on my friendly ſhore:
Soon grew the maid beneath his foſtering hand,
Soon ſtream'd her bleſſings o'er the enlighten'd land.
Though ſimple was the dome where firſt to dwell
She deign'd, and rude her early Saxon cell,
Lo! now ſhe holds her ſtate in ſculptur'd bowers,
And proudly lifts to heav'n her hundred towers.
'Twas Alfred firſt, with letters and with laws,
Adorn'd, as he advanc'd, his country's cauſe:

V. 223. —ſculptur'd bowers,] This combination appears harſh, unleſs it is remembered that the word "bower" anciently ſignified a chamber, perhaps an inner chamber, and that the appropriate ſenſe, which it now bears, of a canopy of trees, is grafted on the old one. See *Grave of Arthur*, ver. 97. I ſubjoin here two or three ſtriking inſtances from our Poet, in which he uſes the word in its old ſignification:

On the Birth of the Prince of Wales, ver. 13.
Yet future triumphs, Windſor, ſtill remain,
Still may thy *bowers* receive as brave a train.

Sonnet V. ver. 1.
From Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic Art
Decks with a magic hand the dazzling *bowers*.

Ode on Summer, ver. 242.
Of that proud caſtle's painted *bowers*.

Ode for New Year, 1788, ver. 52. Of Windſor Caſtle,
Proud Caſtle, to thy banner'd *bowers*.

But inſtances might readily be multiplied.

V. 224. And proudly lifts to heav'n her hundred towers.] The ſame idea is repeated in *Mons Catharinæ*:
Et *centum* oſtentet ſinuoſo in margine *turres*.

He bade relent the Briton's ſtubborn ſoul,
And ſooth'd to ſoft ſociety's controul
A rough untutor'd age. With raptur'd eye
Elate he views his laurel'd progeny:
Serene he ſmiles to find, that not in vain
He form'd the rudiments of learning's reign:
Himſelf he marks in each ingenuous breaſt,
With all the founder in the race expreſt:
Conſcious he ſees fair Freedom ſtill ſurvive
In yon bright domes, ill-fated fugitive!
(Glorious, as when the goddeſs pour'd the beam
Unſullied on his ancient diadem;)
Well-pleas'd, that at his own Pierian ſprings
She reſts her weary feet, and plumes her wings;
That here at laſt ſhe takes her deſtin'd ſtand,
Here deigns to linger, ere ſhe leave the land.

V. 242. Here deigns to linger, ere ſhe leave the land.] So Virgil deſcribes the country as the laſt reſidence of Juſtice upon earth:

———extrema per illos
Juſtitia excedens terris veſtigia fecit. *Georg.* ii. 473.

It has been obſerved to me, that the line is taken almoſt word for word from Pope; but I cannot refer to the paſſage.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE

FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES.

(Written in 1751.)

I.

O FOR the warblings of the Doric ote,
That wept the youth deep-whelm'd in ocean's tide!

ELEGY, &c.] Till within a few years paſt, on great public occaſions, collections of verſes, in the way of condolence, congratulation, &c. were uſually made by the Univerſities. In the Oxford collection upon the death of the late Frederic Prince of Wales, Father of his preſent Majeſty, in 1751, this Elegy appeared, with no very material variations, under the name of John Whetham, Fellow Commoner of Trinity College. This ſpecies of deluſion was not uncommon. The ſame collection contains an Elegy, profeſſedly written by James Clitherow, of All Souls College, but in reality by the late Judge Blackſtone; and a very elegant copy of Latin Hendecaſyllables, ſaid to be by George Brome, Gentleman Commoner of Chriſt-Church, the author of which was the preſent Archbiſhop of York. There is alſo a copy of Latin Hexameters by Warton, under his own name; for which ſee the Latin Poems.

V. 1. O for the warblings of the Doric ote, &c.] Mr. Headley refers to Shakſpere's *Prologue to Henry V.*

O! for a Muſe of fire, that would aſcend
The brighteſt heaven of invention!

Or Mulla's muſe, who chang'd her magic note
To chant how dear the laurel'd Sidney died!
Then ſhould my woes in worthy ſtrain be ſung,
And with due cypreſs-crown thy herſe, O Frederic, hung. 6

II.

But though my novice-hands are all too weak
To graſp the ſounding pipe, my voice unſkill'd
The tuneful phraſe of poeſy to ſpeak,
Uncouth the cadence of my carols wild;

And to *Paradiſe Loſt*, iv. 1.

O! for that warning voice, which he, who ſaw
The Apocalypſe, heard cry in heaven aloud.

The propriety of the expreſſion "the Doric ote," when alluding to Milton's Lycidas, is obvious. Milton himſelf ſpeaks of his *ote* in ver. 88.

But now my *oat* proceeds.

And in another place he entitles his poem a "*Doric* lay:"

With eager thought *warbling* his *Doric* lay. Ver. 189.

In *Ode for June 4*, 1786, we have "the *Doric oat*" of Theocritus, ver. 27. See alſo ver. 50. "*O for a ſtrain* from theſe ſublimer bards."

V. 3. Or Mulla's muſe, who chang'd her magic note
To chant how dear the laurel'd Sidney died:] See Spenſer's *Aſtrophel*, &c. on the death of Sir Philip Sidney. Dr. Joſeph Warton, in his Ode on the death of his Father, has a reference to the ſame poem:

Each night indulging pious woe,
Freſh roſes on thy tomb I ſtrow,
And wiſh for tender Spenſer's moving verſe
Warbled in broken ſobs o'er Sidney's herſe.

A nation's tears ſhall teach my ſong to trace
The Prince that deck'd his crown with every
milder grace. 12

III.

How well he knew to turn from flattery's ſhrine,
To drop the ſweeping pall of ſcepter'd pride;
Led by calm thought to paths of eglantine,
And rural walks on Iſis' tufted ſide;
To rove at large amid the landſkips ſtill,
Where Contemplation ſate on Clifden's beech-
clad hill! 18

The father himſelf had written an imitation of the ſame. See p. 65. of his Poems. On the death of Mr. William Levinz.

V. 14. The ſweeping pall of ſcepter'd pride;] *Il Penſeroſo*, ver. 97.
Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy
In *ſcepter'd pall* come *ſweeping* by.
Imitated again in *Verſes on the Marriage of the King*, ver. 72.
To throw the *ſcepter'd pall* of ſtate aſide.
And ſee *Monody*, ver. 22.
The wounds ill-cover'd by the purple *pall*.
And *Pleaſures of Melancholy*, ver. 214. Of Melpomene,
Queen of the ſtately ſtep and flowing *pall*.
And *Ode for New Year* 1788, ver. 39.
" —————— the *pall*
Of triumph"——
In all which paſſages " pall" is properly uſed for " palla," a robe.
In the following it loſes its ſpecific, and takes the general ſignification of a covering: *Grave of Arthur*, ver. 3.
" Canopied with golden *pall*."
And it is thus that we have *pall*-bearers at funerals. " Pallium," whence the word in its latter ſenſe comes, was generally uſed by the writers of the middle age for tapeſtry, furniture, &c.

IV.

How, lock'd in pure affection's golden band,
Through ſacred wedlock's unambitious ways,
With even ſtep he walk'd, and conſtant hand,
His temples binding with domeſtic bays:
Rare pattern of the chaſte connubial knot,
Firm in a palace kept, as in the clay-built cot!

V.

How with diſcerning choice, to nature true,
He cropp'd the ſimple flowers, or violet,
Or crocus-bud, that with ambroſial hue
The banks of ſilver Helicon beſet:
Nor ſeldom wak'd the Muſe's living lyre
To ſounds that call'd around Aonia's liſtening quire!

V. 19. —pure affection's golden band,] In his *Verſes on the Marriage of the King*, he ſpeaks of

———the *golden* ties of wedded love.

In Maſon's *Elfrida* we find "the *golden* nuptial tie." Chivalry and Commerce, Friendſhip, Religion, and the Univerſe have likewiſe all been at different times repreſented under the image of a golden chain. (See *Faerie Queene* I. ix. 1. Thomſon's *Summer*, ver. 138. *Faerie Queene*, III. i. 12. Drayton's *Eclog.* 4. vol. iv. p. 1399. Chaucer's *Cant. T.* 2989. Homer, *Il.* Θ. 19.)

V. 21. With even ſtep he walk'd,] *Il Penſ.* ver. 38.

With even ſtep and muſing gait.

V. 28. The banks of ſilver Helicon] In Spenſer's *Tears of the Muſes*:

Beſide the *ſilver* ſprings of *Helicon*.

VI.

How to the Few with ſparks ethereal ſtor'd,
He never barr'd his caſtle's genial gate,
But bade ſweet Thomſon ſhare the friendly board,
Soothing with verſe divine the toil of ſtate!
Hence fir'd, the Bard forſook the flowery plain,
And deck'd the regal maſk, and tried the tragic ſtrain. 36

V. 35. Hence fir'd, the Bard forſook the flowery plain,
And deck'd the regal maſk, and tried the tragic ſtrain.]
Whatever praiſe may be due to this illuſtrious patron of Thomſon, Engliſh literature is perhaps not greatly indebted to him for the fruit of his patronage, if in conſequence of it Thomſon forſook the province of deſcriptive poetry, and reſorted to the drama, for which his genius, particularly fond of declamation and a profuſion of ornament, little adapted him. His fame (there is hardly room to doubt) muſt eventually reſt on his *Seaſons*, greatly as they are encumbered by verbiage and falſe taſte in compoſition; or perhaps even more firmly upon his *Caſtle of Indolence*, one of the moſt delightful poems produced in England ſince the days of Spenſer and Fairfax. This however was written during his connection with the Prince of Wales. It is ſingular that Warton, in his Latin Verſes on this ſubject, ſhould have mentioned Thomſon, without noticing his dramatic pieces, and with a reference to his *Seaſons* only:

Talibus Auſpiciis et tanto Principe fretum,
Quid mirum eſt tempeſtates mutabilis anni
Thomſonum tam jucundo ceciniſſe lepore;
Horrida quid meditetur hyems, &c.

But *Winter* was written before he came to England; and, if I miſtake not, *The Seaſons* were completed, and publiſhed, previouſly to his introduction to the Prince. The expreſſions in the text particularly allude to the *Maſque of Alfred*, written and acted at Cliefden in 1744.

ON THE DEATH OF

KING GEORGE THE SECOND.

To Mr. SECRETARY PITT.

(Written in 1761.)

SO ſtream the ſorrows that embalm the brave,
The tears that Science ſheds on Glory's grave!

To Mr. Secretary Pitt] Afterwards Lord Chatham. This and the two following poems cloſe the collections of OXFORD VERSES on their reſpective occaſions; and were written while the Author was Poetry Profeſſor. W. A circumſtance which ſhould be borne in mind by the reader, as without a recollection of it ſome parts of them muſt be unintelligible. I will juſt remark, that Pope's opening of a copy of verſes to Lord Oxford, prefixed to Parnell's Poems, is of the ſame kind with this:

Such were the notes thy once lov'd Poet ſung,
Ere death untimely ſtopp'd his tuneful tongue.

V. 1. —the ſorrows that embalm the brave,] Imitated from Pope's *Epiſtle to Jervas*, as Mr. Headley has obſerved:

Muſe! at that name thy ſacred *ſorrows* ſhed,
Thoſe *tears* eternal that *embalm* the dead.

William Browne, in *Britannia's Paſtorals*, ſays that his "freeborne Muſe" will not

——lend her choiſer *balme* to worthleſſe men,
Whoſe names would die but for ſome hired pen. B. ii. S. 4.

And again, B. ii. S. 1.

——ſpite of age the laſt of days ſhall ſee
Her name *embalm'd* in ſacred poeſie.

I am induced to add the following from Pindar, not only from its

So pure the vows which claſſic duty pays
To bleſs another Brunſwick's riſing rays!

O PITT, if choſen ſtrains have power to ſteal
Thy watchful breaſt awhile from Britain's weal;
If votive verſe from ſacred ISIS ſent
Might hope to charm thy manly mind, intent
On patriot plans, which ancient freedom drew,
Awhile with fond attention deign to view
This ample wreath, which all th' aſſembled Nine
With ſkill united have conſpir'd to twine.

Yes, guide and guardian of thy country's cauſe!
Thy conſcious heart ſhall hail with juſt applauſe

reſemblance to the paſſages before us, but from its uncommon elegance:

——μιγαλαι δ' αρεται
Δροσῳ μαλθακα
Ῥαθισσαι, ὑμνων δ' ὑποχυ-
μασιν, αιωνοτι ποι
Χθονα φρενι. *Pyth.* v. ver. 132.

V. 7. If votive verſe from ſacred Iſis ſent] See Milton's *Epitaph on the Marchioneſs of Wincheſter:*

Here be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in Helicon,
And ſome flowers, and ſome bays,
For thy herſe, to ſtrow the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Came. Ver. 55.

This Elegy is ſaid to have made part of a Cambridge Collection of Verſes. See Warton's note on the above.

The duteous Muſe, whoſe haſte officious brings
Her blameleſs offering to the ſhrine of kings:
Thy tongue, well tutor'd in hiſtoric lore,
Can ſpeak her office and her uſe of yore:
For ſuch the tribute of ingenuous praiſe
Her harp diſpens'd in Grecia's golden days;
Such were the palms, in iſles of old renown,
She cull'd, to deck the guiltleſs monarch's crown;
When virtuous Pindar told, with Tuſcan gore
How ſcepter'd Hiero ſtain'd Sicilia's ſhore,

V. 15. —whoſe haſte officious brings, &c.] "Officious" uſually means importunate: its ſenſe in the preſent inſtance, though uncommon, has the authority of Milton:

Yet not to earth are thoſe bright luminaries
Officious, but to thee earth's habitant. *Par. Loſt*, viii. 98.

See alſo ix. 104. "their bright *officious* lamps."

V. 23. When virtuous Pindar told, with Tuſcan gore
How ſcepter'd Hiero ſtain'd Sicilia's ſhore,]

See Pindar, *Pyth.* i. ver. 139.

Λισσομαι, νυσον, Κρονιαν, ἀμφεπων
Οφρα κατ' οικον ὁ Φοι-
νιξ, ὁ Τυρσανων τ' αλαλατος ἐχει,
Ναυσιγονον ἱδρυι ἰδων,
Ταν προ Κυμας·
Οἱα Συρακοσιων αρ-
χῳ δαμασθεντες παθον, &c.

V. 24. —ſcepter'd Hiero] Hiero was Tyrant of Syracuſe about 500 years before Chriſt. His victories at the Grecian games are the ſubjects of the 1ſt Olympic, and of the 1ſt, 2d, and 3d Pythian Odes of Pindar.

Or to mild Theron's raptur'd eye diſclos'd
Bright vales, where ſpirits of the brave repos'd:
Yet ſtill beneath the throne, unbrib'd, ſhe ſate,
The decent handmaid, not the ſlave, of ſtate;
Pleas'd in the radiance of the regal name
To blend the luſtre of her country's fame:
For, taught like ours, ſhe dar'd, with prudent pride,
Obedience from dependence to divide:
Though princes claim'd her tributary lays,
With truth ſevere ſhe temper'd partial praiſe;

V. 25. Or to mild Theron's raptur'd eye diſclos'd
Bright vales, where ſpirits of the brave repos'd:]
See Pindar, *Olymp.* ii. ver. 111.

——αωτερεροι
Εδλοι νεμονται βιο-
τον, &c.
——παρα τιμιοις
Θεων, οἱτινες ἐχαι-
ρον ευορκιαις,
Αδακρυν νεμονται
Αιωνα.

See alſo *Ode for New Year*, 1786.

V. 25. —mild Theron] Agreeably to the character given of him, *Olymp.* ii. 165. and following verſes. Theron was Tyrant of Agrigentum; his victories are celebrated in the 2d and 3d Olympic Odes. The ſelection of theſe topics was judicious in a poem, which was deſigned to commemorate the death of a powerful ſovereign, happening in the courſe of a glorious war.

V. 28. The decent handmaid,] See the next poem, ver. 71, note.

V. 34. With truth ſevere ſhe temper'd partial praiſe;] Gray's *Bard*, iii. 3.

And *truth ſevere*, by fairy fiction dreſt.

Conſcious ſhe kept her native dignity,
Bold as her flights, and as her numbers free.

And ſure if e'er the Muſe indulg'd her ſtrains,
With juſt regard, to grace heroic reigns,
Where could her glance a theme of triumph own
So dear to fame as GEORGE's trophied throne?
At whoſe firm baſe, thy ſtedfaſt ſoul aſpires
To wake a mighty nation's ancient fires:
Aſpires to baffle faction's ſpecious claim,
Rouze England's rage, and give her thunder aim:
Once more the main her conquering banners ſweep,
Again her commerce darkens all the deep.
Thy fix'd reſolve renews each firm decree
That made, that kept of yore, thy country free.
Call'd by thy voice, nor deaf to war's alarms,
Its willing youth the rural empire arms:
Again the lords of Albion's cultur'd plains
March the firm leaders of their faithful ſwains;

V. 46. Again her commerce darkens all the deep.] Mr. Headley refers to Whitehead's apoſtrophe to *Commerce*, in *Ode for the New Year*, 1765;

Thy ſails unnumber'd ſwell in air,
And *darken half the main.*

V. 49. Call'd by thy voice, nor deaf to war's alarms,
Its willing youth the rural empire arms, &c.]
Alluding to the eſtabliſhment of the militia, during Mr. Pitt's adminiſtration, about two years before theſe verſes were written.

As erſt ſtout archers, from the farm or fold,
Flam'd in the van of many a baron bold.

Nor thine the pomp of indolent debate,
The war of words, the ſophiſtries of ſtate;
Nor frigid caution checks thy free deſign,
Nor ſtops thy ſtream of eloquence divine:
For thine the privilege, on few beſtow'd,
To feel, to think, to ſpeak, for public good.
In vain Corruption calls her venal tribes;
One common cauſe one common end preſcribes:
Nor fear nor fraud or ſpares or ſcreens the foe,
But ſpirit prompts, and valour ſtrikes, the blow.

O PITT, while honour points thy liberal plan,
And o'er the Miniſter exalts the Man,

V. 54. Flam'd in the van of many a baron bold.] See Maſon's *Ode to Memory:*

Who bidſt their ranks now vaniſh, now appear,
Flame in the van, or darken in the rear.

Maſon might have thought of Milton, ſpeaking of the ſun;

Flames in the forehead of the morning ſky.
Lycidas, ver. 171.

The "*baron bold,*" from *L'Allegro,* ver. 119. is repeated in *Verſes to Sir J. Reynolds,* ver. 13. and *Ode on Approach of Summer,* ver. 243.

V. 66. And o'er the Miniſter exalts the Man,] Pope's *Epiſtle to Craggs:*

But candid, free, ſincere, as you began,
Proceed—a *Miniſter,* but ſtill a *Man.* Ver. 12.

Isis congenial greets thy faithful ſway,
Nor ſcorns to bid a ſtateſman grace her lay.
For 'tis not hers, by falſe connections drawn,
At ſplendid Slavery's ſordid ſhrine to fawn;
Each native effort of the feeling breaſt,
To friends, to foes, in equal fear, ſuppreſt:
'Tis not for her to purchaſe or purſue
The phantom favours of the cringing crew:
More uſeful toils her ſtudious hours engage,
And fairer leſſons fill her ſpotleſs page:
Beneath ambition, but above diſgrace,
With nobler arts ſhe forms the riſing race:
With happier taſks, and leſs refin'd pretence,
In elder times, ſhe woo'd Munificence
To rear her arched roofs in regal guiſe,
And lift her temples nearer to the ſkies;
Princes and prelates ſtretch'd the ſocial hand,
To form, diffuſe, and fix, her high command:
From kings ſhe claim'd, yet ſcorn'd to ſeek, the prize,
From kings, like George, benignant, juſt, and wiſe.

V. 74. —the cringing crew:] The ſame epithet is uſed by Dr. Joſeph Warton, in his tranſlation of the *Georgics*:

————whoſe portals proud
Each morning vomit out the *cringing* crowd. ii. 560.

V. 81. —her arched roofs] Milton's *Hymn on the Nativity*:

No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the *arched roof* in words deceiving. St. 19.

Lo, this her genuine lore.—Nor thou refuſe
This humble preſent of no partial Muſe
From that calm bower, which nurs'd thy thoughtful youth
In the pure precepts of Athenian truth;
Where firſt the form of Britiſh Liberty
Beam'd in full radiance on thy muſing eye;
That form, whoſe mien ſublime, with equal awe,
In the ſame ſhade unblemiſh'd Somers ſaw:
Where once (for well ſhe lov'd the friendly grove
Which every claſſic grace had learn'd to rove)

V. 87. Lo, this her genuine lore.—Nor thou refuſe
This humble preſent of no partial Muſe]
From Pope's *Epiſtle to Jervas:*
This verſe be thine, my friend.—*Nor thou refuſe*
This from no venal or ungrateful *Muſe.*

V. 89. From that calm bower, which nurs'd thy thoughtful youth] Trinity College, Oxford: in which alſo Lord Somers, and James Harrington, author of the Oceana, were educated. W. "Dr. Bathurſt (ſays his biographer Warton, p. 81.) always boaſted with ſingular ſatisfaction the education of ſo learned and eloquent a lawyer, ſo ſincere a patriot, and ſo elegant a ſcholar as Lord Somers: who, to uſe the remarkable words of a late agreeable biographer, (Horace Walpole) was one of thoſe divine men, who, like a chapel in a palace, remain unprofaned, while all the reſt is tyranny, corruption, and folly. A new part of his character, his generous and unintereſted patronage of literature, appears in the benefaction he gave on this occaſion, (of rebuilding the college chapel) which was one hundred pounds." The handſome folio edition of Paradiſe Loſt, publiſhed by ſubſcription in 1688, was owing to his recommendation and encouragement.

Her whiſpers wak'd ſage Harrington to feign
The bleſſings of her viſionary reign;
That reign, which, now no more an empty theme,
Adorns Philoſophy's ideal dream,
But crowns at laſt, beneath a GEORGE's ſmile,
In full reality this favour'd iſle.

ON THE

MARRIAGE OF THE KING.

(Written in 1761.)

TO HER MAJESTY.

WHEN firſt the kingdom to thy virtues due
Roſe from the billowy deep in diſtant view;
When Albion's iſle, old Ocean's peerleſs pride,
Tower'd in imperial ſtate above the tide;
What bright ideas of the new domain
Form'd the fair proſpect of thy promis'd reign!

And well with conſcious joy thy breaſt might beat
That Albion was ordain'd thy regal ſeat:
Lo! this the land, where Freedom's ſacred rage
Has glow'd untam'd through many a martial age.
Here patriot Alfred, ſtain'd with Daniſh blood,
Rear'd on one baſe the king's the people's good:

V. 11. Here patriot Alfred, ſtain'd with Daniſh blood,] He is called in the *Triumph of Iſis*, "the *Patriot King*," ver. 212. In Pope's *Windſor Foreſt*,

And ſilent Darent, *ſtain'd with Daniſh blood.* Ver. 348.

Another river had been ſimilarly diſtinguiſhed in Drayton's *32d Idea*:

And the old Lea brags of the *Daniſh blood.* Vol. iv. p. 1271.

I will here take occaſion to remark, with that deference which I

Here Henry's archers fram'd the ſtubborn bow,
That laid Alanzon's haughty helmet low;
Here wak'd the flame, that ſtill ſuperior braves
The proudeſt threats of Gaul's ambitious ſlaves:
Here Chivalry, ſtern ſchool of valour old,
Her nobleſt feats of knightly fame enroll'd;

muſt always pay, on a ſubject of taſte, to my late highly-valued maſter, that the judgment which he has given (*Eſſay on Pope*, vol. i. 26.) on a compariſon of the paſſage, in which the above line from Pope occurs, with a ſimilar deſcription from Milton, is to me aſtoniſhing, as it is ſo different from the general nature of his remarks. He conſiders Pope's to be ſuperior. And yet, not to inſiſt on the inſipidity which prevails throughout Pope's, excepting only in the character of the Darent, or on Milton's having for the moſt part diſtinguiſhed his rivers by a ſingle appropriate epithet, what in particular is there in the former fit to be mentioned with the Severn, the Dee, or the Humber of the latter? I do not ſpecify the Trent, as Dr. Warton does not deny Milton's ſuperiority in that inſtance. But the three, which I have mentioned, immediately fill the mind with romantic ideas of old Britiſh traditions and druidical rites, with which they are connected. They are like the fabuloſus Hydaſpes of Horace. Except in the inſtance above, Pope has not a word of all this; and ſurely the abſence of it is not very well compenſated by ſuch pretty imagery as the "*dark* ſtreams of *Cole* laving his *flow'ry* iſlands," and "the *milky* wave of the *chalky Wey*."

V. 14. Alanzon's haughty helmet] So Spenſer, deſcribing Prince Arthur:

His *haughtie helmet* horrid all with gold. *F. Q.* I. vii. 31.

The reader will remember the glove, which (in the language of honeſt Fluellen) "his majeſty is take out of *the helmet of Alençon*," when they were down together in the battle of Agincourt. *Hen. V.* Act iv.

V. 17. Here Chivalry, ſtern ſchool of valour old, &c.] Alluding

Heroic champions caught the clarion's call,
And throng'd the feaſt in Edward's banner'd hall;
While chiefs, like GEORGE, approv'd in worth alone,
Unlock'd chaſte beauty's adamantine zone.
Lo! the fam'd iſle, which hails thy choſen ſway,
What fertile fields her temperate ſuns diſplay!
Where Property ſecures the conſcious ſwain,
And guards, while Plenty gives, the golden grain:
Hence with ripe ſtores her villages abound,
Her airy downs with ſcatter'd ſheep reſound;
Freſh are her paſtures with unceaſing rills,

to the inſtitution of the Order of the Garter at Windſor by Edward III. in 1350. Perhaps "ſtern nurſe" would have been better than "ſchool," as in the next line Chivalry is perſonified. Gray ſays of Adverſity,

Stern rugged *nurſe!*

V. 22. —Beauty's adamantine zone.] In Maſon's *Ode to Truth* in *Elfrida:*

A bright ſun claſps her *adamantine zone.*

V. 25. Where Property ſecures the conſcious ſwain,
And guards, while plenty gives, the golden grain:]
Very little varied from what Thomſon ſays on the ſame ſubject:

——Thy country teems with wealth,
And *Property* aſſures it to the *ſwain,*
Pleas'd and unwearied in his *guarded* toil. *Summer,* 1453.

He had juſt before ſpoken of the valleys floating with golden waves, and the flocks bleating numberleſs on the mountains.

V. 29. Freſh are her paſtures with unceaſing rills,] Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 674.

——Prata recentia rivis.

And future navies crown her darkſome hills.
To bear her formidable glory far,
Behold her opulence of hoarded war!
See, from her ports a thouſand banners ſtream;
On every coaſt her vengeful lightnings gleam!
Meantime, remote from Ruin's armed hand,
In peaceful majeſty her cities ſtand;
Whoſe ſplendid domes, and buſy ſtreets, declare,
Their firmeſt fort, a king's parental care.

And O! bleſt Queen, if e'er the magic powers
Of warbled truth have won thy muſing hours;
Here Poeſy, from aweful days of yore,
Has pour'd her genuine gifts of raptur'd lore.
Mid oaken bowers, with holy verdure wreath'd,
In Druid-ſongs her ſolemn ſpirit breath'd:

V. 30. —future navies] The expreſſion, which is remarkable, occurs in Pope's *Windſor Foreſt*:

And *future navies* on thy ſhores appear. Ver. 222.

Dryden has one ſimilar in his *Annus Mirabilis*:

Infants' firſt vows for them to heav'n are ſent,
And *future people* bleſs them as they go. St. 51.

For which, in Tonſon's edition, 12mo. 1743. reference is made to Pliny's *Paneg. ad Traj.* Examina infantium, *futuruſque populus.* See alſo Akenſide's *Odes*, book i. ode xii. 8.

He whets the ruſty coulter now,
He binds his oxen to the plough,
And wide his *future harveſt* throws.

In each caſe, the author is not ſpeaking of things then unformed, but of ſuch as, being in exiſtence, were to grow up and be framed into others, poſſeſſing different properties.

While cunning Bards at ancient banquets ſung
Of paynim foes defied, and trophies hung.
Here Spenſer tun'd his myſtic minſtrelſy,
And dreſs'd in fairy robes a Queen like Thee.
Here, boldly mark'd with every living hue,
Nature's unbounded portrait Shakeſpeare drew:

V. 45. While cunning bards at ancient banquets ſung
Of paynim foes defied, and trophies hung.]
"Cunning," in its original ſenſe of knowing. Perhaps as Milton expreſſes it, ſage:

And if aught elſe great bards beſide
In ſage and ſolemn tunes have ſung
Of turneys and of *trophies hung*. *Il Penſ.* 116.

Or rather in the ſenſe of ſkilful, as uſed by Spenſer in the following paſſage from the deſcription of a banquet:

There many minſtrales maken melody,
To drive away the dull melancholy:
And many *bardes*, that to the trembling chord
Can tune their timely voices *cunningly*:
And many chroniclers, that can record
Old loves and warres for ladies doen by many a lord.
Faerie Queene, I. v. 3.

"Sung," uſed for the preterite, is a ſoleciſm, which not even its frequency can excuſe.

V. 47. Here Spenſer tun'd his myſtic minſtrelſy,] Agreeably to his own expoſition: "In that Faery Queene I meane glory in my general intention; but in my particular, I conceive the moſt excellent and glorious perſon of our ſoveraine the Queene." (Letter to Sir W. Raleigh.) And of courſe the minſtrelſy is properly termed "myſtic," as it is emblematical, and involves a meaning different from that which is expreſſed. It is what Dryden calls

——*myſtic* truth, in fables firſt convey'd. *Flower and Leaf.*

In the *Ode to Upton*, Warton again ſpeaks of Spenſer's "*myſtic* tales." Ver. 9.

But chief, the dreadful groupe of human woes
The daring artiſt's tragic pencil choſe;
Explor'd the pangs that rend the royal breaſt,
Thoſe wounds that lurk beneath the tiſſued veſt!
Lo! this the land, whence Milton's muſe of fire
High ſoar'd to ſteal from heaven a ſeraph's lyre;
And told the golden ties of wedded love
In ſacred Eden's amaranthine grove.

V. 54. Thoſe wounds that lurk beneath the tiſſued veſt!] See note on *Monody at Avon*, ver. 22. The epithet "tiſſued" is uſed by Milton:

With radiant feet the *tiſſued* clouds down ſteering.
Hymn on Nativity, St. 15.

See our Poet again, *Ode for New Year*, 1787, ver. 4. "*tiſſued* dames."

V. 55. ——————Milton's muſe of fire
High ſoar'd to ſteal from heav'n a ſeraph's lyre;]

From Shakſpere:

O for a *muſe of fire*, that would aſcend
The brighteſt heaven of invention! *Prol. to Hen. V.*

With alluſion probably to *Paradiſe Loſt*, vii. 12, where Milton ſays of himſelf,

——————Up led by thee
Into the heav'n of heav'ns I have preſum'd
An earthly gueſt, and drawn empyreal air.

The circumſtance of Milton's ſtealing from heaven a ſeraph's lyre is well imagined. It is remarkable, though a matter of fact obſervation, that the muſical inſtrument given by Milton to his angels, in conformity perhaps to deſcriptions in the Bible, is the harp. The original thought is probably in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdeſs*:

Or *ſteal from heav'n* old Orpheus' lute.

V. 57. And told the golden ties of wedded love] See the very beautiful addreſs in *Par. Loſt*, book iv. ver. 750.

Thine too, majeſtic Bride, the favour'd clime,
Where Science ſits enſhrin'd in roofs ſublime.
O mark, how green her wood of ancient bays
O'er Isis' marge in many a chaplet ſtrays!
Thither, if haply ſome diſtinguiſh'd flower
Of theſe mix'd blooms from that ambroſial bower,
Might catch thy glance, and rich in Nature's hue,
Entwine thy diadem with honour due;
If ſeemly gifts the train of Phebus pay,
To deck imperial Hymen's feſtive day;
Thither thyſelf ſhall haſte, and mildly deign
To tread with nymph-like ſtep the conſcious plain;

Hail *wedded love!* myſterious law, true ſource
Of human offspring, ſole propriety
In Paradiſe of all things common elſe, &c.

But the text has a general alluſion to the whole of the domeſtic imagery of Paradiſe. The circumſtances from the writings of Spenſer, Shakſpere, and Milton are ſelected and adapted to the ſubject with great judgment.

V. 66. —with honour due;] *Grave of Arthur*, ver. 131.

The faded tomb with *honour due*
'Tis thine, O Henry, to renew.

From *L'Allegro*, ver. 37.

And if I give thee *honour due*,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew.

V. 70. —with nymph-like ſtep] This combination, as Mr. Headley obſerves, is from Milton:

If chance *with nymph-like ſtep* fair virgin paſs. *P. L.* ix. 452.

But the epithet occurs in *Britain's Ida*, written about the time of Spenſer, though, as Warton ſhows, (*Obſ. on Spenſer*, i. 123.) falſely aſcribed to him:

Pleas'd in the muſe's nook, with decent pride,
To throw the ſcepter'd pall of ſtate aſide:
Nor from the ſhade ſhall GEORGE be long away,
That claims CHARLOTTA's love, and courts her ſtay.

Theſe are Britannia's praiſes. Deign to trace
With rapt reflection Freedom's favorite race!
But though the generous iſle, in arts and arms,
Thus ſtand ſupreme, in nature's choiceſt charms;
Though GEORGE and Conqueſt guard her ſea-girt throne,
One happier bleſſing ſtill ſhe calls her own;
And, proud to cull the faireſt wreath of Fame,
Crowns her chief honours with a CHARLOTTE's name.

His *nymph-like* face ne'er felt the nimble ſheers. i. 2.
And in Drayton's *3d Idea:*
Bright ſtar of beauty, on whoſe eyelids ſit
A thouſand *nymph-like* and enamour'd graces. Vol. iv. p. 1260.

V. 71. —with decent pride,] "Decent," in its claſſical ſenſe of becoming, graceful.
Quo fugit Venus? heu! quove color? *decens*
Quo motus? Hor. *Od.* IV. xiii. 17.
Milton had given authority to uſe it ſo:
——————And held
Before his *decent* ſteps a ſilver wand. *Par. Loſt*, iii. 643.
It is connected in Young's *Love of Fame* with the ſame ſubſtantive as in the text:
With what a *decent pride* he throws his eyes. Sat. i.

ON THE BIRTH OF

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

(Written after the Inſtallation at Windſor, in the ſame Year, 1762.)

IMPERIAL Dome of Edward, wiſe and brave!
Where warlike Honour's brighteſt banners wave;
At whoſe proud Tilts, unmatch'd for hardy deeds,
Heroic kings have frown'd on barbed ſteeds:
Though now no more thy creſted chiefs advance
In arm'd array, nor graſp the glittering lance;
Though Knighthood boaſts the martial pomp no more,
That grac'd its gorgeous feſtivals of yore;
Say, conſcious Dome, if e'er thy marſhall'd knights
So nobly deck'd their old majeſtic rites,
As when, high thron'd amid thy trophied ſhrine,
GEORGE ſhone the leader of the garter'd line?

Yet future triumphs, Windſor, ſtill remain;
Still may thy bowers receive as brave a train:

V. 1. Imperial dome of Edward, wiſe and brave!] Windſor Caſtle built by Edward the Third. See *Ode for New Year*, 1788. ver 33. *note*. This poem ſeems to have ſuggeſted a hint for the opening of a prize-poem on *the Love of Country* by Dr. Butſon, Dean of Waterford, at that time (1772) Fellow of New College.

For lo! to Britain and her ſavour'd Pair,
Heaven's high command has ſent a ſacred Heir!
Him the bold pattern of his patriot ſire
Shall fill with early fame's immortal fire:
In life's freſh ſpring, ere buds the promis'd prime,
His thoughts ſhall mount to virtue's meed ſublime:
The patriot ſire ſhall catch, with ſure preſage,
Each liberal omen of his opening age;
Then to thy courts ſhall lead, with conſcious joy,
In ſtripling beauty's bloom, the princely boy;
There firmly wreathe the Braid of heavenly die,
True valour's badge, around his tender thigh.

Meantime, thy royal piles that riſe elate
With many an antique tower, in maſſy ſtate,

V. 19. In life's freſh ſpring, ere buds the promis'd prime,] Spenſer's *Shepherd's Calendar*, December:

Whilom in youth, when *flow'r'd* my youthful *ſpring*.

"Prime" in the text is perfection:

Were they of manly *prime* or youthful bloom? *Comus*, 289.

On which ſee Warton's note; ſee alſo note on *Ode for New Year*, 1786. ver. 3. He uſes it ſo again, in the *Hamlet*;

Nor fell Diſeaſe before his time
Haſtes to conſume life's golden *prime*. Ver. 47.

V. 28. With many an antique tower, in maſſy ſtate,] *Il Penſeroſo*:

And love the high embowed roof
With *antic* pillars, *maſſy* proof. Ver. 157.

"Antique" is a favourite epithet with our poet.

In the young champion's muſing mind ſhall raiſe
Vaſt images of Albion's elder days.
While, as around his eager glance explores
Thy chambers, rough with war's conſtructed ſtores,
Rude helms, and bruiſed ſhields, barbaric ſpoils
Of ancient chivalry's undaunted toils;
Amid the duſky trappings, hung on high
Young Edward's ſable mail ſhall ſtrike his eye;
Shall fire the youth, to crown his riper years
With rival Creſſys, and a new Poitiers;
On the ſame wall, the ſame triumphal baſe,
His own victorious monuments to place.

Nor can a fairer kindred title move
His emulative age to glory's love
Than Edward, laureate prince. In letter'd truth,
Oxford, ſage mother, ſchool'd his ſtudious youth:

V. 30. Vaſt images of Albion's elder days.] A fine and expreſſive line. In *Verſes on Sir J. Reynolds's Painted Window*;

That deck'd heroic *Albion's elder day*. Ver. 12.,

Sonnet iii. ver. 11. "The pomp of *elder days*." *Ode for New Year*, 1787. ver. 21. "The Bard of *elder days*." *On death of George II.* ver. 80. "In *elder* times ſhe woo'd munificence."

V. 36. Young Edward's ſable mail] "Sable" is the epithet by which our poet uniformly characteriſes the Black Prince. In *Triumph of Iſis*, ver. 205. "The *ſable*-ſuited Prince." In *Ode on Approach of Summer*, ver. 322. "Edward, ſtern in *ſable mail*." In *Ode for King's Birth-day*, 1787. ver. 15. "The prince in *ſable* ſteel."

Her ſimple inſtitutes, and rigid lore,
The royal nurſling unreluctant bore;
Nor ſhunn'd, at penſive eve, with loneſome pace
The cloiſter's moonlight-chequer'd floor to trace;

V. 45. Her ſimple inſtitutes, and rigid lore,
The royal nurſling unreluctant bore;]
A manifeſt imitation of Gray:

Stern rugged nurſe! thy *rigid lore*
With patience many a year ſhe *bore*. *Ode to Adv.*

V. 46. The royal nurſling] Probably from Tickell, who ſays of the Black Prince and Henry V. both educated at Queen's College,

Thy *nurſelings*, ancient dome!
On her Majeſty's rebuilding part of Queen's College, Oxford.

The words "nourſling" and "nourſle" occur frequently in Spenſer: the latter is thus connected in one paſſage with a ſubject ſimilar to that before us:

Whether ye liſt him traine in Chevalry,
Or *nourſle* up in *lore* of learn'd Philoſophy. *F. Q.* VI. iv. 35.

And the poet thus addreſſes the Engliſh Univerſities, IV. xi. 26.

Joy to you both, ye double *Nourſery*
Of Arts!———

In a paſſage quoted from Spenſer, note on *Grave of Arthur*, ver. 168, Arthur is called the *nourſling* of Merlin. The word is uſed by Milton, *Samſ. Agon.* ver. 633.

I was his *nourſling* once and dear delight.

V. 47. Nor ſhunn'd, at penſive eve, with loneſome pace
The cloiſter's moonlight-chequer'd floor to trace;
Nor ſcorn'd to mark the ſun, at mattins due,
Stream through the ſtoried window's holy hue.]

A very beautiful paſſage, and much more poetical than Tickell's, on the ſame ſubject:

To couch at curfew-time they thought no *ſcorn*,
And froze at matins every winter morn.
On her Majeſty's rebuilding part of Queen's College, Oxford.

V. 48. The cloiſter's moonlight-chequer'd floor] In *L'Allegro*

Nor ſcorn'd to mark the ſun, at mattins due,
Stream through the ſtoried window's holy hue.

And O, young Prince, be thine his moral praiſe;
Nor ſeek in fields of blood his warrior bays.
War has its charms terrific. Far and wide

we have the *chequer'd* ſhade," ver. 96. But it is "on a ſunſhine holy-day." This image has doubtleſs been often noticed; but I do not remember "the cloiſter's *moonlight*-chequer'd floor," except in the text. "With *due* feet to *walk the ſtudious cloiſters* pale" is one of the occupations of Milton's penſive man.

V. 50. Stream through the ſtoried window's holy hue.] "Storied, or painted with ſtories, that is, hiſtories," as Warton explains it in his curious note on the following from *Il Penſeroſo*:

And *ſtoried windows* richly dight
Caſting a dim religious light. Ver. 159.

And ſo in *Grave of Arthur*, ver. 15. "the *ſtoried* tapeſtry," and in *Sonnet V.* ver. 10. "the ſtately-*ſtoried* hall. The image of "the ſun ſtreaming through ſtoried windows" occurs in Bp. Lowth's *Genealogy of Chriſt*, written while he was a ſcholar of Wincheſter College: addreſſing the Artiſt, he ſays

While *through thy work the riſing day ſhall ſtream.*

Compare Virgil, *Æn.* iii. 152:

——— qua *ſe*
Plena per inſertas *fundebat Luna feneſtras.*

V. 53. War has its charms terrific, &c.] Compare the following paſſage from Sir Philip Sydney's *Arcadia*; "And now the often "changing fortune began alſo to change the hue of the battels; "for at the firſt, though it were terrible, yet *terror* was decked ſo "bravely with rich furniture, gilt ſwords, ſhining armours, plea-"ſant pencils, that the eye with *delight* had ſcarce leiſure to be "afraid: but now all univerſally defiled with duſt, broken armour, "mangled bodies, *took away the maſk, and ſet forth Horror in his own "horrible manner.*" B. iii.

When ſtands th' embattled hoſt in banner'd pride;
O'er the vext plain when the ſhrill clangors run,
And the long phalanx flaſhes in the ſun;
When now no dangers of the deathful day
Mar the bright ſcene, nor break the firm array;
Full oft, too raſhly glows with fond delight
The youthful breaſt, and aſks the future fight;
Nor knows that Horror's form, a ſpectre wan,
Stalks, yet unſeen, along the gleamy van.

May no ſuch rage be thine: no dazzling ray
Of ſpecious fame thy ſtedfaſt feet betray.

Dryden's *Palamon and Arcite*, B. ii.

And *pleaſing* was the *terror* of the field.

V. 54. When ſtands th' embattled hoſt in banner'd pride;] Milton, *Par. Loſt*, ii. 885.

——a *banner'd hoſt*,
Under ſpread enſigns marching.

V. 62. ——the gleamy van.] *Par. Loſt*, vi. 107: "*The* cloudy *van*."

V. 63. May no ſuch rage be thine: no dazzling ray, &c.] Apparently imitated from the ſtrong and manly verſes of Bp. Lowth (at that time Fellow of New College and Poetry Profeſſor) on the death of Frederic Prince of Wales, in the Epicedia Oxonienſia. After deſcribing ſeveral famous conquerors, whom he conſiders as ſcourges in the hand of Providence to puniſh the crimes of mankind, he thus addreſſes the ſurviving ſon of the Prince:

Let no ſuch frantic thirſt thy ſoul inflame,
Of hateful glory and of guilty fame.
Britain from thee no ſuch mean triumphs craves,
Britain diſdains a ſubject world of ſlaves, &c.

It is to be lamented that the poems of ſo good a man and ſo ner-

Be thine domeſtic glory's radiant calm,
Be thine the ſceptre wreath'd with many a palm:
Be thine the throne with peaceful emblems hung,
The ſilver lyre to milder conqueſt ſtrung!

Inſtead of glorious feats achiev'd in arms,
Bid riſing arts diſplay their mimic charms!
Juſt to thy country's fame, in tranquil days,
Record the paſt, and rouſe to future praiſe:
Before the public eye, in breathing braſs,
Bid thy fam'd father's mighty triumphs paſs:
Swell the broad arch with haughty Cuba's fall,
And clothe with Minden's plain th' hiſtoric hall.

vous a writer as the late Bp. of London ſhould, from the ſmallneſs of their number, be likely to be loſt to the world.

V. 71. Juſt to thy country's fame, in tranquil days, &c.] Compare the following from Pope's *Windſor Foreſt:*

Or raiſe old warriors, whoſe ador'd remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains,
With Edward's acts adorn the ſhining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down through every age,
Draw monarchs chain'd and Creſſi's glorious field, &c. Ver. 301.

Pope's judgment might have prevented him from adopting the error, which Verrio had fallen into, in having repreſented the Kings of France and Scotland chained, in his picture of the triumph of the Black Prince at Windſor. The courteous manner, in which Edward the IIId and his ſon behaved to their royal priſoners, is their great glory and diſtinction.

V. 73. ——in breathing braſs,] Virg. *Æn.* vi. 847. "*ſpirantia æra.*"

Then mourn not, Edward's Dome, thine ancient boaſt,
Thy tournaments, and liſted combats loſt!
From Arthur's Board, no more, proud caſtle, mourn
Adventurous Valour's Gothic trophies torn!
Thoſe elfin charms, that held in magic night
Its elder fame, and dimm'd its genuine light,
At length diſſolve in Truth's meridian ray,
And the bright Order burſts to perfect day:
The myſtic round, begirt with bolder peers,
On Virtue's baſe its reſcued glory rears;
Sees Civil Proweſs mightier acts achieve,
Sees meek Humanity diſtreſs relieve;
Adopts the Worth that bids the conflict ceaſe,
And claims its honours from the Chiefs of Peace.

V. 84. —the bright Order] Horace has "*lucidus Ordo*," but in a ſenſe altogether different. *Art. Poet.* ver. 41.

V. 85. The myſtic round,] Arthur's round table, called above, ver. 79. "Arthur's board." Tradition conſiders the Order of the Garter, as a revival of Arthur's fabled inſtitution of the round table.

VERSES

ON

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS's PAINTED WINDOW

AT NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.

(Written in 1782.)

AH, ſtay thy treacherous hand, forbear to trace
Thoſe faultleſs forms of elegance and grace!
Ah, ceaſe to ſpread the bright tranſparent maſs,
With Titian's pencil, o'er the ſpeaking glaſs!
Nor ſteal, by ſtrokes of art with truth combin'd,
The fond illuſions of my wayward mind!
For long, enamour'd of a barbarous age,
A faithleſs truant to the claſſic page;
Long have I lov'd to catch the ſimple chime
Of minſtrel-harps, and ſpell the fabling rime;

V. 3. —the bright tranſparent maſs,] Pope's *Epiſtle to Jervas:*
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd maſs.

V. 9. ——the ſimple chime
Of minſtrel-harps,——]
See note on *Grave of Arthur*, ver. 29.

Ibid. ——to catch the ſimple chime
Of minſtrel-harps, and ſpell the fabling rime;]
By the "chime of minſtrel-harps" is meant the muſic, and by the "fabling rime" the legendary poetry, which conſtantly accompa-

To view the feſtive rites, the knightly play,
That deck'd heroic Albion's elder day;
To mark the mouldering halls of barons bold,
And the rough caſtle, caſt in giant mould;
With Gothic manners Gothic arts explore,
And muſe on the magnificence of yore.

But chief, enraptur'd have I lov'd to roam,
A lingering votary, the vaulted dome,
Where the tall ſhafts, that mount in maſſy pride,
Their mingling branches ſhoot from ſide to ſide;

nied feſtivals and tournaments (" the feſtive rites and knightly " play"). Milton diſtinguiſhes the two ſpecies of entertainment, where he ſays

What never yet was heard in *tale* or *ſong*. Comus, ver. 44.

V. 14. And the rough caſtle, caſt in giant mould;] *Ode on firſt of April*, ver. 13:

Scarce a ſickly ſtraggling flower
Decks *the rough caſtle's* rifted tower.

Grave of Arthur, ver. 35:

Round *the rough caſtle* ſhrilly ſung
The whirling blaſt, &c.

Compare alſo *Ode for New Year*, 1788. ver. 17:

Unchang'd through many a hardy race
Stood *the rough* dome in ſullen grace.

Ibid. —giant mould;] So in Collins's *Ode to Fear*;

Danger, whoſe limbs of *giant mould*
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?

V. 18. A lingering votary—] Dr. Warton's *Ode to Evening*:

O modeſt Evening, oft let me appear
A wand'ring votary in thy penſive train.

Where elfin ſculptors, with fantaſtic clew,
O'er the long roof their wild embroidery drew;
Where SUPERSTITION with capricious hand
In many a maze the wreathed window plann'd,
With hues romantic ting'd the gorgeous pane,
To fill with holy light the wondrous fane;
To aid the builder's model, richly rude,
By no Vitruvian ſymmetry ſubdu'd;
To ſuit the genius of the myſtic pile:
Whilſt as around the far-retiring ile,
And fretted ſhrines, with hoary trophies hung,
Her dark illumination wide ſhe flung,

V. 22. O'er the long roof their wild embroidery drew;] He has uſed the ſame appropriate and very beautiful expreſſion in his note on Gothic Architecture: "The Florid Gothic diſtinguiſhes itſelf "by an exuberance of decoration, by *roofs* where the moſt delicate "fretwork is expreſſed in ſtone, and by a certain lightneſs of "finiſhing, as in the roof of the choir at Gloceſter, where it is "*thrown like a web of embroidery* over the old Saxon vaulting." *Obſ. on Spenſer*, vol. ii. p. 191. It is by the ſame elegant figure that he uſes "*textile* buxum" in *Verſes on Trinity Coll. Chapel*, ver. 117. And the extreme delicacy of this kind of work is meant to be expreſſed by the term "elfin ſculptors;" work too nice to have been executed by the groſs hands of mortals, and requiring the exquiſite touch of an "elfin," or fairy, artiſt.

V. 32. Her dark illumination wide ſhe flung,] *Il Penſeroſo*, ver. 131.

But when the ſun begins to *fling*
His flaring beams, &c.

Ibid. Her dark illumination—] An expreſſion apparently paradoxical, but which very well conveys the image intended. Com-

With new ſolemnity, the nooks profound,
The caves of death, and the dim arches frown'd.
From bliſs long felt unwillingly we part:
Ah, ſpare the weakneſs of a lover's heart!
Chaſe not the phantoms of my fairy dream,
Phantoms that ſhrink at Reaſon's painful gleam!
That ſofter touch, inſidious artiſt, ſtay,
Nor to new joys my ſtruggling breaſt betray!

Such was a penſive bard's miſtaken ſtrain.—
But, oh, of raviſh'd pleaſures why complain?
No more the matchleſs ſkill I call unkind,
That ſtrives to diſenchant my cheated mind.

pare the following from *Ode for New Year*, 1788, ver. 55. meant to give the ſame image as the text:

She bids th' *illuminated* pane
Along thy lofty-vaulted fane
Shed the *dim blaze of radiance* richly clear.

But the line is ſcarcely ſimple enough.

V. 34. The caves of death—] In *Grave of Arthur*, ver. 140. we have "the vaults of death;" in Milton's ſtyle of phraſeology, *Par. Loſt*, ii. 621.

Rocks, *caves*, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and ſhades *of death*.

It is not improbable that the idea in the text is from that noble paſſage in Paradiſe Loſt, where it is ſaid of Satan and Death,

So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at their frown. ii. 719.

V. 44. —my cheated mind.] The ſpells of the inchanter Comus are "of power to *cheat* the eye with blear illuſion." Ver. 155. *Ode at Vale-royal*; "to *cheat* the tranced *mind*." Ver. 43.

For when again I view thy chaſte deſign,
The juſt proportion, and the genuine line;
Thoſe native portraitures of Attic art,
That from the lucid ſurface ſeem to ſtart;
Thoſe tints, that ſteal no glories from the day,
Nor aſk the ſun to lend his ſtreaming ray:
The doubtful radiance of contending dies,
That faintly mingle, yet diſtinctly riſe;
'Twixt light and ſhade the tranſitory ſtrife;
The feature blooming with immortal life:
The ſtole in caſual foldings taught to flow,
Not with ambitious ornaments to glow;
The tread majeſtic, and the beaming eye,
That lifted ſpeaks its commerce with the ſky;
Heaven's golden emanation, gleaming mild
O'er the mean cradle of the Virgin's child:

V. 49. Thoſe tints, that ſteal no glories from the day,
Nor aſk the ſun to lend his ſtreaming ray:]

Compare Gray's *Progreſs of Poetry*, iii. 3.
With orient hues, *unborrow'd of the ſun.*

V. 57. ——————the beaming eye,
That lifted ſpeaks its commerce with the ſky;]

Il Penſeroſo:
——looks *commercing with the ſkies,*
Thy rapt ſoul ſitting in thine *eyes.* Ver. 39.

V. 59. Heaven's golden emanation, gleaming mild
O'er the mean cradle of the Virgin's child:]

Sir Joſhua Reynolds, in his deſign for New College window, imitated the famous "Notte" of Corregio, in the ducal palace at Modena, wherein the whole light of the picture is made to proceed

Sudden, the ſombrous imagery is fled,
Which late my viſionary rapture fed:
Thy powerful hand has broke the Gothic chain,
And brought my boſom back to truth again;
To truth, by no peculiar taſte confin'd,
Whoſe univerſal pattern ſtrikes mankind;

from the body of the infant Chriſt, "which (as Spenſer deſcribes a golden image of Cupid, *F. Q.* III. xi. 47.) with his own light ſhines." There are in Oxford two copies of this celebrated picture by Corregio; one in Queen's College Chapel by Ant. Raf. Mengs; and the other by Carlo Cignano in Gen. Guiſe's collection at Ch. Ch.

V. 65. To truth, by no peculiar taſte confin'd,
Whoſe univerſal pattern ſtrikes mankind;]

Longinus conſiders that thoſe productions may be judged truly beautiful and ſublime, which have been received with approbation by different perſons, whatever may be their purſuits, ages, inclinations, and ways of life. (περὶ Ὕψους, cap. 7.) Some of the productions of antient art, which have borne this teſt, are ludicrouſly contraſted with what was conſidered graceful by the peculiar taſte of the times, in one of the Plates to Hogarth's Analyſis of Beauty. It would be almoſt unpardonable not to add, that Sir Joſhua Reynolds, in his admirable Diſcourſes, has inſiſted on this important principle of taſte, with his uſual diſcernment and preciſion. "When the Artiſt (he obſerves) has by diligent attention acquired "a clear and diſtinct idea of beauty and ſymmetry; when he has "reduced the variety of nature to the abſtract idea; his next taſk "will be to become acquainted with the *genuine habits of nature, as* "*diſtinguiſhed from thoſe of faſhion.* For in the ſame manner, and "on the ſame principles, as he has acquired the knowledge of the "real forms of nature, diſtinct from accidental deformity, he muſt "endeavour to ſeparate ſimple chaſte nature from thoſe adventi-"tious, thoſe affected and forced airs or actions, with which ſhe is "loaded by modern education." (*Diſc.* iii. vol. i. p. 65. 8vo.)

To truth, whoſe bold and unreſiſted aim
Checks frail caprice, and faſhion's fickle claim;
To truth, whoſe charms deception's magic quell,
And bind coy Fancy in a ſtronger ſpell.

Ye brawny Prophets, that in robes ſo rich,
At diſtance due, poſſeſs the criſped nich;
Ye rows of Patriarchs, that ſublimely rear'd
Diffuſe a proud primeval length of beard:
Ye Saints, who, clad in crimſon's bright array,
More pride than humble poverty diſplay:
Ye Virgins meek, that wear the palmy crown
Of patient faith, and yet ſo fiercely frown:

And in the next page: "However the mechanick and ornamental "arts may ſacrifice to *faſhion*, ſhe muſt be entirely excluded from "the art of Painting: the Painter muſt never miſtake this capri- "cious changeling for the genuine offspring of nature; he muſt "diveſt himſelf of all prejudices in favour of his age or country; "he muſt diſregard all local and temporary ornaments, and look "only on thoſe *general habits*, which are every where and always "the ſame: he addreſſes his works *to the people of every country and* "*every age*, he calls upon poſterity to be his ſpectators, and ſays "with Zeuxis, *in æternitatem pingo*." See alſo the concluſion of the fourth Diſcourſe, p. 112.

V. 77. Ye Virgins meek, that wear the palmy crown
Of patient faith—]

See *Revel.* vii. 9, 14. "After this I beheld, and lo a great multi- "tude—clothed with white robes, and *palms* in their hands— "Theſe are they which came out of great tribulation." In *Par. Loſt*, the Angels are repreſented "ſhaded with branching *palm*." vi. 885. And in Milton's *Verſes at a ſolemn Muſic*, ver. 14.

With thoſe juſt ſpirits, that wear victorious *palms*.

Ye Angels, that from clouds of gold recline,
But boaſt no ſemblance to a race divine:
Ye tragic Tales of legendary lore,
That draw devotion's ready tear no more;
Ye Martyrdoms of unenlighten'd days,
Ye Miracles, that now no wonder raiſe:
Shapes, that with one broad glare the gazer ſtrike,
Kings, Biſhops, Nuns, Apoſtles, all alike!
Ye Colours, that th' unwary ſight amaze,
And only dazzle in the noontide blaze!
No more the ſacred window's round diſgrace,
But yield to Grecian groupes the ſhining ſpace.
Lo, from the canvas Beauty ſhifts her throne,
Lo, Picture's powers a new formation own!
Behold, ſhe prints upon the cryſtal plain,
With her own energy, th' expreſſive ſtain!
The mighty Maſter ſpreads his mimic toil
More wide, nor only blends the breathing oil;

See alſo his *Epitaph. Damonis*, ver. 214.

En etiam tibi *virginei* ſervantur honores;
Ipſe caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,
Lætaque frondentis geſtans umbracula *palmæ*
Æternum perages immortales hymenæos.

Which is nearer to the text of Scripture than the former.

V. 81. Ye tragic Tales of legendary lore,] Goldſmith's Hermit is "ſkill'd in *legendary lore*." See note on *Grave of Arthur*, ver. 89. and 137.

V. 95. The mighty Maſter—] Dryden's *Ode*:

The mighty Maſter ſmil'd to ſee, &c.

But calls the lineaments of life compleat
From genial alchymy's creative heat;
Obedient forms to the bright fuſion gives,
While in the warm enamel Nature lives.

REYNOLDS, 'tis thine, from the broad window's height,
To add new luſtre to religious light:
Not of its pomp to ſtrip this ancient ſhrine,
But bid that pomp with purer radiance ſhine:
With arts unknown before, to reconcile
The willing Graces to the Gothic pile.

V. 99. Obedient forms to the bright fuſion gives,
While in the warm enamel Nature lives.]
Dryden's *Epiſtle to Sir Godfrey Kneller:*

So *warm* thy work, ſo glows the generous frame,
Fleſh looks leſs living in the lovely dame.

And again:

Such are thy pictures, Kneller; ſuch thy ſkill,
That *Nature* ſeems *obedient* to thy will,
Comes out, and meets thy pencil in the draught,
Lives there, and wants but words to ſpeak her thought.
Vol. ii. p. 194.

V. 101. Reynolds—] In the firſt edition of this poem, in 1782, the text ſtood "*Artiſt*, 'tis thine, &c." The only alteration in the poem, as it now appears, was in this ſingle word; and that alteration was, I preſume, occaſioned by Sir Joſhua's letter to the author, which is inſerted in the memoirs prefixed.

MONODY,

WRITTEN NEAR STRATFORD UPON AVON.

(Publiſhed in the Edition of 1777.)

AVON, thy rural views, thy paſtures wild,
The willows that o'erhang thy twilight edge,
Their boughs entangling with th' embattled ſedge;
Thy brink with watery foliage quaintly fring'd,

Stratford upon Avon.] The birth and burial place of Shakſpere.

V. 3. ——th' embattled ſedge;] Mr. Headley refers to *Par. Loſt*, vii. 321.

——————up ſtood the corny reed
Imbattled in her field.

And obſerves that the word occurs again in the *Ode on the Approach of Summer*;

Ruſtle the breezes, lightly borne
O'er deep-*imbattled* ears of corn.

The reſemblance between ſuch natural productions and a battalion of ſpears is thus noticed by Virgil:

Forte ſuit juxta tumulus, quo cornea ſummo
Virgulta, et denſis haſtilibus horrida myrtus. *Æn.* iii. 22.

In a paſſage quoted below, note to ver. 13. the word "ſpiky" is uſed ſynonimouſly with "embattled."

V. 4. ——quaintly fring'd,] "Quaintly," curiouſly, as it is uſed by Milton,

To nurſe the ſaplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets *quaint*. *Arcades*, ver. 47.

The word is uſed ſeveral times by our Poet.

Thy ſurface with reflected verdure ting'd;
Soothe me with many a penſive pleaſure mild.
But while I muſe, that here the bard divine,
Whoſe ſacred duſt yon high-arch'd iles incloſe,
Where the tall windows riſe in ſtately rows
Above th' embowering ſhade,
Here firſt, at Fancy's fairy-circled ſhrine,
Of daiſies pied his infant offering made;
Here playful yet, in ſtripling years unripe,
Fram'd of thy reeds a ſhrill and artleſs pipe:
Sudden thy beauties, Avon, all are fled,
As at the waving of ſome magic wand;
An holy trance my charmed ſpirit wings,

V. 12. Of daiſies pied his infant offering made;] "Pied," with a variety of colours. See *L'Allegro*, ver. 75, and *note*.

V. 13. Here playful yet, in ſtripling years unripe,
Fram'd of thy reeds a ſhrill and artleſs pipe:]
Mr. Headley quotes the following from the *Ode on Approach of Summer*, where both the thought and expreſſions are repeated:

Or o'er old Avon's magic edge
Whence Shakſpere cull'd the ſpiky ſedge,
All *playful yet, in years unripe*
To frame a ſhrill and ſimple pipe. Ver. 93.

V. 17. An holy trance my charmed ſpirit wings,] See that ſublime ſtanza in a poem which Milton "left unfiniſhed, becauſe he "was nothing ſatisfied with what was begun:"

See, ſee the chariot, and thoſe ruſhing wheels
That whirl'd the Prophet up at Chebar flood;
My ſpirit ſome tranſporting Cherub feels,
To bear me where the tow'rs of Salem ſtood,
Once glorious tow'rs, now ſunk in guiltleſs blood;

And awful ſhapes of warriors and of kings
People the buſy mead,
Like ſpectres ſwarming to the wiſard's hall; 20

There doth my ſoul in *holy* viſion ſit,
In penſive *trance*, and anguiſh, and ecſtatic fit.
The Paſſion, St. 6.

V. 18. And awful ſhapes of warriors and of kings
People the buſy mead,]
Mr. Headley quotes the following lines from Thomſon's *Alfred*, Act. ii. Sc. 3.

——————a long line of kings
From thee deſcending, glorious and renown'd
In ſhadowy pomp I ſee—

Slow let the *viſionary* forms ariſe,
And ſolemn paſs before our wondering eyes.

And refers to Macbeth, Act. iv. Sc. 1. where the Kings of Banquo's line paſs in proceſſion. We have the ſame imagery and the ſame expreſſions in *Ode to a Friend:*

Who *peopled* all thy vocal bowers
With ſhadowy *ſhapes* and airy powers. Ver. 49.

See alſo Thomſon's *Winter*, ver. 297.

Then throng the *buſy ſhapes* into his mind.

V. 20. Like ſpectres ſwarming to the wiſard's hall;] From Akenſide's *Pleaſures of Imagination*, as Mr. Headley has remarked:

———Anon ten thouſand *ſhapes*,
Like ſpectres trooping to the *wiſard's* call,
Flit ſwift before him. B. iii. ver. 385.

In the text the ſubſtitution of "*hall*" for *call* is from *Comus*, ver. 649:

Boldly aſſault the necromancer's *hall*.

On which ſee Warton's *note*. By the way, an expreſſion in the above paſſage from Akenſide may have been taken from one in *Comus*, ver. 602.

But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt

And ſlowly pace, and point with trembling hand
The wounds ill-cover'd by the purple pall.
Before me Pity ſeems to ſtand
A weeping mourner, ſmote with anguiſh ſore,
To ſee Misfortune rend in frantic mood
His robe, with regal woes embroider'd o'er.

With all the griſly legions that *troop*
Under the ſooty flag of Acheron.

V. 22. The wounds ill-cover'd by the purple pall.] The ſame ſentiment occurs in *Verſes on the Marriage of the King*, ver. 54.

Thoſe wounds that lurk beneath the tiſſued veſt.

Mr. Headley refers to Sir Philip Sidney's *Defence of Poeſy*, p. 26. edit. 1724. "The high and excellent *Tragedy*, that openeth the "greateſt wounds, and ſhoweth forth *Ulcers that are covered with* "*tiſſue*." But "the purple pall" is from Spenſer. *F. Q.* B. V. c. ix. ſt. 50. Mercilla is thus deſcribed:

But rather let, inſtead thereof, to fall
Few pearly drops from her faire lampes of light;
The which ſhe *covering with her purple pall*
Would have the paſſion hid.

I may add that Telemachus in a very affecting paſſage of the Odyſſey makes uſe of his "*purple pall*" (χλαιναν πορφυρεην) to conceal his agitation at the mention of his father's merits and ſufferings, (Δ. 113.) as Ulyſſes does at the ſinging of Demodocus. (Θ. 84.)

V. 26. His robe, with regal woes embroider'd o'er.] Denoting hereby that royal ſufferings, or at leaſt thoſe of diſtinguiſhed characters, are the proper ſubjects for tragedy: agreeably to Ariſtotle's direction, των εν μεγαλη δοξη οντων και ευτυχια· οιον, Οιδιπους και Θυεστης, και οι εκ των τοιουτων γενων επιφανεις ανδρες. (*De Poet.* p. 42. ed. Tyrwhitt.) Mr. John Warton remarked to me that the image in this line is perhaps taken from Savage's *Wanderer*, Canto 2:

——————A *robe* ſhe wore
With life's calamities *embroider'd* o'er.

Pale Terror leads the viſionary band,
And ſternly ſhakes his ſceptre, dropping blood.

And again,

She muſes o'er her *woe-embroider'd* veſt.

But it may be added as a curious incident, that Witlaf, a king of the Weſt Saxons, grants in his charter, dated 833, among other things to Croyland Abbey, his *robe of tiſſue*, on which was *embroidered* the deſtruction of Troy. See *Hiſt. of Eng.* p. i. 128, *note*; and *Obſ. on Spenſer*, i. 176. See alſo *Geſt. Romanorum*, p. 28. *Hiſt. of Eng.* p. iii. 261.

V. 27. Pale Terror leads the viſionary band,
And ſternly ſhakes his ſceptre, dropping blood.]

From Milton, *Eleg.* i. ver. 37:

Sive *cruentatum* furioſa Tragœdia *ſceptrum*
Quaſſat, et effuſis crinibus ora rotat.

THE

PLEASURES OF MELANCHOLY.

———*Præcipe lugubres*
Cantus, Melpomene!—

(Written in 1745, the Author's 17th year. Publiſhed anonymouſly in 1747.)

MOTHER of muſings, Contemplation ſage,
Whoſe grotto ſtands upon the topmoſt rock
Of Teneriff; 'mid the tempeſtuous night,
On which, in calmeſt meditation held,
Thou hear'ſt with howling winds the beating rain
And drifting hail deſcend; or if the ſkies
Unclouded ſhine, and thro' the blue ſerene
Pale Cynthia rolls her ſilver-axled car,

V. 4. —in calmeſt meditation held,] There is an awkwardneſs in deſcribing Contemplation held in meditation. Contemplation is meditation. It is ſomewhat like an apparent overſight of Milton, who in his *Hymn on the Nativity* repreſents Peace ſtriking a peace. The expreſſion "in meditation *held*" is Miltonic. See note on *Ode on Summer*, ver. 338.

Warton has remarked that "the beſt poets imperceptibly adopt phraſes and formularies from the writings of their contemporaries and immediate predeceſſors." (Note on *Lycidas*, ver. 1.) And we may add of thoſe whom they are much in the habit of reading. His own imitations of Milton, more than of any other poet, may be repeatedly traced throughout this, which is the earlieſt, and the reſt of his poetical compoſitions.

Whence gazing ſtedfaſt on the ſpangled vault
Raptur'd thou ſitt'ſt, while murmurs indiſtinct
Of diſtant billows ſooth thy penſive ear
With hoarſe and hollow ſounds; ſecure, ſelf-bleſt,
There oft thou liſten'ſt to the wild uproar
Of fleets encount'ring, that in whiſpers low
Aſcends the rocky ſummit, where thou dwell'ſt
Remote from man, converſing with the ſpheres!
O lead me, queen ſublime, to ſolemn glooms
Congenial with my ſoul; to cheerleſs ſhades,
To ruin'd ſeats, to twilight cells and bow'rs,
Where thoughtful Melancholy loves to muſe,

V. 13. ——the wild uproar] *Par. Loſt*, ii. 541:
——Hell ſcarce holds *the wild uproar*.

V. 16. —converſing with the ſpheres!] Or, as Milton expreſſes it, "commercing with the ſkies." *Il Penſ.* ver. 39. Drayton ſays in his *Elegy on Poets and Poeſy*, They with the Muſes which *converſed*. Vol. iv. 1255.

V. 19. —to twilight cells and bow'rs,
Where thoughtful Melancholy loves to muſe,]
Comus, ver. 386:
———'Tis moſt true
That *muſing Melancholy* moſt affects
The penſive ſecreſy of deſert *cell*,
Far from the cheerful *haunt* of men and herds.
Twilight was firſt uſed as an epithet by Milton; and from him borrowed by Pope, as Dr. Warton has obſerved, *Eſſay on Pope*, i. 318, note. Shakſpere however had uſed *moonlight* in the ſame manner:
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And ſee our *moonlight* revels, go with us.
Midſ. N. Dr. Act ii.
"twilight" is familiar with our poet.

Her fav'rite midnight haunts. The laughing ſcenes
Of purple Spring, where all the wanton train
Of Smiles and Graces ſeem to lead the dance
In ſportive round, while from their hands they ſhow'r
Ambroſial blooms and flow'rs, no longer charm;
Tempe, no more I court thy balmy breeze,
Adieu green vales! ye broider'd meads, adieu!

Beneath yon ruin'd abbey's moſs-grown piles
Oft let me ſit, at twilight hour of eve,
Where thro' ſome weſtern window the pale moon

V. 21. —The laughing ſcenes
Of purple Spring, &c.]
Compare the following from Akenſide's *Pleaſures of Imagination*:

Fair Tempe! haunt belov'd of ſylvan powers,
Of Nymphs and Fauns, where in the Golden Age
They play'd in ſecret on the ſhady brink
With ancient Pan, while round their choral ſteps
Young Hours and genial Gales with conſtant hand
Show'r'd bloſſoms, odours, ſhow'r'd ambroſial dews,
And Spring's Elyſian bloom. i. 299.

This paſſage our poet has tranſlated. See alſo Horace, in a deſcription of the Spring:

Gratia cum Nymphis geminiſque ſororibus audet
Ducere nuda *choros*. *Carm.* IV. vii. 5.

V. 30. Where thro' ſome weſtern window the pale moon
Pours her long-levell'd rule of ſtreaming light;]
Ode on Summer, ver. 121:

While with the *level-ſtreaming* rays
Far ſeen its arched windows blaze.

Pours her long-levell'd rule of ſtreaming light;
While ſullen ſacred ſilence reigns around,
Save the lone ſcreech-owl's note, who builds his bow'r
Amid the mould'ring caverns dark and damp,
Or the calm breeze, that ruſtles in the leaves
Of flaunting ivy, that with mantle green
Inveſts ſome waſted tow'r. Or let me tread

See *Comus*, ver. 340:

——————— viſit us
With thy *long-levell'd rule of ſtreaming light.*

And Warton's note upon it: to which may be added that the expreſſion of the ſun's levelling his rays, quoted by him from *Par. Loſt.* iv. 543. may be found alſo in Sir H. Wotton;

——————the *Sun* doth ſtill
Level his rays againſt the riſing hill.
Headley's *Anc. Poet.* ii. 24.

V. 31. While ſullen ſacred ſilence reigns around,
Save the lone ſcreech-owl's note, who builds his bower, &c.]

Gray's *Elegy:*

And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save that from yonder *ivy-mantled tower*
The moping *owl* does to the moon complain
Of ſuch as wandering near her *ſacred bower*, &c.

The *Pleaſures of Melancholy* was publiſhed in 1747: Gray's *Elegy* was written, according to Johnſon, in 1750. Warton ſupplies ſeveral inſtances of this uſe of the word "mantle." See *Ode at Vale-royal*, ver. 75. *Ode on Summer*, ver. 182. *Paneg. on Oxford Ale*, ver. 116.

V. 36. —flaunting ivy,] Mr. Headley notices "*flaunting* honeyſuckle" in *Comus*, ver. 545. And "the bower, where woodbines *flaunt*," in Thomſon's *Spring*, ver. 976. But the epithet "gadding" uſed by our poet in *Inſcript. on a Hermitage* is perhaps more deſcriptive of the ivy.

Its neighb'ring walk of pines, where mus'd of old
The cloyſter'd brothers: thro' the gloomy void
That far extends beneath their ample arch
As on I pace, religious horror wraps
My ſoul in dread repoſe. But when the world
Is clad in Midnight's raven-colour'd robe,
'Mid hollow charnel let me watch the flame
Of taper dim, ſhedding a livid glare
O'er the wan heaps; while airy voices talk

V. 41. As on I pace, religious horror wraps
My ſoul in dread repoſe.]

Lucretius, iii. 28:

His tibi me rebus quædam divina voluptas
Percipit, atque *horror*.

V. 43. —Midnight's raven-colour'd robe,] In *Comus*, ver. 251. "the *raven* down of darkneſs."

Ver. 46. —while airy voices talk
Along the glimmering walls; or ghoſtly ſhape
At diſtance ſeen, invites with beck'ning hand
My loneſome ſteps,—]

Pope's *Eloiſa*, ver. 305:

In each low wind methinks a ſpirit calls,
And more than echos *talk along the walls*.

Comus, ver. 205:

———A thouſand fantaſies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling *ſhapes*, and *beck'ning* ſhadows dire,
And *aery* tongues, that ſyllable men's names
On ſands and ſhores, and deſert wilderneſſes.

And ver. 250:

Such are thoſe thick and gloomy ſhadows damp
Oft ſeen in *charnel* vaults and ſepulchres.

Along the glimm'ring walls; or ghoſtly ſhape
At diſtance ſeen, invites with beck'ning hand
My loneſome ſteps, thro' the far-winding vaults.
Nor undelightful is the ſolemn noon
Of night, when haply wakeful from my couch
I ſtart: lo, all is motionleſs around!
Roars not the ruſhing wind; the ſons of men
And every beaſt in mute oblivion lie;
All nature's huſh'd in ſilence and in ſleep.
O then how fearful is it to reflect,
That thro' the ſtill globe's awful ſolitude,
No being wakes but me! till ſtealing ſleep
My drooping temples bathes in opiate dews.
Nor then let dreams, of wanton folly born,
My ſenſes lead thro' flow'ry paths of joy;
But let the ſacred Genius of the night

See alſo Pope's *Elegy on an unfortunate Lady:*

What *beckoning* ghoſt along the moonlight ſhade
Invites my ſteps, and points to yonder glade?

Which, as Dr. Warton has noticed in his edition of Pope, is from Ben Jonſon: as the paſſage quoted above from his *Eloiſa* is from Milton.

V. 50. —the ſolemn noon
Of night,—] Midnight; it is ſo uſed by Dryden, *Pal. and Arc.* B. iii.

'Twas ebbing darkneſs paſt *the noon of night.*

V. 62. But let the ſacred Genius of the night
Such myſtic viſions ſend,—]

Such myſtic viſions ſend, as Spenſer ſaw,
When thro' bewild'ring Fancy's magic maze,
To the fell houſe of Buſyrane, he led
Th' unſhaken Britomart; or Milton knew,
When in abſtracted thought he firſt conceiv'd
All heav'n in tumult, and the Seraphim
Come tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold.

3 Let others love ſoft Summer's ev'ning ſmiles,
As liſt'ning to the diſtant water-fall,
They mark the bluſhes of the ſtreaky weſt;
I chooſe the pale December's foggy glooms.
Then, when the ſullen ſhades of ev'ning cloſe,
Where thro' the room a blindly-glimm'ring gleam

Il Penſ. ver. 147:

Some ſtrange *myſterious* dream,

And below, ver. 153:

Sent by ſome ſpirit to mortals good,
Or th' unſeen *Genius* of the wood.

See *Faerie Queene*, B. III. Cant. xi, xii. and *Par. Loſt.* B. vi. for the alluſions, which follow.

V. 75. Where thro' the room a blindly-glimm'ring gleam
The dying embers ſcatter,—]

Il Penſ. ver. 79:

Where glowing *embers thro' the room*
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.

Shakſpere's *Midſ. N. Dr.* Act. v.

Through this houſe give *glimmering* light;
By the dead and drowſy fire, &c.

It is ſomewhat ſtrange that neither Warton in his note on the

The dying embers ſcatter, far remote
From Mirth's mad ſhouts, that thro' th' illumin'd roof
Reſound with feſtive echo, let me ſit,
Bleſt with the lowly cricket's drowſy dirge.
Then let my thought contemplative explore
This fleeting ſtate of things, the vain delights,
The fruitleſs toils, that ſtill our ſearch elude,
As thro' the wilderneſs of life we rove.
This ſober hour of ſilence will unmaſk
Falſe Folly's ſmile, that like the dazzling ſpells
Of wily Comus cheat th' unweeting eye

above from *Il Penſ.* nor Newton on *Par. Loſt*, i. 63, has noticed the excellent way in which Spenſer gives the image,

—A faint ſhadow of uncertaine light,
Such as a lampe whoſe lyſe doth fade awaie.
F. Q. II. vii. 27.

V. 76. ————far remote
From Mirth's mad ſhouts, that thro' the illumin'd roof, &c.]

Il Penſ. 81:

Far from all reſort of *Mirth*,
Save the *cricket* on the hearth,
Or the belman's *drowſy* charm.

See alſo Shakſpere's *Macbeth*, Act iii.

The ſhard-born beetle with his *drowſy* hums.

V. 85. —that like the dazzling ſpells
Of wily Comus, &c.]

Comus, ver. 153:

——— Thus I hurl
My *dazzling ſpells* into the ſpungy air,
Of power *to cheat the eye with blear illuſion*,
And give it falſe preſentments.

With blear illuſion, and perſuade to drink
That charmed cup, which Reaſon's mintage fair
Unmoulds, and ſtamps the monſter on the man.
Eager we taſte, but in the luſcious draught
Forget the poiſonous dregs that lurk beneath.

Few know that elegance of ſoul refin'd,
Whoſe ſoft ſenſation feels a quicker joy
From Melancholy's ſcenes, than the dull pride
Of taſteleſs ſplendor and magnificence
Can e'er afford. Thus Eloiſe, whoſe mind
Had languiſh'd to the pangs of melting love,

And again, ver. 524:

And here to every thirſty traveller
By ſly enticement gives his baneful *cup*,
With many murmurs mix'd, whoſe pleaſing poiſon
The viſage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeneſs of a beaſt
Fixes inſtead, *unmolding reaſon's mintage*
Character'd in his face.

In ver. 652. we have "the *luſcious* liquor."

V. 92. Few know that elegance of ſoul refin'd,] Thomſon's *Summer*:

A pure ingenuous *elegance of ſoul*,
A delicate *refinement known to few*. Ver. 1295.

V. 96.—Thus Eloiſe, &c.] See Pope's *Eloiſa to Abelard*, ver. 303.

See in her cell ſad Eloiſa laid,
Propt *on ſome tomb*, a neighbour of the dead:
Here as I *watch* the dying lamps around, &c,

And ver. 164:

Long-ſounding iſles, and *intermingled graves*.

More genuine tranſport found, as on ſome tomb
Reclin'd, ſhe watch'd the tapers of the dead;
Or thro' the pillar'd iles, amid pale ſhrines
Of imag'd ſaints, and intermingled graves,
Mus'd a veil'd votareſs; than Flavia feels,
As thro' the mazes of the feſtive ball,
Proud of her conquering charms, and beauty's blaze,
She floats amid the ſilken ſons of dreſs,
And ſhines the faireſt of th' aſſembled fair.

When azure noontide cheers the dædal globe,

V. 105. She floats amid the ſilken ſons of dreſs,] *Samſon Agoniſtes*, ver. 1071:

———When firſt I ſaw
The ſumptuous Dalilah *floting* this way.

As he had before ſaid of her,

Comes this way *ſailing* like a ſtately ſhip. Ver. 718.

Where Dr. Newton (ſee his note on the line) might have remarked that Milton poſſibly thought of Shakſpere, *Midſ. N. Dr.* Act ii.

Which ſhe with pretty and with ſwimming gait
Would imitate, and *ſail* upon the land
To fetch me trifles, and return again
As from a voyage rich with merchandiſe.

V. 107. —the dædal globe,] And below, ver. 248, "*dædal* landſcapes." From the Greek δαιδαλος, whence the Latin *dædalus*, wrought with art, variegated. Lucretius, i. 7:

——— tibi ſuaveis *dædala tellus*
Summittit flores.

In an excellent tranſlation of which paſſage, Spenſer probably introduced the word into the Engliſh language;

And the bleſt regent of the golden day
Rejoices in his bright meridian tower,
How oft my wiſhes aſk the night's return,
That beſt befriends the melancholy mind!
Hail, ſacred Night! thou too ſhalt ſhare my ſong!
Siſter of ebon-ſcepter'd Hecat, hail!

Then does the *dædale earth* throw forth to thee
Out of her fruitfull lap aboundant flowres.
F. Q. IV. x. 45.

I may add that in the poems of our poet's father we have "the *dædal globe*," p. 79. But the word does not ſeem here ſo appropriate as when he ſays,

Here ancient Art her *dædal* fancies play'd
In the quaint mazes of the criſped roof.
Ode at Vale-royal Abbey, ver. 61.

or ſpeaks of the "*dædal* coronet of leaves," of Corinthian architecture. *Ode for Muſic.*

V. 108. And the bleſt regent of the golden day
Rejoices in his bright meridian tower,]

Par. Loſt. vii. 370.

Firſt in his eaſt the glorious lamp was ſeen
Regent of day, and all th' horizon round
Inveſted with *bright* rays, *jocund* to run
His longitude thro' heaven's high road.

Thomſon's *Summer*, ver. 81:

But yonder comes the powerful *King of day*,
Rejoicing in the eaſt.

And the 19th Pſalm will of courſe be recollected, where it is ſaid of the ſun, "and *rejoiceth* as a giant to run his courſe." I have taken a liberty with the text by ſubſtituting "tower" for "bower," for a reaſon which will be obvious on a compariſon of the *Ode on Summer*, ver. 139, and *note*.

V. 113. Siſter of ebon-ſcepter'd Hecat, hail!

Whether in congregated clouds thou wrap'ſt
Thy viewleſs chariot, or with ſilver crown
Thy beaming head encircleſt, ever hail!
What tho' beneath thy gloom the ſorcereſs-train,
Far in obſcured haunt of Lapland moors,
With rhymes uncouth the bloody cauldron bleſs;
Tho' Murder wan beneath thy ſhrouding ſhade
Summons her ſlow-ey'd vot'ries to deviſe
Of ſecret ſlaughter, while by one blue lamp

Whether in congregated clouds thou wrap'ſt
Thy viewleſs chariot,—]

Comus, ver. 134:

Stay thy *cloudy ebon chair*,
Wherein thou rid'ſt with *Hecat.*

"*Ebon chair*" occurs in William Browne's *Britannia's Paſtorals*, B. i. Song 5.

V. 117. What tho' beneath thy gloom the ſorcereſs-train,] Shakſpere in *Macbeth*, Act ii.

———Now *witchcraft* celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd *Murder*, &c.

Where Murder is perſonified. And the "bleſſing the cauldron with uncouth rhymes" is an alluſion perhaps to the incantations in Act v. where the witches "round about the *cauldron* ſing." Milton mentions the old ſuperſtitious ſtories of the "Lapland witches" in *Par. Loſt*, ii. 662. See alſo *Comus*, ver. 535:

Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
In their *obſcured haunts* of inmoſt bowers.

"To bleſs," except in a good ſenſe, which it evidently is not here, has neither authority nor propriety.

V. 121. —ſlow-eyed votaries] In Milton's *Hymn on the Nativity*, v. 180, we have "the pale-eyed prieſt," which is ſomewhat more intelligible than "ſlow-eyed." And "the furnace *blue*," in ver. 210.

In hideous conf'rence ſits the liſt'ning band,
And ſtart at each low wind, or wakeful ſound:
What tho' thy ſtay the pilgrim curſeth oft,
As all benighted in Arabian waſtes
He hears the wilderneſs around him howl
With roaming monſters, while on his hoar head
The black-deſcending tempeſt ceaſeleſs beats;
Yet more delightful to my penſive mind
Is thy return, than blooming morn's approach,
Ev'n then, in youthful pride of opening May,
When from the portals of the ſaffron eaſt
She ſheds freſh roſes, and ambroſial dews.
Yet not ungrateful is the morn's approach,
When dropping wet ſhe comes, and clad in clouds,
While thro' the damp air ſcowls the louring ſouth,
Blackening the landſcape's face, that grove and hill
In formleſs vapours undiſtinguiſh'd ſwim:
Th' afflicted ſongſters of the ſadden'd groves
Hail not the ſullen gloom; the waving elms
That, hoar thro' time, and rang'd in thick array,
Encloſe with ſtately row ſome rural hall,
Are mute, nor echo with the clamors hoarſe
Of rooks rejoicing on their airy boughs;

V. 136. —clad in clouds,] Milton, of the *morn*, "kercheſt in a comely *cloud*." *Il Penſ.* ver. 125.

V. 137. While thro' the damp air, &c.] See *1ſt of April*, ver. 43, and *note*.

While to the ſhed the dripping poultry crowd,
A mournful train: ſecure the village-hind
Hangs o'er the crackling blaze, nor tempts the ſtorm;
Fix'd in th' unfiniſh'd furrow reſts the plough:
Rings not the high wood with enliven'd ſhouts

V. 146. While to the ſhed the dripping poultry crowd,
A mournful train: ſecure the village-hind
Hangs o'er the crackling blaze,—]
Compare a deſcription of the ſame circumſtances in Thomſon's *Winter*, ver. 87:

Thither the houſhold feathery people *crowd*,
The creſted cock with all his female *train*,
Penſive and *dripping*, while the cottage-*hind*
Hangs o'er th' enlivening *blaze*.

V. 149. Fix'd in th' unfiniſh'd furrow reſts the plough:] An incident noticed by Virgil in his deſcription of the Alpine peſtilence:

——it triſtis arator,
Mœrentem abjungens fraternâ morte juvencum,
Atque *opere in medio defixa relinquit aratra*. *Georg*. iii. 517.

V. 150. Rings not the high wood with enliven'd ſhouts
Of early hunter:]
L'Allegro, ver. 53:

Oft liſtening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouſe the ſlumb'ring morn,
From the ſide of ſome hoar hill,
Through *the high wood* echoing ſhrill.

The "high wood" is uſed by Fairfax:

He followed on the footſteps he had trac'd,
Till in *high woods* and foreſts old he came. *Taſſ.* vii. 23.

And Drayton:

The lofty *high wood* and the lower ſpring.
Muſes Elyſ. Nymph x. vol. iv. 1520.

In Milton's *Arcades*, ver. 58: "the *high* thicket."

Of early hunter: all is ſilence drear;
And deepeſt ſadneſs wraps the face of things.

Thro' POPE's ſoft ſong tho' all the Graces breathe,
And happieſt art adorn his Attic page;
Yet does my mind with ſweeter tranſport glow,
As at the root of moſſy trunk reclin'd,
In magic SPENSER's wildly-warbled ſong
I ſee deſerted Una wander wide
Thro' waſteful ſolitudes, and lurid heaths,
Weary, forlorn; than when the fated fair
Upon the boſom bright of ſilver Thames
Launches in all the luſtre of brocade,
Amid the ſplendors of the laughing Sun.
The gay deſcription palls upon the ſenſe,
And coldly ſtrikes the mind with feeble bliſs.

Ye youths of Albion's beauty-blooming iſle,
Whoſe brows have worn the wreath of luckleſs love,
Is there a pleaſure like the penſive mood,
Whoſe magic wont to ſoothe your ſoften'd ſouls?
O tell how rapturous the joy, to melt

V. 158. I ſee deſerted Una wander wide, &c.] See *F. Q.* I. iii.

V. 160. —the fated fair,] Belinda. See *Rape of the Lock*, ii. 4: *Launch'd on the boſom of the ſilver Thames.*

To Melody's affuaſive voice; to bend
Th' uncertain ſtep along the midnight mead,
And pour your ſorrows to the pitying moon,
By many a ſlow trill from the bird of woe
Oft interrupted; in embow'ring woods 175

V. 175. ——————in embow'ring woods
By darkſome brook to muſe,—]

The verb "bower," or rather "embower," is a favourite with Warton; which I notice, as it gives me an opportunity of ſhowing that his fondneſs for particular expreſſions did not occaſion any want of variety in his ideas. It will be found on obſervation that every one of the following paſſages preſents an image different from thoſe preſented by the others; all of them beautiful and diſtinct in their kind.

Inſcript. in a Hermitage, ver. 3:

——to ſhade my lowly cave,
Embowering elms their umbrage wave.

Monody, ver. 9:

Where the tall windows riſe in ſtately rows
Above th' *embowering* ſhade.

Hamlet, ver. 43:

Their humble porch with honied flowers
The curling woodbine's ſhade *embowers*.

Ode to a Friend, ver. 34:

Where high o'er-arching trees *embower*
The graſſy lane, ſo rarely pac'd,
With azure flow'rets idly grac'd.

Below, ver. 281:

From forth thy cave *embower'd* with mournful yew.

Ode on Summer, ver. 51:

There plac'd thy green and graſſy ſhrine
With myrtle *bower'd* and jeſſamine.

Ibid. ver. 169:

From *bowering* beech the mower blithe
With new-born vigour graſps his ſcythe.

In order to illuſtrate our poet's variety of imagery a little farther,

By darkſome brook to muſe, and there forget
The ſolemn dulneſs of the tedious world,
While Fancy graſps the viſionary fair:
And now no more th' abſtracted ear attends
The water's murm'ring lapſe, th' entranced eye
Pierces no longer thro' th' extended rows
Of thick-rang'd trees; till haply from the depth
The woodman's ſtroke, or diſtant tinkling team,
Or heifers ruſtling thro' the brake, alarms
Th' illuded ſenſe, and mars the golden dream.
Theſe are delights that abſence drear has made
Familiar to my ſoul, e'er ſince the form
Of young Sapphira, beauteous as the Spring,
When from her vi'let-woven couch awak'd

I will hazard a charge of multiplying quotations unneceſſarily, by adducing two or three paſſages with the ſubſtantive " bower."

Ode to a Friend, ver. 85:

While gleaming o'er the criſped *bowers*
Rich ſpires aroſe, and ſparkling towers.

Newmarket, ver. 42:

And ſee the good old ſeat, whoſe Gothic towers
Awful emerge from yonder tufted *bowers*.

Ode on Summer, ver. 297. of an oak foreſt,

Beneath whoſe dark and branching *bowers*
Its tide a far-fam'd river pours.

In neither of theſe paſſages is the word " bower" or " embower" without its force. Yet, though they have accordingly one general point of reſemblance, their particular features are diſtinctly marked.

V. 189. —her vi'let-woven couch] *Comus*, ver. 233:

And in the *violet*-embroider'd vale.

But " woven" in compoſition our poet was partial to. *Compl. of*

By frolic Zephyr's hand, her tender cheek
Graceful ſhe lifts, and bluſhing from her bow'r
Iſſues to clothe in gladſome-gliſt'ring green
The genial globe, firſt met my dazzled ſight:
Theſe are delights unknown to minds profane,
And which alone the penſive ſoul can taſte.

¶ The taper'd choir, at the late hour of pray'r,
Oft let me tread, while to th' according voice
The many-ſounding organ peals on high,
The clear ſlow-dittied chaunt, or varied hymn,

Cherwell, ver. 1. " her oſier-*woven* bower." *Ode on Summer*, ver. 137. " each moſs-*wove* border." *Below*, ver. 257. " The thick-*wove* laurel." Compare alſo *Ode on Summer*, ver. 182. " Its ſide with mantling woodbines *wove*."

V. 190. —frolic Zephyr] *L'Allegro*, ver. 18:
The *frolic* wind, that breathes the ſpring,
Zephyr.

V. 196. The taper'd choir,] *Ode at Vale-royal*, ver. 32: " The *taper'd* rites."

V. 199. The clear ſlow-dittied chaunt, or varied hymn,] The fondneſs for choir-ſervice, which Warton very early in his life entertained, ſeems to have continued with him throughout it, and has produced ſeveral alluſions in his different poems. To that now before us I add the following.

Ode at Vale-royal, ver. 36:
I ſeem to liſten to the *chaunting quire*.
Suicide, ver. 67:
What, tho' refus'd each *chaunted* rite.
Grave of Arthur, ver. 118:
There with *chaunted* oriſon,
And the long blaze of *tapers* clear.

Till all my ſoul is bath'd in ecſtaſies, 200
And lapp'd in Paradiſe. Or let me ſit

Inſcription in a Hermitage, ver. 29:

Then, as my *taper* waxes dim,
Chaunt, ere I ſleep, my meaſur'd *hymn*.

See alſo *Triumph of Iſis*, ver. 157:

Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
Her holy *hymns* of ever-echoing praiſe.

And *Grave of Arthur*, ver. 179:

He plans the *chauntry's choral* ſhrine,
The daily *dirge*, and rites divine.

To mark repetitions of this kind is not altogether uſeleſs, as ſuch things are of ſervice in developing or illuſtrating a character. I hazard a ſuggeſtion that this fondneſs for choir-ſervice may have been, though inſenſibly, the cauſe that our poet has repeatedly made uſe of the word "chaunt," applied to poetical compoſition, and to expreſs ſimply ſinging.

V. 199. The clear flow-dittied chaunt,] *Il Penſeroſo*, 163. "anthems *clear*," &c. *Comus*, ver. 86, "ſmooth-dittied ſong."

V. 200. Till all my ſoul is bath'd in ecſtaſies,
And lapp'd in Paradiſe.]

Il Penſeroſo, ver. 161:

There let the *pealing organ* blow
To the full-voic'd quire below,
In ſervice high and anthems clear,
As may with ſweetneſs, through mine ear,
Diſſolve me into *ecſtaſies*,
And bring all heaven before my eyes.

Comus, ver. 256:

Who, as they ſung, would take the priſon'd ſoul,
And *lap* it in Elyſium.

See alſo Spenſer, *F. Q.* IV. ii. 9:

That having caſt him in a fooliſh trance,
He ſeemed brought to bed in *Paradiſe*.

To whom perhaps it came from Chaucer; *Floure and Leafe*, ver. 113:

Far in ſequeſter'd iles of the deep dome,
There loneſome liſten to the ſacred ſounds,
Which, as they lengthen thro' the Gothic vaults,
In hollow murmurs reach my raviſh'd ear.
Nor when the lamps expiring yield to night,
And ſolitude returns, would I forſake
The ſolemn manſion, but attentive mark
The due clock ſwinging ſlow with ſweepy ſway,
Meaſuring Time's flight with momentary ſound.

Whereof I had ſo inly grete pleſure,
As methought I ſurely raviſhid was
Into *Paradiſe*.

Dryden's paraphraſe of the laſt paſſage, which by the way blends ſome of the expreſſions in the two former, may be conſidered as a very fair ſpecimen of the manner in which he fills up the outline of his great original:

And I ſo raviſh'd with her heav'nly note,
I ſtood intranc'd, and had no room for thought,
But all o'erpower'd with ecſtaſy of bliſs,
I ſeemed brought to bed in Paradiſe.

V. 200. —my ſoul is bath'd in ecſtaſies,] *Ode on Summer*, ver. 126:

Bathes my blithe heart in *ecſtaſies*.

Comus, ver. 812:

Will *bathe* the drooping ſpirits in delight.

But the metaphor is common in Spenſer, under its various modifications of *bathed, ſwimming, drowned*, in pleaſure.

V. 209. The due clock ſwinging ſlow] In *The Hamlet*, ver. 28. "the curfeu echoes *duly*." *Il Penſeroſo*, ver. 76. "*Swinging ſlow* "with ſullen roar."

Ibid. —with ſweepy ſway,] Gray's *Fragment on Education and Government*:

And where the deluge burſt with *ſweepy ſway*.

Nor let me fail to cultivate my mind
With the ſoft thrillings of the tragic Muſe,
Divine Melpomene, ſweet Pity's nurſe,
Queen of the ſtately ſtep, and flowing pall.
Now let Monimia mourn with ſtreaming eyes
Her joys inceſtuous, and polluted love:
Now let ſoft Juliet in the gaping tomb
Print the laſt kiſs on her true Romeo's lips,
His lips yet reeking from the deadly draught:
Or Jaffier kneel for one forgiving look.
Nor ſeldom let the Moor on Deſdemone
Pour the miſguided threats of jealous rage.
By ſoft degrees the manly torrent ſteals
From my ſwoln eyes; and at a brother's woe
My big heart melts in ſympathizing tears.

4 What are the ſplendors of the gaudy court,
Its tinſel trappings, and its pageant pomps?

V. 217. Now let ſoft Juliet in the gaping tomb, &c.] See Act. v.

Jul. What's here? a cup, clos'd in my *true*-love's hand?
——————I will *kiſs thy lips:*
Haply ſome poiſon yet does hang on them.
Thy lips are warm.

V. 227. Its tinſel trappings, and its pageant pomps?] *Par. Loſt,* ix. 36:

Baſes and *tinſel trappings,* gorgeous knights, &c.

L'Allegro, ver. 127:

And *pomp* and feaſt and revelry
With maſk and antique *pageantry.*

To me far happier ſeems the baniſh'd lord,
Amid Siberia's unrejoicing wilds
Who pines all loneſome, in the chambers hoar
Of ſome high caſtle ſhut, whoſe windows dim
In diſtant ken diſcover trackleſs plains,
Where Winter ever whirls his icy car;
While ſtill repeated objects of his view,
The gloomy battlements, and ivied ſpires,
That crown the ſolitary dome, ariſe;
While from the topmoſt turret the ſlow clock,
Far heard along th' inhoſpitable waſtes,
With ſad-returning chime awakes new grief;
Ev'n he far happier ſeems than is the proud,
The potent Satrap, whom he left behind
'Mid Moſcow's golden palaces, to drown
In eaſe and luxury the laughing hours.

¶ Illuſtrious objects ſtrike the gazer's mind
With feeble bliſs, and but allure the ſight,
Nor rouze with impulſe quick th' unfeeling heart.

V. 233. Where Winter ever whirls his icy car;] Milton on the death of a fair infant, ver. 15. repreſents Winter "in *icy*-pearled "*car*." But ſee *The Paſſion*, ver. 36:

See, ſee the chariot and thoſe ruſhing wheels,
That *whirl'd* the Prophet up at Chebar flood.

Drayton ſays of the Britons, "they could *wield* their armed cars." *Poly-olb.* S. x. vol. iii. p. 850. Our poet again in *Newmarket*, ver. 174:

Whirl'd the ſwift axle through the Pythian duſt.

Thus ſeen by ſhepherd from Hymettus' brow,
What dædal landſcapes ſmile! here palmy groves,
Reſounding once with Plato's voice, ariſe,
Amid whoſe umbrage green her ſilver head
Th' unfading olive lifts; here vine-clad hills
Lay forth their purple ſtore, and ſunny vales
In proſpect vaſt their level laps expand,
Amid whoſe beauties gliſtering Athens tow'rs.
Tho' thro' the bliſsful ſcenes Iliſſus roll
His ſage-inſpiring flood, whoſe winding marge
The thick-wove laurel ſhades; tho' roſeate Morn
Pour all her ſplendors on th' empurpled ſcene;
Yet feels the hoary Hermit truer joys,
As from the cliff, that o'er his cavern hangs,
He views the piles of fall'n Perſepolis
In deep arrangement hide the darkſome plain.

V. 247. Thus ſeen by ſhepherd from Hymettus' brow,
What dædal landſcapes ſmile! &c.]

See the deſcription of Athens in *Par. Reg.* iv. 247:

There flowery hill *Hymettus* with the ſound
Of bees induſtrious murmur oft invites
To ſtudious muſing; there *Iliſſus rolls*
His whiſpering ſtream; within the walls then view
The ſchools of ancient *ſages*, &c.

Compare alſo *Par. Loſt*, iv. 254:

Or *palmy* hilloc, or the flowery lap
Of ſome irriguous valley ſpread her *ſtore*,
Flowers of all hues, and without thorn the roſe;
Another ſide *umbrageous* grots and caves
Of cool receſs, o'er which the mantling *vine*
Lays forth her purple grape, &c.

Unbounded waſte! the mould'ring obeliſk
Here, like a blaſted oak, aſcends the clouds;
Here Parian domes their vaulted halls diſcloſe

V. 265. Here Parian domes their vaulted halls diſcloſe] Warton has ſeldom, as in this line, noticed claſſical architecture with admiration. He has repeatedly expreſſed his fondneſs for Gothic by the epithet, here applied with leſs propriety to the Grecian, and by others of much the ſame force. To *Sir Joſ. Reynolds*, ver. 17:

But chief, enraptur'd have I lov'd to roam,
A ling'ring votary, the *vaulted* dome.

Grave of Arthur, ver. 9:

Illumining the *vaulted* roof, &c.

Ode for New Year, 1788. ver. 56:

Along thy lofty-*vaulted* fane.

Where he has perhaps been inadvertently led into a miſtake. See note on the paſſage. *Ode at Vale-royal Abbey*, ver. 51:

Ah! ſee beneath yon tower's *unvaulted* gate.

Theſe paſſages relate to Gothic buildings, as do alſo the following. *On Death of George II.* ver. 81. Of Oxford:

To rear her *arched* roofs in regal guiſe.

Grave of Arthur, ver. 178:

E'en now with *arching* ſculpture crown'd
He plans the chauntry's choral ſhrine.

Ode on Summer, ver. 122:

Far ſeen its *arched* windows blaze.

Monody at Stratford, ver. 8. Of Shakſpere,

Whoſe ſacred duſt yon *high-arch'd* iles incloſe.

Ode for New Year, 1787. ver. 6:

In ſome proud caſtle's *high-arch'd* hall.

It is alſo with reference to Gothic architecture, that the following expreſſions are made uſe of. *Triumph of Iſis*, ver. 155:

Ye *high-arch'd* walks, where oft the whiſpers clear
Of harps unſeen have ſwept the poet's ear.

Ode to a Friend, ver. 34:

Where *high o'er-arching* trees embower
The graſſy lane.

Horrid with thorn, where lurks th' unpitying thief,
Whence flits the twilight-loving bat at eve,
And the deaf adder wreathes her ſpotted train,
The dwellings once of elegance and art.
Here temples riſe, amid whoſe hallow'd bounds
Spires the black pine, while thro' the naked ſtreet,
Once haunt of tradeful merchants, ſprings the graſs:
Here columns heap'd on proſtrate columns, torn
From their firm baſe, increaſe the mould'ring maſs.
Far as the ſight can pierce, appear the ſpoils
Of ſunk magnificence! a blended ſcene
Of moles, fanes, arches, domes, and palaces,
Where, with his brother Horror, Ruin ſits.

O come then, Melancholy, queen of thought!

Above, ver. 40. Of a walk of pines "beneath their ample *arch*." In repetitions of this kind, trifling as they may appear, we trace the predilections of the poet.

V. 266. Horrid with thorn,] *Comus*, ver. 429. "Caverns, ſhagg'd "with *horrid* ſhades:" altered by Pope to "Caverns, ſhagg'd with *horrid thorn*." *Eloiſ.* 20. But ſee Virgil, *Æn.* viii. 348. Of the Capitol,

Aurea nunc, olim ſylveſtribus *horrida dumis*.

V. 271. ——————thro' the naked ſtreet,
Once haunt of tradeful merchants, ſprings the graſs:]
Thomſon's *Summer*, ver. 1060:

Empty the ſtreets, with uncouth verdure clad,
Into the worſt of deſerts ſudden turn'd
The cheerful *haunt* of men.

O come with ſaintly look, and ſteadfaſt ſtep,
From forth thy cave embower'd with mournful yew,
Where ever to the curfeu's ſolemn ſound
Liſt'ning thou ſitt'ſt, and with thy cypreſs bind
Thy votary's hair, and ſeal him for thy ſon.
But never let Euphroſyne beguile
With toys of wanton mirth my fixed mind,
Nor in my path her primroſe-garland caſt.
Tho' 'mid her train the dimpled Hebe bare
Her roſy boſom to th' enamour'd view;
Tho' Venus, mother of the Smiles and Loves,

V. 280. —with ſaintly look, and ſteadfaſt ſtep,] Compare *Il Penſeroſo*, where Melancholy is deſcribed with "*ſaintly* viſage," ver. 13. "ſober, *ſteadfaſt* and demure," ver. 32. And "with even *ſtep* and muſing gate," ver. 38.

V. 285. But never let Euphroſyne beguile
With toys of wanton mirth my fixed mind,]

L'Allegro, ver. 12:

In heaven yclep'd *Euphroſyne*,
And by men heart-eaſing Mirth.

Il Penſ. ver. 3:

How little you beſted,
Or fill the *fixed mind with* all your *toys*.

V. 288. —dimpled Hebe—] By ſynecdoche, the whole for the part. *L'Allegro*, ver. 28:

——————wreathed ſmiles,
Such as hang on *Hebe*'s cheek,
And love to live in *dimple* ſleek.

And Bacchus, ivy-crown'd, in citron bow'r
With her on nectar-ſtreaming fruitage feaſt:
What tho' 'tis hers to calm the low'ring ſkies,
And at her preſence mild th' embattled clouds
Diſperſe in air, and o'er the face of heav'n
New day diffuſive gleam at her approach;
Yet are theſe joys that Melancholy gives,
Than all her witleſs revels happier far;
Theſe deep-felt joys, by Contemplation taught.

Then ever, beauteous Contemplation, hail!

V. 291. —Bacchus, ivy-crown'd—] "*Ivy-crowned Bacchus,*" *L'Allegro*, ver. 16: agreeably to claſſical uſage. The Greek poets frequently give him ſome compound epithet to this effect; and particularly he is ſtyled κισσοστεφανος, in *Anthol.* I. xxxviii. 11. Drayton in one of his Elegies has "grape-*crowned Bacchus*." Vol. iv. p. 1252.

V. 291. ————in citron bower
With her on nectar-ſtreaming fruitage feaſt:]
Ode on Summer, ver. 43:

Where a tall *citron*'s ſhade imbrown'd
The ſoft lap of the fragrant ground,
There on an amaranthine bed
Thee with rare *nectarine-fruits* he fed.

See alſo ver. 33. "*nectar*-trickling wing," and ſimilarly-compounded epithets from Spenſer and Drayton in the note.

V. 293. What tho' 'tis hers to calm the low'ring ſkies, &c.] Lucretius, addreſſing Venus, i. 6.

Te, dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila cœli
Adventumque tuum; tibi ſuaveis dædala tellus
Summittit flores, tibi rident æquora ponti,
Placatumque *nitet diffuſo lumine cœlum*.

From thee began, auſpicious maid, my ſong,
With thee ſhall end; for thou art fairer far
Than are the nymphs of Cirrha's moſſy grot;
To loftier rapture thou canſt wake the thought,
Than all the fabling Poet's boaſted pow'rs.
Hail, queen divine! whom, as tradition tells,
Once in his evening walk a Druid found,
Far in a hollow glade of Mona's woods;
And piteous bore with hoſpitable hand
To the cloſe ſhelter of his oaken bow'r.
There ſoon the ſage admiring mark'd the dawn
Of ſolemn muſing in your penſive thought;
For when a ſmiling babe, you lov'd to lie
Oft deeply liſt'ning to the rapid roar
Of wood-hung Meinai, ſtream of Druids old.

V. 301. From thee began, auſpicious maid, my ſong,
With thee ſhall end;—]
Horace to Mæcenas, *Ep.* I. i. 1.
Prima dicte mihi, ſumma dicende Camœnâ.
Virgil to Pollio, *Ecl.* viii. 11.
A te principium, tibi deſinet; accipe juſſis
Carmina cœpta tuis:
Thus tranſlated by Dr. Warton:
With thee began my ſongs, with thee ſhall end.

V. 303. —the nymphs of Cirrha's moſſy grot;] The Muſes. The town and plain of Cirrha, or Cyrrha, are in Phocis, at the foot of Mount Parnaſſus.

V. 315. —Meinai—] Menai, or Meneu, the ſtrait which divides the iſle of Angleſey from Caernarvonſhire.

INSCRIPTIONS.

INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE.

AT ANSLEY HALL IN WARWICKSHIRE.

(Publiſhed in 1777.)

I.

BENEATH this ſtony roof reclin'd,
I ſooth to peace my penſive mind;
And while, to ſhade my lowly cave,
Embowering elms their umbrage wave;

V. 1. Beneath this ſtony roof reclin'd, &c.] Mr. Headley refers to an Inſcription upon a large root at the Leaſowes;

O let me haunt this peaceful ſhade, &c.

I will take the opportunity of quoting here, ſomewhat at length, a paſſage from our Poet's father, as a ſpecimen of his manner, in which we find the ſame train of thought as in the Inſcription before us:

Sweeter the lonely Hermit's ſimple food,
Who in lone caves, or near the ruſhy flood,
With eager appetite at early hours
From maple diſh ſalubrious herbs devours:
Soft drowſy dews at eve his temples ſteep,
And happy dreams attend his eaſy ſleep;
Wak'd by the thruſh, to neighb'ring vales he goes,
To mark how ſucks the bee, how blooms the roſe,
What latent juice the trodden herbage yields,
Wild nature's phyſic in the flowery fields.
With temperance ſooth'd, each ſolitary day
Free, innocent, and eaſy ſteals away,
Till age down bends him to the friendly grave,
No faſhion's dupe, no powerful paſſion's ſlave. P. 173.

And while the maple diſh is mine,
The beechen cup, unſtain'd with wine;
I ſcorn the gay licentious croud,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

II.

Within my limits lone and ſtill
The blackbird pipes in artleſs trill;
Faſt by my couch, congenial gueſt,
The wren has wove her moſſy neſt;
From buſy ſcenes, and brighter ſkies,
To lurk with innocence, ſhe flies;
Here hopes in ſafe repoſe to dwell,
Nor aught ſuſpects the ſylvan cell.

III.

At morn I take my cuſtom'd round,
To mark how buds yon ſhrubby mound;

V. 5. And while the maple diſh is mine,] *Comus*, ver. 390:

For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or *maple diſh*,
Or do his gray hairs any violence?

And Milton's ſixth *Elegy*, ver. 61:

Stet prope *fagineo* pellucida lympha *catillo*,
Sobriaque e puro pocula fonte bibat.

V. 17. At morn I take my cuſtom'd round,] Mr. Headley quotes the following from Milton's *Arcades*, where the Genius of the wood is introduced deſcribing his daily occupation:

When evening gray doth riſe, I fetch my *round*
Over the *mount* and all this hallow'd ground;

And every opening primroſe count,
That trimly paints my blooming mount:
Or o'er the ſculptures, quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy ſolitude,
I teach in winding wreaths to ſtray
Fantaſtic ivy's gadding ſpray.

IV.

At eve, within yon ſtudious nook,
I ope my braſs-emboſſed book,
Pourtray'd with many a holy deed
Of martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed:
Then, as my taper waxes dim,
Chaunt, ere I ſleep, my meaſur'd hymn;

And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the ſlumb'ring leaves, or taſſell'd horn
Shakes the high thicket, haſte I all about,
Number my ranks, and viſit every ſprout,
With puiſſant words, and murmurs made to bleſs, &c.

A ſimilar employment is given to our firſt parents, during their ſtate of innocence:

On to their morning's rural work they haſte
Among ſweet dews and flowers, &c. *Par. Loſt*, v. 211.

For the laſt part of this ſtanza ſee, in particular, ix. 215:

——————— whether to *wind*
The woodbine round this arbor, or direct
The claſping *ivy* where to climb.

V. 24. Fantaſtic ivy's gadding ſpray.] The epithet "*gadding*," as Mr. Headley notices, is applied by Milton in *Lycidas*, ver. 40. to the vine. Maſon in his *Engliſh Garden* has ivy's "*gadding* tendrils." B. ii. ver. 134.

And, at the cloſe, the gleams behold
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

V. 31. —the gleams behold
Of parting wings—]
We have a ſimilar idea in thoſe exquiſitely beautiful lines of Pope;

Sill as the ſea ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving ſpirit bade the waters flow,
Soft as the ſlumbers of a ſaint forgiven,
And mild as op'ning *gleams* of promis'd heaven.
Eloiſ. ver. 253.

He had before ſpoken of the happineſs of the blameleſs Veſtal, for whom

—*wings* of Seraphs ſhed divine perfumes. Ver. 218.

This reſemblance I ſince find noticed by Dr. Warton. *Pope's Works*, ii. 40. By the way, the above four lines from Pope were perhaps ſuggeſted, as Headley has obſerved, by Davenant:

Smooth, as the face of waters firſt appear'd,
Ere tides began to ſtrive, or winds were heard;
Kind as the willing ſaints, and calmer farre,
Than in their ſleeps forgiven hermits are.

And again:

Calm as forgiven ſaints at their laſt hour.

(See Headley's *Beauties of Ancient Eng. Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 75 and 158.) Pope has ſkill enough to diſcern and to adapt to his own uſe the beauties of his predeceſſors, but not enough ingenuouſneſs to acknowledge his obligations to them.

V. 32. —wings bedropt with gold.] The ſame beautiful image occurs in Milton, *Par. Loſt*, vii. 406:

Show to the ſun their wav'd coats, *dropt with gold.*

And in Pope's *Windſor Foreſt*, ver. 144:

The yellow carp in ſcales, *bedropt with gold.*

Virgil in a manner not altogether diſſimilar deſcribes the bees,

Ardentes *auro*, et paribus lita corpora *guttis*. *Georg.* iv. 99.

The following deſcription of Zetes and Calais from Apollonius Rhodius, a poet not indeed in the firſt rank, but certainly worthy

V.

While ſuch pure joys my bliſs create,
Who but would ſmile at guilty ſtate?
Who but would wiſh his holy lot
In calm Oblivion's humble grot?
Who but would caſt his pomp away,
To take my ſtaff, and amice gray;
And to the world's tumultuous ſtage
Prefer the blameleſs hermitage?

of more regard than is uſually paid him, is full of picturesque circumſtances:

Τω μεν επ' ακροτατοισι ποδων ικατιζθεν ερεμναις
Σειων αειρομενω στειρυγας (μεγα θαμβος ιδεσθαι)
ΧΡΥΣΕΙΑΙΣ ΦΟΛΙΔΕΣΣΙ ΔΙΑΤΡΕΑΣ· αμφι δε τοτοις
Κραατος εξ ὑπατοιο και αυχενος ενθα και ενθα
Κυανεαι δονεοντο μετα πτοιησιν εθειραι. *Argon.* i. 219.

Virgil did not conſider Apollonius unworthy of his attention, and, ſometimes, cloſe imitation.

V. 38. —amice gray;] Gray clothing, from the Latin verb "amicio," to clothe. In *Paradiſe Regained*, iv. 427:

——————morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim ſteps in *amice gray*.

The *amice* was one of the ancient eccleſiaſtical habits. See Du Freſne *Gloſſ. Med. Lat.* in verb. *amictus*.

INSCRIBED

ON A

BEAUTIFUL GROTTO NEAR THE WATER.

(Publiſhed in 1753.)

I.

THE Graces ſought in yonder ſtream
To cool the fervid day,
When Love's malicious godhead came,
And ſtole their robes away.

II.

Proud of the theft, the little god
Their robes bade DELIA wear;
While they, aſham'd to ſtir abroad,
Remain all naked here.

Inſcribed, &c.] This inſcription is founded on the following in the *Anthologia:*

De balneo in Smyrna:

Ενθαδε λωσαμενων Χαριτων ποτι, θειπελα πεπλα
Βαιος Ερως εκλεψε και ῳχετο· τας δ' ελιπ' αυτου
Γυμνας, αιδομενας θυριων εκτοσθε φανηναι. IV. xix. 11.

The idea is not uncommon with the Greek epigrammatiſts; ſee particularly *Anthol.* IV. xv. 5. and xix. 18.

INSCRIPTION

OVER A

CALM AND CLEAR SPRING IN BLENHEIM GARDENS.

HERE quench your thirſt, and mark in ME
An emblem of true Charity;
Who, while my bounty I beſtow,
Am neither heard nor ſeen to flow.

Inſcription, &c.] I have heard this inſcription attributed to Dr. Phanuel Bacon, fellow of Magdalen College, author of the *Kite*, and of one or two pieces in the *Oxford Sauſage*. A copy of the inſcription, which a friend once ſhewed me in MS. has two additional lines:

Repaid by freſh ſupplies from heav'n,
For every cup of water given.

I ſince find the inſcription mentioned as Dr. Bacon's in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1792; where the firſt line is, "Gentle reader, ſee in me." The inſertion of the Inſcription in the edition of Warton's Poems in 1791, arranged by himſelf, and partly printed before his death, may be conſidered as aſcertaining him for the author.

EPITAPH

ON MR. HEAD.

OH ſpare his youth, O ſtay thy threat'ning hand,
Nor break too ſoon young wedlock's early band!
But if his gentle and ingenuous mind,
The generous temper, and the taſte refin'd,
A ſoul unconſcious of corruption's ſtain,
If learning, wit, and genius plead in vain,
O let the mourning Bride, to ſtop thy ſpear,
Oppoſe the meek reſiſtance of a tear!
And when to ſooth thy force his virtues fail,
Let weeping faith and widow'd love prevail!

TRANSLATIONS

AND

PARAPHRASES.

JOB,

CHAPTER XXXIX.

(Publiſhed in 1750, in the Student.)

DECLARE, if heav'nly wiſdom bleſs thy tongue,
When teems the Mountain-Goat with promis'd young;
The ſtated ſeaſons tell, the month explain,
When feels the bounding Hind a mother's pain;
While, in th' oppreſſive agonies of birth,
Silent they bow the ſorrowing head to earth?
Why crop their luſty ſeed the verdant food?
Why leave their dams to ſearch the gloomy wood?

Say, whence the Wild-Aſs wantons o'er the plain,
Sports uncontrol'd, unconſcious of the rein?
'Tis his o'er ſcenes of ſolitude to roam,
The waſte his houſe, the wilderneſs his home:
He ſcorns the crowded city's pomp and noiſe,
Nor heeds the driver's rod, nor hears his voice;
At will on ev'ry various verdure fed,
His paſture o'er the ſhaggy cliffs is ſpread.

Will the fierce Unicorn obey thy call,
Enſlav'd to man, and patient of the ſtall?
Say, will he ſtubborn ſtoop thy yoke to bear,
And thro' the furrow drag the tardy ſhare?
Say, canſt thou think, O wretch of vain belief,
His lab'ring limbs will draw thy weighty ſheaf?
Or canſt thou tame the temper of his blood
With faithful feet to trace the deſtin'd road?
Who paints the Peacock's train with radiant eyes,
And all the bright diverſity of dies?
Whoſe hand the ſtately Oſtrich has ſupply'd
With glorious plumage, and her ſnowy pride?
Thoughtleſs ſhe leaves amid the duſty way
Her eggs, to ripen in the genial ray;
Nor heeds, that ſome fell beaſt, who thirſts for blood,
Or the rude foot, may cruſh the future brood.
In her no love the tender offspring ſhare,
No ſoft remembrance, no maternal care:
For God has ſteel'd her unrelenting breaſt,
Nor feeling ſenſe, nor inſtinct mild impreſs'd,
Bade her the rapid-ruſhing ſteed deſpiſe,
Outſtrip the rider's rage, and tow'r amidſt the ſkies.
Didſt thou the Horſe with ſtrength and beauty deck?
Haſt thou in thunder cloth'd his nervous neck?

Will he, like groveling graſhoppers afraid,
Start at each ſoun[1], at ev'ry breeze diſmay'd?
A cloud of fire his lifted noſtrils raiſe,
And breathe a glorious terror as they blaze.
He paws indignant, and the valley ſpurns,
Rejoicing in his might, and for the battle burns.
When quivers rattle, and the frequent ſpear
Flies flaſhing, leaps his heart with languid fear?
Swallowing with fierce and greedy rage the ground,
"Is this," he cries, "the trumpet's warlike ſound?"
Eager he ſcents the battle from afar,
And all the mingling thunder of the war.
Flies the fierce Hawk by thy ſupreme command,
To ſeek ſoft climates, and a ſouthern land?
Who bade th' aſpiring Eagle mount the ſky,
And build her firm aerial neſt on high?
On the bare cliff, or mountain's ſhaggy ſteep,
Her fortreſs of defence ſhe dares to keep;
Thence darts her radiant eye's pervading ray,
Inquiſitive to ken the diſtant prey;
Seeks with her thirſty brood th' enſanguin'd plain,
There bathes her beak in blood, companion of
the ſlain.

A PASTORAL

IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

FROM THEOCRITUS,

IDYLL. XX.

I.

AS late I ſtrove LUCILLA's lip to kiſs,
She with diſcurteſee reprov'd my will;
Doſt thou, ſhe ſaid, affect ſo pleaſant bliſs,
A ſimple ſhepherd, and a loſell vile?
Not Fancy's hand ſhould join my courtly lip
To thine, as I myſelf were faſt aſleep.

II.

As thus ſhe ſpake, full proud and boaſting laſſe,
And as a peacocke pearke, in dalliance

From Theocritus.] This is not a tranſlation, but rather a paraphraſtic imitation of the 20th Idyllium of Theocritus. The ſtanza is the ſame with that in Spenſer's *Shepherd's Calendar*; *January* and *December*.

V. 4. —a loſell vile?] A good-for-nothing fellow.

V. 8. —as a peacocke pearke,] Spenſer's *Shepherd's Calendar, February*:

> They wont in the wind wag their wriggle tails,
> *Pearke as a peacocke.*

She bragly turned her ungentle face,
And all diſdaining ey'd my ſhape aſkaunce:
But I did bluſh, with grief and ſhame yblent,
Like morning-roſe with hoary dewe beſprent.

III.

Tell me, my fellows all, am I not fair?
Has fell enchantreſs blaſted all my charms?
Whilom mine head was ſleek with treſſed hayre,
My laughing eyne did ſhoot out love's alarms:
E'en KATE did deemen me the faireſt ſwain,
When erſt I won this girdle on the plain.

V. 10. —ey'd my ſhape aſkaunce:] *Par. Loſt*, iv. 502:

—— Aſide the Devil turn'd
For envy, and with jealous leer malign
Eyed them *aſkance*.

See alſo Spenſer, *F. Q.* III. xii. 15:

Under his *eyebrows* looking ſtill *aſkaunce*.

V. 11. —yblent,] blinded, confounded. So in *F. Q.* I. ii. 5:

The eie of reaſon was with rage *yblent*.

V. 12. Like morning-roſe with hoary dewe beſprent.] *Shepherd's Calendar, December*:

My head *beſprent with hoarie* froſt I fynde.

V. 15. —with treſſed hayre,] *Shepherd's Cal. April*:

He plung'd in vaine his *treſſed* lockes doth teare.

Drayton has "his *treſſed* locks." *Ecl.* II. vol. iv. p. 1391.

V. 16. My laughing eyne] This expreſſion does not occur in the 20th Idyll, but is elſewhere uſed by Theocritus: Ομματι μειδιοωντι. vii. 20. and by Moſchus,

Ὁ πριν μειδιοωντι συν ομματι φαιδρος ιδεσθαι. iii. 97.

IV.

My lip with vermil was embelliſhed,
My bagpipes notes loud and delicious were,
The milk-white lily, and the roſe ſo red,
Did on my face depeinten lively cheere,
My voice as ſoote as mounting larke did ſhrill,
My look was blythe as MARG'RET's at the mill.

V.

But ſhe forſooth, more fair than MADGE or KATE,
A dainty maid, did deign not ſhepherd's love;
Nor wiſt what THENOT told us ſwains of late,
That VENUS ſought a ſhepherd in a grove;

V. 19. My lip with vermil was embelliſhed,] For this and ver. 16, ſee *Comus*, ver. 753:

What need a *vermeil*-tinctur'd *lip* for that,
Love-darting eyes, or treſſes like the morn?

V. 20. My bagpipes notes] The bagpipe is the Shepherd's muſic in Spenſer's *Auguſt.*

V. 21. The milk-white lily, and the roſe ſo red,
Did on my face depeinten lively cheere,]
Shep. Cal. April:

The *red roſe* medled with the *white* yfere
In either cheeke *depeinten lively cheere.*

V. 23. My voice as ſoote as mounting larke did ſhrill,] *Shep. Cal. October:*

Would *mount* as high, and ſing as *ſoote* as ſwan.

"Soote" for ſweet is the common word from Chaucer down to William Browne. "To ſhrill" for "to ſound ſhrilly" is uſed by Spenſer. E. G. *Faerie Queen*, I. v. 6: A *ſhrilling* trompett."

V. 27. —THENOT] The name of an old ſhepherd in Spenſer's *Shep. Cal. February.*

Nor that a heav'nly God, who PHŒBUS hight,
To tend his flock with ſhepherds did delight.

VI.

Ah! 'tis that VENUS with accurſt deſpight,
That all my dolour and my ſhame has made!
Nor does remembrance of her own delight
For me one drop of pity ſweet perſuade!
Aye hence the glowing rapture may ſhe miſs,
Like me be ſcorn'd, nor ever taſte a kiſs!

V. 29. —who PHŒBUS hight,] Who was called PHŒBUS.

FROM HORACE, Book iii. Od. 13.

YE waves, that guſhing fall with pureſt ſtream,
Blanduſian fount! to whom the products ſweet
Of richeſt vines belong,
And faireſt flow'rs of Spring;

To thee a choſen victim will I kill,
A Goat, who, wanton in laſcivious youth,
Juſt blooms with budding horn,
And deſtines future war,

Elate in vaineſt thought: but ah! too ſoon
His reeking blood with crimſon ſhall pollute
Thy icy-flowing flood,
And tinge thy cryſtal clear.

Thy ſweet receſs the Sun in mid-day hour
Can ne'er invade: thy ſtreams the labour'd ox
Refreſh with cooling draught,
And glad the wand'ring herds.

Thy name ſhall ſhine with endleſs honour grac'd,
While on my ſhell I ſing the hanging oak,
That o'er thy cavern deep
Waves his imbowering head.

HORACE, Book iii. Od. 18.

AFTER THE MANNER OF MILTON.

FAUNUS, who lov'ſt to chaſe the light-foot
Nymphs,
Propitious guard my fields and ſunny farm,
And nurſe with kindly care
The promiſe of my flock.

So to thy pow'r a Kid ſhall yearly bleed,
And the full bowl to genial VENUS flow;
And on thy ruſtic ſhrine
Rich odours incenſe breathe:

So thro' the vale the wanton herds ſhall bound,
When thy December comes, and on the green
The ſteer in traces looſe
With the free village ſport:

No more the lamb ſhall fly th' inſidious wolf,
The woods ſhall ſhed their leaves, and the glad hind
The ground, where once he dug,
Shall beat in ſprightly dance.

ODES.

Τα ῥοδα τα δροσοεντα, και ἡ καταπυκνος εκεινη
Ἑρπυλλος κειται ταις Ἑλικωνιασι·
Ται δε μελαμφυλλοι δαφναι τιν, Πυθιε Παιαν.

THEOCRIT. Epigr.

ODE I.

TO SLEEP.

(Publiſhed in 1777.)

ON this my penſive pillow, gentle Sleep!
Deſcend, in all thy downy plumage dreſt:
Wipe with thy wing theſe eyes that wake to weep,
And place thy crown of poppies on my breaſt.

O ſteep my ſenſes in oblivion's balm,
And ſooth my throbbing pulſe with lenient hand;
This tempeſt of my boiling blood becalm!—
Deſpair grows mild at thy ſupreme command.

Yet ah! in vain, familiar with the gloom,
And ſadly toiling through the tedious night,
I ſeek ſweet ſlumber, while that virgin bloom,
For ever hovering, haunts my wretched ſight.

V. 3. Wipe with thy wing theſe eyes] See Craſhaw's tranſlation of Marino's Soſpetto d'Herode:

Now had the night's companion from her den,
Where all the buſy day ſhe cloſe doth lie,
With her ſoft *wing wip'd* from the brows of men
Day's ſweat. St. 49. p. 46. edit. Philips.

Nor would the dawning day my ſorrows charm:
Black midnight and the blaze of noon alike
To me appear, while with uplifted arm
Death ſtands prepar'd, but ſtill delays, to ſtrike.

V. 14. Black midnight and the blaze of noon alike
To me appear,—]
Compare *Samſon Agoniſtes*, ver. 80:
O dark, dark, dark, amid *the blaze of noon*,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipſe
Without all hope of day.

V. 15. — with uplifted arm
Death ſtands prepar'd, but ſtill delays, to ſtrike.]
From *Paradiſe Loſt:*
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but *delay'd to ſtrike.* xi. 491.
Where it may be remarked by the way, that the very affecting circumſtance which follows,
———tho' oft invok'd
With vows as their chief good and final hope,
may poſſibly have been ſuggeſted by Phineas Fletcher,
Pray'rs there are idle, *death is woo'd in vain;*
In midſt of death poor wretches long to die.
Purple Iſland, Cant. vi. St. 37.
See alſo Sackville's figure of Remorſe in the *Induction to the Mirror of Magiſtrates:*
With dreadfull cheere and lookes throwne to the ſkie,
Wiſhing for death, and yet ſhe could not die. St. 33.

ODE II.

THE HAMLET.

WRITTEN IN WHICHWOOD FOREST.

(Publiſhed in 1777.)

THE hinds how bleſt, who ne'er beguil'd
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn wild;

The Hamlet.] Mr. Headley remarks that the leading idea of this poem was ſuggeſted by an account of the life of a peaſant in Ph. Fletcher's *Purple Iſland*, Cant. xii. of which the firſt ſix ſtanzas were certainly in Mr. Warton's eye:

V.

His certain life that never can deceive him
Is full of thouſand ſweets and rich content:
The ſmooth-leav'd beeches in the field receive him
With cooleſt ſhades, till noontide rage is ſpent:
His life is neither toſt in boiſt'rous ſeas
Of troublous world, nor loſt in ſlothful eaſe;
Pleas'd and full bleſt he lives when he his God can pleaſe.

VI.

His bed of wool yields ſafe and quiet ſleeps,
While by his ſide his faithful ſpouſe hath place,
His little ſon into his boſom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face:
Never his humble houſe or ſtate torment him,
Leſſe he could like, if leſſe his God had ſent him,
And, when he dies, green turfs with graſſie tombe content him.

The ſame remark as to the reſemblance of theſe poems is made in Headley's *Ancient Engliſh Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 140. where it is juſtly called a moſt exquiſite little piece, and is ſaid to contain ſuch a ſelection of beautiful rural images, as perhaps no other poem of equal length in our language preſents us with.

Whichwood Foreſt.] This foreſt is of conſiderable extent to-

Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
For ſplendid care, and guilty gain!

When morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam
Strikes their low thatch with ſlanting gleam,
They rove abroad in ether blue,
To dip the ſcythe in fragrant dew;

wards the weſtern ſide of Oxfordſhire, and at no great diſtance from our poet's pariſh of Cuddington. The bounds of it, as Camden informs us on an authority earlier than his own, were once much wider. For King Richard the Third diſforeſted a great part of Whichwood between Woodſtock and Brightſtow, which King Edward the Fourth had taken into the limits of that foreſt. *Britannia*, vol. i. p. 294. ed. 1722.

V. 5. —morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam] An image beautiful and new. Raphael's wings in *Par. Loſt*, v. 285. are "*ſky-tinctur'd*."

V. 8. They rove abroad in ether blue,
To dip the ſcythe in fragrant dew;]

In Maſon's *Engliſh Garden*, ii. 184:

Draw through *the dew* the ſplendor of his *ſcythe*.

Where, by the way, is an inſtance of that affected phraſeology, ſo frequent and ſo much to be regretted in a poet of undoubted genius. See alſo his very fine dramatic poem, *Caractacus*:

Lift your boughs of vervain blue,
Dipt in cold September *dew*.

The above expreſſion occurs in a very fine paſſage in the *Faerie Queene*, to which I cannot at preſent refer:

For not to have been dipt in Lethe lake
Could ſave the ſon of Thetis from to die:
But that blind bard did him immortal make
With verſes *dipt in dew* of Caſtalie.

The ſheaf to bind, the beech to fell,
That nodding ſhades a craggy dell.

Midſt gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
Wild nature's ſweeteſt notes they hear:
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue:
In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,
They ſpy the ſquirrel's airy bounds:
And ſtartle from her aſhen ſpray,
Acroſs the glen, the ſcreaming jay:
Each native charm their ſteps explore
Of Solitude's ſequeſter'd ſtore.

For them the moon with cloudleſs ray
Mounts, to illume their homeward way:
Their weary ſpirits to relieve,
The meadows incenſe breathe at eve.

But Achilles was dipt in Stygian lake. Young in his *Love of Fame* ſays very ſweetly of two beautiful young women in tears,

Like bluſhing roſe-buds, *dipt in* morning *dew*. Sat. v.

V. 11. Midſt gloomy glades,] I have been inclined to attribute our poet's alliterative propenſity to his fondneſs for Spenſer. We may trace him in the preſent inſtance in the *Faerie Queene*, II. vii. 3.

At laſt he came unto a *gloomy glade*.

V. 24. The meadows incenſe breathe at eve.] Mr. Headley refers to Gray and Milton, by whom the ſame circumſtance is applied with equal propriety to the morning:

No riot mars the ſimple fare,
That o'er a glimmering hearth they ſhare:
But when the curfeu's meaſur'd roar
Duly, the darkening valleys o'er,

The breezy call of *incenſe-breathing* morn. Gray's *Elegy*.

Now when as ſacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flow'rs, that *breath'd*
Their morning *incenſe*, when all things that breathe
From th' earth's great altar ſend up ſilent praiſe
To the Creator, and his noſtrils fill
With grateful ſmell, &c. *Par. Loſt.* ix. 192.

See a ſimilar idea in Giles Fletcher's *Chriſt's Victory*, publiſhed 1610:

There might the violet and primroſe ſweet
Ariſing from their beds of *incenſe* meet. iv. 8.

Perhaps the above paſſage from Milton gave the hint for the following lines:

Ye dew-fed vapours, nightly balm, exhal'd
From earth, young herbs, and flow'rs, that in the morn
Aſcend as *incenſe* to the Lord of day,
I come to breathe your odours, &c.

Crowe's *Lewesdon Hill*.

Amidſt the farrago of what is called poetry continually iſſuing from the preſs, the lovers of genuine poetry cannot but regret that a man, ſo well qualified, as the author of the above lines, to utter the moſt vigorous thoughts in the moſt expreſſive language, ſhould have written ſo little.

V. 27. But when the curfeu's meaſur'd roar, &c.] *Il Penſeroſo*, ver. 74:

Oft on a plat of riſing ground
I hear the *far-off curfeu* ſound,
Over ſome wide-water'd ſhore
Swinging ſlow with ſullen *roar*.

Has echoed from the diſtant town,
They wiſh no beds of cygnet-down,
No trophied canopies, to cloſe
Their drooping eyes in quick repoſe.

Their little ſons, who ſpread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or through the primros'd coppice ſtray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay;
Or quaintly braid the cowſlip-twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine;

V. 30. They wiſh no beds of cygnet-down,
No trophied canopies, to cloſe
Their drooping eyes in quick repoſe.]

Compare this and the two firſt lines of the Ode with Shakſpere, *Henry VI.* Part III. Act ii.

Gives not the *hawthorn* buſh a ſweeter ſhade
To ſhepherds looking on their ſilly ſheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd *canopy*
To kings, that fear their ſubjects' treachery?
O yes, it doth.

See alſo in *Henry IV.* Part II.

Why rather, Sleep, ly'ſt thou in ſmoky cribs,
Upon uneaſy pallets ſtretching thee,
And huſh'd with buzzing night-flies to thy ſlumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the *canopies* of coſtly ſtate,
And lull'd with ſound of ſweeteſt melody?

Lucretius has a very beautiful paſſage to this effect, but too long to be quoted. ii. 24. Dryden tranſlates one of the lines,

With golden *canopies*, and beds of ſtate.

Or haſten from the ſultry hill,
To loiter at the ſhady rill;
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy creſt,
To rob the raven's ancient neſt.

Their humble porch with honied flow'rs
The curling woodbine's ſhade imbow'rs:

V. 41. —the tall pine's gloomy creſt,] The pine, which ſeveral times makes its appearance in our author's poetry, is generally aſſociated with melancholy and gloomy ideas.

Ode to a Friend, ver. 13:

The tufted *pines*, whoſe umbrage tall
Darkens the long deſerted hall.

Pleaſures of Melancholy, ver. 37:

———Or let me tread
Its neighbouring walk of *pines*, where mus'd of old
The cloyſter'd brothers: through the gloomy void
That far extends beneath their ample arch,
As on I pace, religious horror wraps
My ſoul in dread repoſe.

Ode on Approach of Summer, ver. 239:

In ſolemn ſtate, where waving wide
Thick *pines* with darkening umbrage hide
The rugged vaults and riven towers, &c.

We muſt however except "the *piny* verdure" of Crete, (*Cruſ.* ver. 32.) the "*piny* ſteeps of Lycæum, (*Ode on Summer*, ver. 186.) and the cliffs of Sicily, "that wav'd with oak and *pine*." (*Ode for June* 4, 1786, ver. 34.)

V. 43. Their humble porch with honied flow'rs
The curling woodbine's ſhade imbow'rs:]

Par. Loſt, i. 303:

——Where th' Etrurian *ſhades*
High over-arch'd *imbow'r*.

From the ſmall garden's thymy mound
Their bees in buſy ſwarms reſound:
Nor fell Diſeaſe, before his time,
Haſtes to conſume life's golden prime:
But when their temples long have wore
The ſilver crown of treſſes hoar;
As ſtudious ſtill calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flowery turf they ſleep.

V. 43. —with honied flow'rs] *Lycidas*, ver. 140:

That on the green turf ſuck the *honied flow'rs.*

In *Il Penſ.* ver. 142. we have "the bee with *honied* thie," and in *Samſon Agoniſtes*, 1066. "The bait of *honied* words." Dr. Johnſon in his life of Gray has not ſpecified the nature of the objection which he has to Gray's uſe of "the *honied* Spring." "There has "of late," he obſerves, "ariſen a practice of giving to adjectives "derived from ſubſtantives the termination of participles; ſuch as "the *cultured* plain, the *daiſied* bank: but I was ſorry to ſee, in the "lines of a ſcholar like Gray, the *honied* Spring." As to the lateneſs of the general practice, to go no farther back, Milton has frequently adopted it.

V. 45. From the ſmall garden's thymy mound] In the earlier editions it was the "*trim garden*;" from *Il Penſeroſo*:

That in *trim gardens* takes his pleaſure. Ver. 50.

The epithet "trim" ſo applied was appropriate. In the firſt edition of Milton's ſmaller poems, by Warton, is a note on the above line, containing ſome curious remarks and anecdotes relating to the formal ſtyle of gardening.

V. 50. The ſilver crown of treſſes hoar;] *Proverbs*, xvi. 31: "The *hoary* head is a *crown* of glory, if it be found in the way of "righteouſneſs." See *Ode on Approach of Summer*, ver. 292:

And Age ſhall give the *treſſes hoar.*

ODE III.

WRITTEN AT VALE-ROYAL ABBEY IN CHESHIRE.

(Publiſhed in 1777.)

AS evening ſlowly ſpreads his mantle hoar,
No ruder ſounds the bounded valley fill,
Than the faint din, from yonder ſedgy ſhore,
Of ruſhing waters, and the murmuring mill.

How ſunk the ſcene, where cloiſter'd Leiſure mus'd!
Where war-worn Edward paid his awful vow;
And, laviſh of magnificence, diffus'd
His crouded ſpires o'er the broad mountain's brow!

Vale-royal Abbey] A Monaſtery for Ciſtercian Monks, founded by King Edward I. about the year 1300, in conſequence of a vow, which he made when in danger of being ſhipwrecked, during his return from a cruſade. It was firſt founded at Dernhall in the ſame county in the year 1270, 54th of the reign of Henry III. But afterwards Edward I. in the 27th year of his own reign, tranſlated it to a place on the river Wever, not far diſtant, to which he on this occaſion gave the name of The Vale-royal, and granted to the Abbot and Convent ſeveral pariſhes, lands, &c. adjoining. After the diſſolution it came into the family of Holcroft, from whom it was purchaſed about the middle of the 17th century by the Lady Mary Cholmley; and in her family I believe that it ſtill continues.

The golden fans, that o'er the turrets ſtrown,
Quick-glancing to the ſun, wild muſic made,
Are reft, and every battlement o'ergrown
With knotted thorns, and the tall ſapling's ſhade.

The prickly thiſtle ſheds its plumy creſt,
And matted nettles ſhade the crumbling maſs,
Where ſhone the pavement's ſurface ſmooth, impreſt
With rich reflection of the ſtoried glaſs.

V. 9. The golden fans, that o'er the turrets ſtrown,
Quick-glancing to the ſun, wild muſic made,]
Mr. Headley refers to ſome inſtances, where this idea occurs, quoted in the 2d vol. of *Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry*, p. 223. *note*. "In the "caſtle of *Pleaſaunt Regard*, the fans on the high towers are "mentioned as a circumſtance of pleaſure and beauty. *Aſſembl.* "*of Lad.* ver. 160:

"The towris hie full pleaſant ſhall ye finde,
"With *phanis freſhe, turning in every winde.*

"And our Author again, ch. 38:

"Aloft the towres the *golden fanes* goode
"*Dyde with the winde make full ſweete armony,*
"Them for to heare it was great melody."

See alſo Percy's *Reliques*, vol. i. p. 104.

V. 10. Quick-glancing to the ſun,] Gray's *Ode to Spring*:

Some ſhow their gayly-gilded trim,
Quick-glancing to the ſun.

V. 15. Where ſhone the pavement's ſurface ſmooth, impreſt
With rich reflection of the ſtoried glaſs.]
"*Storied* glaſs" is of courſe the ſame with "*ſtoried* windows," *On the birth of the Pr. of Wales*, ver. 50. Mr. Headley obſerves that the image contained in theſe lines, which in nature is moſt beautiful,

Here hardy chieftains ſlept in proud repoſe,
Sublimely ſhrin'd in gorgeous imagery;
And through the leſſening iles, in radiant rows,
Their conſecrated banners hung on high.

There oxen browze, and there the ſable yew
Through the dun void diſplays its baleful glooms;
And ſheds in lingering drops ungenial dew
O'er the forgotten graves and ſcatter'd tombs.

By the ſlow clock, in ſtately-meaſur'd chime,
That from the maſſy tower tremendous toll'd,
No more the plowman counts the tedious time,
Nor diſtant ſhepherd pens his twilight fold.

was firſt introduced into poetry by Pope, though very feebly expreſſed:

With various-colour'd light *the pavement ſhone.*
Temp. of Fame, 254.

But compare the language and the idea of Milton, though he is not deſcribing the effect of painted glaſs, reflected on the floor:

——————the bright
Pavement, that like a ſea of jaſper *ſhone*,
Impurpled with celeſtial roſes ſmil'd. *Par. Loſt.* iii. 362.

This is ſhining with *various-coloured* light; for the jaſper has a *green* ground, interſperſed with ſpots of red, white, and yellow.

V. 25. By the ſlow clock, in ſtately-meaſur'd chime, &c.] The thoughts in this ſtanza are ſimilar to thoſe in the opening of Gray's *Elegy*: but the error in the latter, of making the ploughman leave off work at curfew-time, was ſeen and avoided.

High o'er the trackleſs heath at midnight ſeen,
No more the windows, rang'd in long array,
(Where the tall ſhaft and fretted nook between
Thick ivy twines) the taper'd rites betray.

V. 29. High o'er the trackleſs heath at midnight ſeen,
No more the windows, rang'd in long array,
(Where the tall ſhaft and fretted nook between
Thick ivy twines) the taper'd rites betray.]

Every picturesque eye muſt be gratified with this accurate delineation of a very pleaſing object. But my intention in citing it here is that I may notice how nicely Warton has at different times touched on the Gothic window, that intereſting feature in our eccleſiaſtical architecture. This will appear by an attention to the ſeveral paſſages in which he has noticed it. In the *Monody*, ver. 9. the *height* and *long range* of the windows are remarked;

Where the *tall* windows riſe in ſtately *rows*
Above th' embowering ſhade.

Both which particularities are noticed in the text: as alſo in *Mons Catharinæ*, ver. 81: Of Wincheſter Cathedral,

Ingens delubrum, *centum ſublime feneſtris*.

Somewhat of the *ſhape* is intimated in *Ode on Approach of Summer*, ver. 122:

Far ſeen its *arched* windows blaze,

The epithet "arched," I believe, is never uſed by our poet, but with reference to the pointed arch. But the *Verſes to Sir Joſ. Reynolds*, which contain an exact picture of a cathedral, are minute alſo in this particular. Ver. 23:

Where Superſtition with capricious hand
In *many a maze the wreathed* window plann'd,
With *hues romantic ting'd the gorgeous pane*, &c.

Which ſupply us with the *mullions* and *painted glaſs*; to which if we add the great weſtern window, intimated in the ſame verſes, 101. "the *broad* window's *height*," (for, it will be obſerved, the Poet ſpeaks of the weſt window in New College Chapel) it may be difficult to mention any diſtinguiſhing feature in that branch of

Ev'n now, amid the wavering ivy-wreaths,
(While kindred thoughts the penſive ſounds inſpire)
When the weak breeze in many a whiſper breathes,
I ſeem to liſten to the chaunting quire.

As o'er theſe ſhatter'd towers intent we muſe,
Though rear'd by Charity's capricious zeal,
Yet can our breaſts ſoft Pity's ſigh refuſe,
Or conſcious Candour's modeſt plea conceal?

For though the ſorcereſs, Superſtition blind,
Amid the pomp of dreadful ſacrifice,
O'er the dim roofs, to cheat the tranced mind,
Oft bade her viſionary gleams ariſe:

Though the vain hours unſocial Sloth beguil'd,
While the ſtill cloiſter's gate Oblivion lock'd;
And thro' the chambers pale, to ſlumbers mild
Wan Indolence her drowſy cradle rock'd:

Gothic architecture, which Warton has not noticed. Theſe are not hackneyed pictures, but ſhow an obſerver of real appearances.

V. 42. Amid the pomp of dreadful ſacrifice,] Pope's *Eloiſa*:

From the full quire when loud Hoſannahs riſe,
And ſwell *the pomp of dreadful ſacrifice*. Ver. 353.

V. 48. Wan Indolence her drowſy cradle rock'd:] Pope, in a very tender and affectionate paſſage, uſes the ſame figure:

Yet hence, enthron'd in venerable ſtate,
Proud Hoſpitality diſpens'd her ſtore:
Ah, ſee, beneath yon tower's unvaulted gate,
Forlorn ſhe ſits upon the brambled floor!

Her ponderous vaſe, with Gothic pourtraiture
Emboſs'd, no more with balmy moiſture flows;
Mid the mix'd ſhards o'erwhelm'd in duſt obſcure,
No more, as erſt, the golden goblet glows.

Me let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of repoſing age. *Prol. to Sat.* ver. 408.

V. 53. Her ponderous vaſe, with Gothic pourtraiture
Emboſs'd,—]

Complaint of Cherwell, St. 4:

In Iſis' *vaſe* if Fancy's eye diſcern
Majeſtic towers *emboſs'd* in ſculpture high.

Compare Spenſer's *Virgil's Gnat*:

Ne yet his cup *emboſt with imagery*. St. 13.

The word *pourtraiture*, the meaning of which is obvious, was introduced into the language by Chaucer, among innumerable other innovations, from the French:

Why ſhulde I not as wel eke tell you all
The *purtraiture*, that was upon the wall
Within the temple of mighty Mars the Rede? *C. T.* 1969.

It is not uncommon in Spenſer; but though uſed by Dryden in his verſion of the above paſſage of the *Knightes Tale*,

Within theſe Oratories might you ſee
Rich carvings, *pourtraitures*, and imagery,

may be conſidered perhaps as obſolete. Warton has it again, *To Sir Joſ. Reynolds*, ver. 47:

Thoſe native *pourtraitures* of Attic art.

Sore beat by ſtorms in Glory's arduous way,
Here might Ambition muſe, a pilgrim ſage;
Here raptur'd ſee, Religion's evening ray
Gild the calm walks of his repoſing age.

Here ancient Art her dædal fancies play'd
In the quaint mazes of the criſped roof;
In mellow glooms the ſpeaking pane array'd,
And rang'd the cluſter'd column, maſſy proof.

V. 62. —the criſped roof;] And above, in *Verſes to Sir Joſ. Reynolds*, ver. 72. " the *criſped* nich." The word muſt be underſtood of the curious fretwork, which winds and interlaces itſelf, in every direction, over the roofs and tabernacles of Gothic buildings.

V. 63. —the ſpeaking pane—] *Verſes to Sir J. Reynolds*, ver. 4. " the *ſpeaking* glaſs."

V. 64. And rang'd the cluſter'd column, maſſy proof.] *Il Penſ.* ver. 157 :

And love the high embowed roof,
With antick pillars *maſſy proof*.

" Maſſy proof, that is (ſays Bp. Warburton) proof againſt a great " weight. So, in the poem of *Arcades*,

—branching elm ſtar-*proof*;

" that is, which will reſiſt the evil influence of the planets." And in this explanation, as to that part of it, which concerns the etymology, Dr. Hurd, Mr. Warton, Mr. Todd, and the other commentators on Milton appear to have acquieſced, or at leaſt have not objected to it; though it is evidently unfounded. " Star-*proof*" and " ſun-*proof*" doubtleſs mean *proof* againſt, or (in Milton's words) " impenetrable to, *ſtar* or *ſun* light :" but by no analogy can *maſſy-proof* be analyſed into " proof againſt a great weight," or maſſiveneſs; unleſs it be contended, and ſurely it will not, that

Here Learning, guarded from a barbarous age,
Hover'd awhile, nor dar'd attempt the day;
But patient trac'd upon the pictur'd page
The holy legend, or heroic lay.

Hither the ſolitary minſtrel came
An honour'd gueſt, while the grim evening ſky

" maſſy" is a ſubſtantive. Milton however may be ſtill made to illuſtrate himſelf. In *Samſon Agoniſtes* it is ſaid that Samſon,

> ——weaponleſs himſelf,
> Made arms ridiculous, uſeleſs the forgery
> Of brazen ſhield and ſpear, the hammer'd cuiraſs,
> Chalybean temper'd ſteel, and frock of mail
> Adamantean *proof*. Ver. 130.

" Adamantean proof" here evidently does not mean proof againſt adamant; the frock of mail was *adamantean* (tunica *adamantina*), and *proof* or impenetrable; as the ſteel mentioned before was *chalybean* (chalybeum ferrum) and *tempered*. In each caſe are two adjectives agreeing with one ſubſtantive, though not connected by the copulative: and thus in the paſſage, with which we ſet out, the pillars are *maſſy* and *proof*, or immoveable. That " proof" may be uſed thus abſolutely appears from the following:

> Now put your ſhields before your hearts, and fight
> With hearts more *proof* than ſhields.

This paſſage is quoted from Shakſpere by Dr. Johnſon on the word, but without reference to the play. The above explanation will hold, whether the word is conſidered to be an adjective, or to be uſed elliptically (as Dr. Johnſon ſays) for " *of proof*."

V. 70. —while the grim evening ſky
Hung lowering,—]

Suicide, ver. 7. " *Lower'd* the *grim* morn." Milton ſpeaks of " *grim* fires" in *Par. Loſt*, ii. 170. and " Death's *grim* cave" in xi. 469.

Hung lowering, and around the ſocial flame
Tun'd his bold harp to tales of chivalry.

Thus ſings the Muſe, all penſive and alone;
Nor ſcorns, within the deep fane's inmoſt cell,
To pluck the gray moſs from the mantled ſtone,
Some holy founder's mouldering name to ſpell.

Thus ſings the Muſe:—yet partial as ſhe ſings,
With fond regret ſurveys theſe ruin'd piles:
And with fair images of ancient things
The captive bard's obſequious mind beguiles.

But much we pardon to th' ingenuous Muſe;
Her fairy ſhapes are trick'd by Fancy's pen:
Severer Reaſon forms far other views,
And ſcans the ſcene with philoſophic ken.

V. 75. —the gray moſs] So Spenſer in the *Faerie Queene*,

——————did ſpread
Their arms abroad with *gray moſſe* overcaſt. I. ii. 28.

And in the *Shepherd's Calendar, February*:

But now the *gray moſſe* marred his rine.

V. 82. Her fairy ſhapes are trick'd by Fancy's pen:] "Tricked," which means adorned, dreſſed out, is uſed by Milton in *Il Penſ.* ver. 123:

Not *trick'd* and frounc'd as ſhe was wont.

And in a ſublime paſſage in *Lycidas*, ver. 170:

And *tricks* his beams, and with new-ſpangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning ſky.

But the word is not yet out of uſe.

From theſe deſerted domes new glories riſe;
More uſeful inſtitutes, adorning man,
Manners enlarg'd, and new civilities,
On freſh foundations build the ſocial plan.

Science, on ampler plume, a bolder flight
Eſſays, eſcap'd from Superſtition's ſhrine;
While freed Religion, like primeval light
Burſting from chaos, ſpreads her warmth divine.

SOLITUDE, AT AN INN.

(Written May 15, 1769.)

OFT upon the twilight plain,
Circled with thy ſhadowy train,
While the dove at diſtance coo'd,
Have I met thee, Solitude!
Then was lonelineſs to me
Beſt and true ſociety.
But, ah! how alter'd is thy mien
In this ſad deſerted ſcene!
Here all thy claſſic pleaſures ceaſe,
Muſing mild, and thoughtful peace:
Here thou com'ſt in ſullen mood,
Not with thy fantaſtic brood
Of magic ſhapes and viſions airy
Beckon'd from the land of Fairy:
'Mid the melancholy void
Not a penſive charm enjoy'd!
No poetic being here
Strikes with airy ſounds mine ear;

V. 5. Then was lonelineſs to me
Beſt and true ſociety.]
Par. Loſt, ix. 249:
For *ſolitude* ſometimes is *beſt ſociety*.

No converſe here to fancy cold
With many a fleeting form I hold,
Here all inelegant and rude
Thy preſence is, ſweet Solitude.

ODE V.

SENT TO Mr. UPTON,

ON HIS EDITION OF THE FAERIE QUEENE.

(Publiſhed in 1777.)

AS oft, reclin'd on Cherwell's ſhelving ſhore,
I trac'd romantic Spenſer's moral page,
And ſooth'd my ſorrows with the dulcet lore
Which Fancy fabled in her elfin age;

Much would I grieve, that envious Time ſo ſoon
O'er the lov'd ſtrain had caſt his dim diſguiſe; 6

Ode, &c.] In the Library of Trinity College, Oxford, there is a copy of Urry's Chaucer, on the firſt leaf of which is the following memorandum. Notulas manuſcriptas adjecit Joannes Upton, Præbendarius Eccleſiæ Roffenſis. Cujus a Muſæo redemptus eſt iſte liber. *T. Warton.*

V. 2. —romantic Spenſer's moral page;] "Romantic," becauſe he ſings

Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of foreſts and inchantments drear. *Il Penſ.*

But at the ſame time, "moral," becauſe under the wildeſt ſtories

More is meant than meets the ear.

Spenſer ſays of his own poetry,

Fierce warres and faithfull loves ſhall *moralize* my ſong.

As lowering clouds, in April's brighteſt noon,
Mar the pure ſplendors of the purple ſkies.

Sage UPTON came, from every myſtic tale
To chaſe the gloom that hung o'er fairy ground:
His wiſard hand unlocks each guarded vale,
And opes each flowery foreſt's magic bound.

Thus, never knight with mortal arms eſſay'd
The caſtle of proud Buſyrane to quell,
Till Britomart her beamy ſhield diſplay'd,
And broke with golden ſpear the mighty ſpell:

V. 8. Mar the pure ſplendors of the purple ſkies.] See Ph. Fletcher's *Purple Iſland:*

Only one blot ſo great *a light to mar,*
That never could he hope his waning to repair. vi. 70.

I would mention here that the uſe of "repair" in the above paſſage, and again in Cant. vi. St. 64. of the ſame poem,

So ſoon *repairs* her light doubling her newborn rays,

may perhaps have occurred to Milton in *Lycidas*, ver. 169:

And yet anon *repairs* his drooping head;

and will more fully juſtify Gray, where he ſays of "the orb of "day,"

To-morrow he *repairs* the golden flood. *Bard*, III. iii.

See note on the above from Lycidas in Warton's edit. of Milton.

V. 16. —with golden ſpear—] I rather ſuſpect an overſight in this paſſage. When Britomart attended at Satyrane's Turney-ment in diſguiſe, ſhe is diſtinguiſhed as the "Knight of the hebene "ſpeare:" (See *F. Q.* IV. v. 8.) and it appears from IV. vi. 6. that it was with the ſame ſpear that ſhe had penetrated the caſtle of Buſyrane. Warton remarks however, (*Obſ. on Spenſer*, i. 207.)

The dauntleſs maid with hardy ſtep explor'd
Each room, array'd in gliſtering imagery;
And thro' th' inchanted chamber, richly ſtor'd,
Saw Cupid's ſtately maſke come ſweeping by.—

At this, where'er, in diſtant region ſheen, 21
She roves, embower'd with many a ſpangled bough,

that Spenſer ſometimes calls it "*golde launce.*" I am not aware that he ever calls it ſo; nor do I know what authority Upton has for ſaying (vol. ii. p. 517.) that it was headed with gold, or for identifying it, as he ſeems to do, with Aſtolfo's *lancia d'oro.* Perhaps indeed he has only mentioned the latter, by way of accounting for Spenſer's having attributed ſuch virtue to the "*bebene ſpeare.*" Compare Warton's *Hiſt. of Eng. P.* vol. i. p. 412.

V. 17. The dauntleſs maid with hardy ſtep explor'd, &c.] See *Faerie Queene*, B. III. C. xi. and xii. Moſt of the expreſſions in this ſtanza are properly taken from Spenſer:

Much fairer than the former was that *roome,*
And *richlier* by many partes *aray'd.* III. xi. 51.

And in the next ſtanza,

And all aboute the *gliſtring* walles were hong
With warlike ſpoiles.

And in the argument to Canto xii:

The *maſke of Cupid and th' enchaunted*
Chamber are diſplay'd.

Spenſer elſewhere uſes *imagery* as in the text:

That richer ſeem'd than any tapeſtry,
That princes bowres adorne with painted *imagery.* VII. vii. 10.

V. 21. At this, where'er, in diſtant region ſheen, &c.] This ſtanza has evidently an alluſion to the firſt Book of the Faerie Queene; but I do not altogether underſtand it.

Mild Una, lifting her majeſtic mien,
Braids with a brighter wreath her radiant brow.

At this, in hopeleſs ſorrow drooping long,
Her painted wings Imagination plumes;
Pleas'd that her laureate votary's reſcued ſong
Its native charm and genuine grace reſumes.

V. 26. Her painted wings Imagination plumes;] *Triumph of Iſis:*

She reſts her wearied feet, and *plumes her wings.* Ver. 240.

Comus, ver. 378, on which ſee the note;

She *plumes* her feathers, and lets grow her *wings*.

Thomſon is cloſe to the text, where he ſays of the birds, that they begin

——to *plume the painted wing*. *Spring*, 585.

The wings of Imagination are "painted" for an obvious reaſon.

ODE VI.

THE SUICIDE.

BENEATH the beech, whoſe branches bare,
Smit with the lightning's livid glare,
O'erhang the craggy road,
And whiſtle hollow as they wave;
Within a ſolitary grave,
A Slayer of himſelf holds his accurs'd abode.

The Suicide.] I am well informed that an opinion, which has prevailed of this Ode having been occaſioned by the death of Chatterton, is not founded on fact. Chatterton deſtroyed himſelf by ſwallowing arſenic in water. Not indeed that this circumſtance would be deciſive againſt his being the ſubject of it: but I know from indiſputable authority that he was not.

V. 6. A Slayer of himſelf—] I retain this expreſſion, which appeared in the laſt edition, in preference to "a wretched ſuicide." The "*ſleer of himſelf*" is uſed by Chaucer, *C. T.* 2097. and retained in Dryden's verſion of the *Knight's Tale*.

Ibid. A Slayer of himſelf holds his accurs'd abode.] This line ſtood at firſt

A wretched Suicide holds his accurs'd abode.

With ſome parts of this ſtanza compare the following from *Britannia's Paſtorals*:

——————In an ebon chaire
The ſoule's black *homicide* meager Deſpaire
Had his abode; there 'gainſt the *craggy* rockes
Some daſht their braines out——————
Others on trees (O! moſt *accurſed* elves!) &c. I. v.

Lower'd the grim morn, in murky dies
Damp miſts involv'd the ſcowling ſkies,
And dimm'd the ſtruggling day;
As by the brook, that ling'ring laves
Yon ruſh-grown moor with ſable waves,
Full of the dark reſolve he took his ſullen way.

I mark'd his deſultory pace,
His geſtures ſtrange, and varying face,

But ſee *Faerie Queene*, B. I. C. ix. which Browne, as well as Warton, certainly had in his eye.

V. 10. ——the brook, that ling'ring laves
Yon ruſh-grown moor with ſable waves,]
Like Virgil's deſcription of the lake of hell:
Quos circum limus *niger*, et deformis *arundo*
Cocyti, *tardâque palus* inamabilis undâ
Alligat. *Georg.* iv. 478.

V. 13. I mark'd his deſultory pace,
His geſtures ſtrange, and varying face,]
Mr. Headley refers to *Par. Loſt*:
——————his *geſtures* fierce
He *mark'd* and mad demeanour, then alone,
As he ſuppos'd, all unobſerv'd, unſeen. iv. 128.
See alſo, a few lines above:
Thus while he ſpake, each paſſion dimm'd his *face*
Thrice *chang'd* with pale ire, envy, and deſpair. 114.

Ibid. —his deſultory pace,] Salluſt thus finely deſcribes the unſettled ſpirits of Catiline by his varied and deſultory gait: *Inceſſus modo citus, modo tardus*, &c. This ſignification of the word "deſultory," although its ſtrict and literal ſignification, has been nearly ſuperſeded by one not ſo cloſely connected with its etymology. Warton uſes the word again in its primitive ſenſe, *Ode for*

With many a mutter'd ſound;
And ah! too late aghaſt I view'd
The reeking blade, the hand embru'd;
He fell, and groaning graſp'd in agony the ground.

Full many a melancholy night
He watch'd the ſlow return of light;
And ſought the powers of ſleep,
To ſpread a momentary calm
O'er his ſad couch, and in the balm
Of bland oblivion's dews his burning eyes to ſteep.

Full oft, unknowing and unknown,
He wore his endleſs noons alone,
Amid th' autumnal wood:
Oft was he wont, in haſty fit,
Abrupt the ſocial board to quit,
And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling flood.

June 4, 1788. ver. 39: Of the Dane, "his *defultory* march;" and nearly ſo, in *Ode for June* 4, 1790. ver. 12. "Indignant Darwent's *defultory* tide."

V. 25. Full oft, unknowing and unknown,] So Horace,
Oblituſque meorum, *obliviſcendus* et illis.

V. 26. ——————alone,
Amid th' autumnal wood:]
Probably from Akenſide, as Mr. Headley has obſerved:
Alone he treads *th' autumnal* ſhade. *Ode to Chearfulneſs.*

Beckoning the wretch to torments new,
DESPAIR, for ever in his view,
A ſpectre pale, appear'd;
While, as the ſhades of eve aroſe,
And brought the day's unwelcome cloſe,
More horrible and huge her giant-ſhape ſhe rear'd.

V. 33. A ſpectre pale,] *Verſes on Birth of Prince of Wales,*
——Horror's form, a *ſpectre wan.* Ver. 61.
Compare Dryden's *Palamon and Arcite,*
He withers at the heart, and looks as *wan*
As the *pale ſpectre* of a murder'd man.
Gray in his *Progreſs of Poeſy* has "her *ſpectres wan.*" I might have noticed before, that Milton perſonifies *Horror* in his *Quint. Novemb.* much in the ſame manner with Warton,
—*exanguiſque* locum circumvolat *Horror.* Ver. 148.
Spenſer never drew a finer groupe of allegorical perſonages, than that in the paſſage from which this figure is taken.

V. 36. More horrible and huge her giant-ſhape ſhe rear'd.] Mr. Headley obſerves that this combination occurs in Spenſer;
Whom after did a mightie man purſew,
Ryding upon a dromedare on hie,
Of ſtature *huge* and *horrible* of hew. *F. Q.* IV. viii. 38.
Theſe ideas are frequently connected in the *Faerie Queene*; ſee particularly I. vii. 8:
An hideous geaunt, *horrible* and *hye.*
And II. xii. 22, 23:
Eftſoones they ſaw an hideous hoaſt array'd
Of *huge* ſea-monſters ſuch as living ſence diſmay'd:
Moſt ugly ſhapes and *horrible* aſpects.

Ibid. —giant-ſhape] So in Ph. Fletcher's *Purple Iſland,* C. vii. St. 30.
Of *giant-ſhape* and ſtrength thereto agreeing.

" Is this, miſtaken Scorn will cry,
" Is this the youth whoſe genius high
" Could build the genuine rime?
" Whoſe boſom mild the favouring Muſe
" Had ſtor'd with all her ample views,
" Parent of faireſt deeds, and purpoſes ſublime."

Ah! from the Muſe that boſom mild
By treacherous magic was beguil'd,
To ſtrike the deathful blow:
She fill'd his ſoft ingenuous mind
With many a feeling too refin'd,
And rous'd to livelier pangs his wakeful ſenſe of woe.

Though doom'd hard penury to prove,
And the ſharp ſtings of hopeleſs love;

V. 38. ——————whoſe genius high
Could build the genuine rime?]
From *Lycidas*:
——————————he knew
Himſelf to ſing and *build the lofty rhime.* Ver. 10.
Ode for Muſic, ver. 135:
Erewhile ſhe ſtrove in accents weak
In vain to *build the lofty rhime.*
In the text the epithet " lofty" is altered for the worſe, probably becauſe of its reſemblance in ſignification to " high" in the foregoing verſe.

V. 49. Though doom'd hard penury to prove,] Gray ſays in his *Elegy*,
Chill penury repreſs'd their noble rage.

To griefs congenial prone,
More wounds than nature gave he knew,
While miſery's form his fancy drew
In dark ideal hues, and horrors not its own.

Then wiſh not o'er his earthy tomb
The baleful nightſhade's lurid bloom
To drop its deadly dew:
Nor oh! forbid the twiſted thorn,
That rudely binds his turf forlorn,
With ſpring's green-ſwelling buds to vegetate anew.

What though no marble-piled buſt
Adorn his deſolated duſt,

V. 60. With ſpring's green-ſwelling buds to vegetate anew.] A Greek poet thus beautifully addreſſes the earth, to whom he had confided his deceaſed wife;

Αλλ' ὡι συ φρασια κατα κρυταφου πολιοιο
Κεισο, και ειαρινας ανθοκομει βοτανας.

Anthol. III. vi. 32.

V. 61. What though no marble-piled buſt
Adorn his deſolated duſt, &c.]

See Pope's lines in his charming and pathetic though highly immoral apology for Suicide:

What tho' no weeping Loves thy aſhes grace,
Nor poliſh'd *marble* emulate thy face,
What tho' no ſacred earth allow thee room,
Nor *hallow'd dirge* be mutter'd o'er thy tomb,

With ſpeaking ſculpture wrought?
Pity ſhall woo the weeping Nine,
To build a viſionary ſhrine,
Hung with unfading flowers, from fairy regions brought.

What though refus'd each chaunted rite?
Here viewleſs mourners ſhall delight
To touch the ſhadowy ſhell:
And Petrarch's harp, that wept the doom
Of Laura, loſt in early bloom,
In many a penſive pauſe ſhall ſeem to ring his knell.

To ſooth a lone, unhallow'd ſhade,
This votive dirge ſad duty paid,

Yet ſhall thy grave with riſing flow'rs be dreſt,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breaſt.

See alſo Shakſpere in *Cymbeline*, Act iv. Gray's *Elegy*, and Collins's ſixth *Ode*.

V. 68. Here viewleſs mourners ſhall delight
To touch the ſhadowy ſhell: &c.]

Collins in much the ſame manner:

By Fairy hands their *knell is rung*,
By forms unſeen their *dirge* is ſung.

"Viewleſs" is a Miltonic word: ſee *Comus*, ver. 92. and note. "Thy *viewleſs* chariot." *Pl. of Mel.* ver. 115.

V. 74. This votive dirge—] "Votive" means what is given in compliance with a vow. Milton tranſlates Horace's tabulâ *votivâ*,

Within an ivied nook :
Sudden the half-ſunk orb of day
More radiant ſhot its parting ray,
And thus a cherub-voice my charm'd attention took.

" Forbear, fond bard, thy partial praiſe;
" Nor thus for guilt in ſpecious lays
" The wreath of glory twine:
" In vain with hues of gorgeous glow
" Gay Fancy gives her veſt to flow,
" Unleſs Truth's matron-hand the floating folds confine.

" Juſt heaven, man's fortitude to prove,
" Permits through life at large to rove

in my *vow'd* picture. Hor. B. I. Od. v. And by an eaſy tranſition it is made to ſignify, given as an offering of duty, affection, or the like, though not in conſequence of a ſpecific vow.

V. 78. And thus a cherub-voice my charm'd attention took.] Mr. Headley refers to Browne's *Britannia's Paſtorals:*

When *ſodainly a voice* as ſweet as cleare
With words *divine* began entice his eare, &c.

And from a heavenly quire this ditty heard. B. i. S. 5.

Gray in *The Bard*, III. iii. ſpeaks of

A *voice* as of the *cherub* choir.

V. 85. Juſt heaven, man's fortitude to prove,
Permits through life at large to rove, &c.] Is not this

" The tribes of hell-born Woe:
" Yet the ſame power that wiſely ſends
" Life's fierceſt ills, indulgent lends
" Religion's golden ſhield to break th' embattled foe.

" Her aid divine had lull'd to reſt
" Yon foul ſelf-murtherer's throbbing breaſt,
" And ſtay'd the riſing ſtorm:
" Had bade the ſun of hope appear
" To gild his darken'd hemiſphere,
" And give the wonted bloom to nature's blaſted form.

truly elevated and religious ſentiment ſuperior to one ſomewhat ſimilar in Gray's *Progreſs of Poeſy*?

Man's feeble race what ills await!
Labour and penury, the racks of pain,
Diſeaſe, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, ſad refuge from the ſtorms of Fate!
The fond complaint my ſong diſprove,
And juſtify the laws of Jove.
Say has he given in vain the heav'nly Muſe? &c.

But Religion is a better compenſation than the Muſe for the ills of life.

V. 89. ——indulgent lends
Religion's golden ſhield—]

Ph. Fletcher's *Purple Iſland*:

Patience *his ſhield had lent* to guard his breaſt. x. 7.

In *Paradiſe Loſt*, vi. 102. the Angels are repreſented with "*golden* "*ſhields*."

V. 92. Yon foul ſelf-murtherer] Browne ſpeaks of ſuicide under

" Vain man! 'tis heaven's prerogative
" To take, what firſt it deign'd to give,
" Thy tributary breath:
" In awful expectation plac'd,
" Await thy doom, nor impious haſte
" To pluck from God's right hand his inſtru-
" ments of death."

the appellation of "that *foule* offence." *Brit. Paſt.* I. i. And in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdeſs*, it is called "that *foul* unmanly "guilt." Act iv.

V. 97. "Vain man!] See *Britannia's Paſtorals:*

Vaine man! doe not miſtruſt
Of heaven winning;
Nor (tho' the moſt unjuſt)
Deſpaire for ſinning, &c.

This paſſage is referred to by Mr. Headley, who alſo remarks the general reſemblance between this Ode and Browne's *Brit. Paſt.* Book I. Song v.

V. 102. —his inſtruments of death.] Spenſer of a Suicide,

With which ſad *inſtrument* of haſty *death*. *F. Q.* I. ix. 30.

But compare the whole of the ninth Cant. of the firſt Book, in which will be found ſeveral hints improved on in "The Suicide." The whole adventure between the Red-Croſs Knight and Deſpair is in Spenſer's very firſt ſtile; but is in ſome of its parts, particularly the one before us, copied and greatly improved from Higgins's Legend of Queene Cordila, in the *Mirrour of Magiſtrates*. See *Hiſt. of Eng. Poet.* iii. 262.

ODE VII.

SENT TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS LEAVING A FAVOURITE VILLAGE IN HAMPSHIRE.

(Written in 1750. Publiſhed in 1777.)

AH mourn, thou lov'd retreat! No more
Shall claſſic ſteps thy ſcenes explore!
When morn's pale rays but faintly peep
O'er yonder oak-crown'd airy ſteep,

Sent to a Friend,] To his brother, Dr. Joſeph Warton, who at the time of this Ode being written, 1750, was juſt leaving his reſidence at Wynſlade, near Baſingſtoke, and going abroad with Charles Duke of Bolton. I am informed of this circumſtance by Mr. John Warton. The firſt Sonnet contains an alluſion to the ſame event.

V. 3. —morn's pale rays] Virgil ſpeaks of *pallida* Aurora, *Georg.* I. 446. Thomſon's *Spring*, ver. 20. the *pale morn*.

V. 3. When morn's pale rays but faintly peep
O'er yonder oak-crown'd airy ſteep,]

Of the morning *peeping out* of the eaſt, (ſee *Comus*, ver. 140. Warton's note) an inſtance is brought from Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdeſs*, and Drayton's *Muſes Elyſium*: but the expreſſion is common in Spenſer and Fairfax. I will juſt add, that the language in the paſſage of Milton above alluded to,

Ere the blabbing eaſtern *ſcout*
The nice *morn* on the Indian ſteep
From her cabin'd *loophole peep*,

Who now ſhall climb its brows to view
The length of landſcape, ever new,
Where Summer flings, in careleſs pride,
Her varied veſture far and wide!
Who mark, beneath, each village-charm,
Or grange, or elm-encircled farm:

is moſt probably derived from Fairfax in his tranſlation of Taſſo; where deſcribing a centinel, he ſays,

There in a turret ſat a ſoldier ſtout,
To watch, and at a *loophole peeped out.* vii. 100.

V. 6. The length of landſcape, ever new,] Dyer's *Grongar Hill:*

Ever charming, *ever new,*
When will the *landſcape* tire the view!

V. 9. Who mark, beneath, each village-charm,
Or grange, or elm-encircled farm:]

This is repeated, as Mr. Headley obſerves, in the *Ode on Approach of Summer:*

O! every *village-charm* beneath,
The *ſmoke* that mounts in azure wreath!
O beauteous rural interchange,
The ſimple *ſpire,* the *elmy grange!* Ver. 265.

Let me add here, that the elm was a favourite tree with Warton, no leſs than with Milton; at leaſt if we may judge from his repeated notices of it:

Inſcription in a Hermitage, ver. 3:

And while, to ſhade my lowly cave,
Embowering *elms* their umbrage wave.

Ode for June 4, 1790, ver. 27:

That breathes o'er Aſhton's *elmy* vale.

Sonnet VII. ver. 2:

———Where Epſom ſpreads
Mid intermingling *elms* her flow'ry meads.

The flinty dove-cote's crowded roof,
Watch'd by the kite that ſails aloof:
The tufted pines, whoſe umbrage tall
Darkens the long-deſerted hall:
The veteran beech, that on the plain
Collects at eve the playful train:
The cot that ſmokes with early fire,
The low-roof'd fane's emboſom'd ſpire!

Pleaſures of Melancholy, ver. 141:

——the waving *elms*
That, hoar thro' time, and rang'd in thick array,
Encloſe with ſtately row ſome rural hall.

Ode on Summer, ver. 100:

Beneath her *elm* the milkmaid chants.

Ibid. ver. 115:

Round ancient *elm*, with humming noiſe,
Full loud the chaffer-ſwarms rejoice.

In which two caſes the ſelection of circumſtances is arbitrary: they are not local deſcriptions.

Monſ. Catharinæ, ver. 78:

Turritum, a dextrâ, patulis caput extulit *ulmis*
Wiccamici domus alma chori.

And *In Horto Script:*

Vos O quæ ſociis plicata ramis
Ulmi brachia panditis gemellæ.

V. 18. The low-roof'd fane's emboſom'd ſpire!] *L'Allegro*, ver. 77:

Towers and battlements it ſees
Boſom'd high in tufted trees.

Warton has "The *tufted* pines, whoſe umbrage *tall*
Darkens the long-deſerted hall,
above, ver. 13. And "*boſom'd* cot," in *Ode on Summer*, ver. 112.

Who now ſhall indolently ſtray
Through the deep foreſt's tangled way;
Pleas'd at his cuſtom'd taſk to find
The well known hoary-treſſed hind,
That toils with feeble hands to glean
Of wither'd boughs his pittance mean!
Who mid thy nooks of hazle ſit,
Loſt in ſome melancholy fit;
And liſtening to the raven's croak,
The diſtant flail, the falling oak!
Who, through the ſunſhine and the ſhower,
Deſcry the rainbow-painted tower?
Who, wandering at return of May,
Catch the firſt cuckow's vernal lay?

V. 20. Through the deep foreſt's tangled way;] Of the word "tangle," which is Miltonic, our poet furniſhes ſeveral inſtances.

V. 22. The well known hoary-treſſed hind,] As Gray notices the "*hoary*-headed ſwain," in his *Elegy*. Πολιοκροταφος, Gr. See Anthol. III. xii. 18.

The Hamlet, ver. 50:

The ſilver crown of *treſſes hoar*.

Shakſpere, in *Midſ. N. Dr.* has "*hoary-headed* froſts."

V. 26. Loſt in ſome melancholy fit;
And liſtening to the raven's croak,]

In *Ode on Summer*, ver. 214:

The *raven* wakes my *tranced* mind.

See alſo *Comus*, ver. 547:

Wrapt in a pleaſing *fit* of *melancholy*.

Who muſing waſte the ſummer hour,
Where high o'er-arching trees embower
The graſſy lane, ſo rarely pac'd,
With azure flow'rets idly grac'd!
Unnotic'd now, at twilight's dawn
Returning reapers croſs the lawn;
Nor fond attention loves to note
The wether's bell from folds remote:
While, own'd by no poetic eye,
Thy penſive evenings ſhade the ſky!

For lo! the Bard who rapture found
In every rural ſight or ſound;

V. 34. Where high o'er-arching trees embower] *Par. Loſt*, i. 304:

——————Where th' Etrurian ſhades
High over-*arch'd embower*.

But ſee Warton's note on *Il Penſeroſo*, ver. 133.

V. 43. For lo! the Bard who rapture found
In every rural ſight or ſound;]

From *Par. Loſt*, as Mr. Headley remarks:

———From each thing met conceives delight,
The ſmell of grain, or tedded hay, or kine,
Or dairy, *each rural ſight, each rural ſound*. ix. 449.

Some of the circumſtances that follow are judiciouſly introduced in alluſion to a poem by Dr. Warton, intitled *Stanzas on taking the air after a long illneſs*:

Yet once more, O ye rivers, ſhall I lie
In ſummer evenings on your willow'd banks,
And, unobſerv'd by paſſing ſhepherd's eye,
View the light Naiads trip in wanton ranks.
Each rural object charms ſo long unſeen, &c.

Whoſe genius warm, and judgment chaſte,
No charm of genuine nature paſs'd;
Who felt the Muſe's pureſt fires,
Far from thy favour'd haunt retires:
Who peopled all thy vocal bowers
With ſhadowy ſhapes, and airy powers.

Behold, a dread repoſe reſumes,
As erſt, thy ſad ſequeſter'd glooms!
From the deep dell, where ſhaggy roots
Fringe the rough brink with wreathed ſhoots,
Th' unwilling Genius flies forlorn,
His primroſe chaplet rudely torn.

V. 51. Behold, a dread repoſe reſumes,] *Pleaſures of Melancholy*, ver. 41:

As on I pace, religious horror wraps
My ſoul in *dread repoſe*.

V. 53. ———where ſhaggy roots
Fringe the rough brink with wreathed ſhoots,]
Gray's *Elegy*, ver. 101:

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That *wreathes* its old fantaſtic *roots* ſo high.

V. 55. Th' unwilling Genius flies forlorn,
His primroſe chaplet rudely torn.
With hollow ſhriek the Nymphs, &c.]
Milton's *Hymn on the Nativity*:

From haunted ſpring and dale,
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting *Genius* is with ſighing ſent;
With *flow'r-inwoven treſſes torn*,
The Nymphs in twilight ſhade of tangled thickets mourn.

With hollow ſhriek the Nymphs forſake
The pathleſs copſe and hedge-row brake:
Where the delv'd mountain's headlong ſide
Its chalky entrails opens wide,
On the green ſummit, ambuſh'd high,
No longer Echo loves to lie.
No pearl-crown'd Maids, with wily look,
Riſe beckoning from the reedy brook.

And again; of Apollo:

With hollow ſhriek the ſteep of Delphos leaving. St. xix.

See alſo Spenſer, where the Nymphs are deſcribed ſympathiſing with Cymoent for the ſuppoſed loſs of Marinell:

Whiles all her ſiſters did for her lament,
With yelling outcries and with ſhrieking ſowne,
And every one *did teare her girlonde* from her crowne.
F. Q. III. iv. 30.

In the *Revenge of America*, Dr. Warton ſays of the Genius of India,

For grief his feathery crown he tore.

V. 58. ———hedge-row brake:] *L'Allegro*, ver. 58. "By *hedge-row* elms."

V. 61. On the green ſummit, ambuſh'd high,
No longer Echo loves to lie.]

See Moſchus's luſcious Elegy on Bion, a conſiderable part of which, like this paragraph, is made up of the lamentations of ſeveral imaginary beings for the loſs of their favourite poet:

Αχω δ' εν πετροισιν οδυρεται, ὁττι σιωπᾳ,
Κἠκετι μιμειται τα σα χειλεα. Ver. 30.

V. 63. No pearl-crown'd Maids, with wily look,
Riſe beckoning from the reedy brook.]

See *Taſſo*, Cant. xvi. and Spenſer, *F. Q.* II. xii. Mr. John Warton remarked to me a reſemblance between this and *Comus*, ver. 883:

Around the glow-worm's glimmering bank,
No Fairies run in fiery rank;
Nor bruſh, half-ſeen, in airy tread,
The violet's unprinted head.
But Fancy, from the thickets brown,
The glades that wear a conſcious frown,

By all the Nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy ſtreams with *wily glance.*

V. 63. ——pearl-crown'd Maids.]

In the *Triumph of Iſis*, ver. 13. Iſis is deſcribed with a "coral "crown." But ſee note on *Comus*, ver. 833. where in a paſſage from an old poet we have,

Plait her treſſes with your *pearls.*

Drayton alſo in *Polyolbion* introduces two Nereids,

With dainty nets of *pearl* caſt o'er their braided hair.

S. xx. ver. 111. p. 1042.

V. 65. Around the glow-worm's glimmering bank,
No fairies run in fiery rank;]

Milton's *Arcades*, ver. 97:

By ſandy Ladon's lilied *banks*
Trip no more in twilight *ranks.*

But the epithets have different relations; Milton's pointing out the time of day, Warton's the dazzling appearance of the fairies; agreeably to Shakſpere, who ſpeaks of "the fiery glow-worm." *Midſ. N. Dr.*

V. 68. The violet's unprinted head.] *Comus*, ver. 896:

Whilſt from off the waters fleet
Thus I ſet my *printleſs* feet
O'er the cowſlip's tender *bead,*
That bends not as I *tread.*

On which ſee note, and quotation from *England's Helicon.* Dryden in *The Flower and the Leaf,*

The foreſt-oaks, that, pale and lone,
Nod to the blaſt with hoarſer tone,
Rough glens, and ſullen waterfalls,
Her bright ideal offſpring calls.

So by ſome ſage inchanter's ſpell, 75
(As old Arabian fablers tell)

Attending long in vain I took the way,
Which through a path but ſcarcely *printed* lay,
In narrow mazes oft it ſeem'd to meet,
And look'd as *lightly preſs'd by fairy feet.*

Homer and Virgil have nearly the ſame idea, the former ſpeaking of the mares of Ericthonius, and the latter of Camilla.

V. 75. So by ſome ſage inchanter's ſpell, &c.] Mr. Headley quotes the following from Akenſide's *Pleaſures of Imagination*:

——————*So fables tell,*
Th' adventurous hero, bound on hard exploits,
Beholds with glad ſurpriſe by ſecret *ſpells*
Of ſome kind *ſage*, the patron of his toils,
A *viſionary* paradiſe diſclos'd
Amid the dubious *wild*, &c. B. iii. ver. 507.

But what follows from one of Addiſon's papers on the ſame ſubject, for a reference to which I am indebted to Mr. John Warton, is more complete. "We are every where entertained with pleaſing "ſhows and apparitions, we diſcover imaginary glories in the "heavens and in the earth, and ſee ſome of this *viſionary* beauty "poured out upon the whole creation. But what a rough un-"ſightly ſketch of nature ſhould we be entertained with, did all "her colouring diſappear, and the ſeveral diſtinctions of light "and ſhade vaniſh? In ſhort, our ſouls are at preſent delightfully "loſt and bewildered in a pleaſing deluſion, and we walk about "like the enchanted hero in a romance, who ſees *beautiful caſtles, "woods, and meadows*, and at the ſame time hears the warbling "of birds and purling of ſtreams; but upon the finiſhing *of ſome*

Amid the ſolitary wild,
Luxuriant gardens gaily ſmil'd:
From ſapphire rocks the fountains ſtream'd,
With golden fruit the branches beam'd;
Fair forms, in every wondrous wood,
Or lightly tripp'd, or ſolemn ſtood;

" ſecret *ſpell*, the fantaſtic ſcene breaks up, and the diſconſolate " knight finds himſelf *on a barren heath, or in a ſolitary foreſt*." *Spectator*, No. 413. Akenſide of courſe imitated Addiſon.

V. 79. From ſapphire rocks the fountains ſtream'd,] *Par. Loſt*, iv. 237:

How from that *ſaphir* fount the criſped brooks
Ran nectar, &c.

V. 80. With golden fruit the branches beam'd;] See alſo below, ver. 91:

Dun clouds obſcur'd the groves of *gold*,
Blue lightning ſmote the *blooming* mold.

And compare *Par. Loſt*, iv. 148:

Bloſſoms, and *fruits* at once of *golden* hue.

And ver. 219:

———*blooming* ambroſial *fruit*
Of vegetable *gold*.

And 249:

Others whoſe *fruit* burniſh'd with *golden* rind
Hung amiable.

In *Comus*, " Laden with *blooming gold*," ver. 394. See alſo *Grave of Arthur*, " *In groves* of *golden* bliſs," ver. 110.

V. 81. Fair forms, in every wondrous wood,
Or lightly tripp'd, or ſolemn ſtood;]

From *Par. Regained*, ii. 353:

———diſtant more
Under the trees now *tripp'd*, now *ſolemn ſtood*
Nymphs of Diana's train, &c.

And oft, retreating from the view,
Betray'd, at diſtance, beauties new:
While gleaming o'er the criſped bowers
Rich ſpires aroſe, and ſparkling towers.
If bound on ſervice new to go,
The maſter of the magic ſhow,
His tranſitory charm withdrew,
Away th' illuſive landſcape flew:
Dun clouds obſcur'd the groves of gold,
Blue lightning ſmote the blooming mold:

Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled ſince
Of faery damſels.

V. 85. ——the criſped bowers] *Comus*, ver. 984:
Along the *criſped* ſhades and *bowers*.

V. 90. Dun clouds] So the word is uſed by Shakſpere, in Lady Macbeth's awful invocation, to ſignify exceſſive gloomineſs:
————Come, thick night!
And pall thee in the *dunneſt* ſmoke of hell.
On which Dr. Johnſon's remark in No. 168. of the *Rambler* is unaccountable. It is uſed in the ſame manner by Fairfax:
The horrid darkneſs and the ſhadows *dun*. *Taſſ.* ix. 62.
And by Milton:
In the *dun* air ſublime. *Par. Loſt*, iii. 72.
See Mr. Thyer's note.

V. 92. Blue lightning ſmote the blooming mold:] The word "ſmote" thus applied, as it has been ſeveral times by our poet, is Miltonic:
Both where the morning ſun firſt warmly *ſmote*
The open field. *Par. Loſt*, iv. 244.
On which ſee Mr. Thyer's note in Newton's edition, where it is referred to the Italians. Compare alſo *Par. Loſt*, i. 297:

In viſionary glory rear'd,
The gorgeous caſtle diſappear'd;
And a bare heath's unfruitful plain
Uſurp'd the wiſard's proud domain.

———————the torrid clime
Smote on him ſore beſides.

Fletcher in the *Faithful Shepherdeſs* uſes the ſame figure with a different expreſſion, Act iv.

When the hot ſun *beats* on it.

ODE VIII.

MORNING.

THE AUTHOR CONFINED TO COLLEGE.

Scribimus inclusi.——— PERS. Sat. 1. ver. 13.

(Written in 1745, his 17th year. Published in 1750, in the Student.)

ONCE more the vernal sun's ambrosial beams
The fields as with a purple robe adorn:
Cherwell, thy sedgy banks and glist'ring streams
All laugh and sing at mild approach of morn;
Thro' the deep groves I hear the chaunting birds,
And thro' the clover'd vale the various-lowing herds.

Up mounts the mower from his lowly thatch,
Well pleas'd the progress of the spring to mark,

V. 5. Thro' the deep groves I hear the chaunting birds,] See the *Faerie Queene*, where "a pleasant *grove*" is described,

Therein the merry *birds*, of ev'ry sort,
Chaunted aloud their cheerful harmony. II. v. 31.

And *Par. Reg.* ii. 289:

Only in a bottom saw a pleasant *grove*,
With *chant* of tuneful *birds* resounding loud.

The fragrant breath of breezes pure to catch,
And ſtartle from her couch the early lark;
More genuine pleaſure ſoothes his tranquil breaſt,
Than high-thron'd kings can boaſt, in eaſtern glory dreſt.

The penſive poet thro' the green-wood ſteals,
Or treads the willow'd marge of murmuring brook;
Or climbs the ſteep aſcent of airy hills;
There ſits him down beneath a branching oak,
Whence various ſcenes, and proſpects wide below,
Still teach his muſing mind with fancies high to glow.

But I nor with the day awake to bliſs,
(Inelegant to me fair Nature's face,
A blank the beauty of the morning is,
And grief and darkneſs all for light and grace;)
Nor bright the ſun, nor green the meads appear,
Nor colour charms mine eye, nor melody mine ear.

Me, void of elegance and manners mild,
With leaden rod, ſtern Diſcipline reſtrains;

Stiff Pedantry, of learned Pride the Child,
My roving genius binds in Gothic chains;
Nor can the cloiſter'd Muſe expand her wing,
Nor bid theſe twilight roofs with her gay carols ring.

ODE IX.

THE

COMPLAINT OF CHERWELL.

(Written in 1761. Publiſhed, as it now ſtands, in 1777.)

I.

ALL penſive from her oſier-woven bow'r
CHERWELL aroſe. Around her darkening edge
Pale Eve began the ſteaming miſt to pour,
And breezes fann'd by fits the ruſtling ſedge:
She roſe, and thus ſhe cried in deep deſpair,
And tore the ruſhy wreath that bound her ſtreaming hair.

Ode, &c.] This Ode firſt appeared in the Oxford collection of verſes on the death of George II. in the name of John Chicheſter, Brother to the Earl of Donegall, Gent. Com. of Trin. Coll. It was afterwards publiſhed in the firſt edition of Warton's Poems, with variations in general not important.

Cherwell.] One of the rivers at Oxford.

V. 3. Pale Eve began the ſteaming miſt to pour,] In *Ode on Approach of Summer*, deſcription of a ſummer-evening, ver. 87:

When *miſts* in ſpreading *ſteams* convey
More freſh the fumes of newſhorn hay.

II.

Ah! why, ſhe cried, ſhould Isis ſhare alone
The tributary gifts of tuneful fame!
Shall every ſong her happier influence own,
And ſtamp with partial praiſe her favorite name?
While I, alike to thoſe proud domes allied,
Nor hear the Muſe's call, nor boaſt a claſſic tide.

III.

No choſen ſon of all yon fabling band
Bids my looſe locks their gloſſy length diffuſe;
Nor ſees my coral-cinctur'd ſtole expand
Its folds, beſprent with Spring's unnumber'd hues:
No poet builds my grotto's dripping cell,
Nor ſtuds my cryſtal throne with many a ſpeckled ſhell.

IV.

In Isis' vaſe if Fancy's eye diſcern
Majeſtic towers emboſs'd in ſculpture high;

V. 14. Bids my looſe locks their gloſſy length diffuſe;] Dryden's *Palamon and Arcite:*

Adown her ſhoulders fell her *length of hair.* B. i.

Again:

The buſh of yellow beard, this *length of hair.* B. iii.

See note on *Firſt of April*, ver. 90.

V. 19. In Isis' vaſe if Fancy's eye diſcern
Majeſtic towers emboſs'd in ſculpture high;]

Lo! milder glories mark my modeſt urn,
The ſimple ſcenes of paſtoral imagery:
What though ſhe pace ſublime, a ſtately queen?
Mine is the gentle grace, the meek retiring mien.

V.

Proud Nymph, ſince late the Muſe thy triumphs ſung,
No more with mine thy ſcornful Naiads play,
(While Cynthia's lamp o'er the broad vale is hung,)
Where meet our ſtreams, indulging ſhort delay;
No more, thy crown to braid, thou deign'ſt to take
My creſs-born flowers, that float in many a ſhady lake.

Alluding to Maſon's *Iſis*, in which the Goddeſs is introduced contemplating the beauties of her "*ſculptured vaſe*:" and in the following ſtanza, which was afterwards added, Warton alludes to his own poem, *The Triumph of Iſis*.

V. 20. —emboſs'd in ſculpture high;] *Par. Loſt*, i. 716:
Cornice, or freeze, with *boſſy ſculptures* graven.

See *Ode at Vale-royal*, ver. 53.

V. 21. Lo! milder glories mark my modeſt urn,
The ſimple ſcenes of paſtoral imagery:]

Ode for June 4, 1790, ver. 52:
And *mark'd* his *paſtoral urn* with emblems new.

VI.

Vain bards! can Isis win the raptur'd ſoul,
Where Art each wilder watery charm invades?
Whoſe waves, in meaſur'd volumes taught to roll,
Or ſtagnant ſleep, or ruſh in white caſcades:
Whoſe banks with echoing induſtry reſound,
Fenc'd by the foam-beat pier, and torrent-braving mound.

VII.

Lo! here no commerce ſpreads the fervent toil,
To pour pollution o'er my virgin tide;
The freſhneſs of my paſtures to defile,
Or bruiſe the matted groves that fringe my ſide:
But Solitude, on this ſequeſter'd bank,
Mid the moiſt lilies ſits, attir'd in mantle dank.

V. 37. —the fervent toil,] *Fervet opus.* Virg. *Georg.* iv.

V. 39. The freſhneſs of my paſtures] *On the Marriage of the King*, ver. 29:

Freſh are her *paſtures* with unceaſing rills.

V. 41. But Solitude, on this ſequeſter'd bank,
Mid the moiſt lilies ſits,]

The moiſt lilies are water lilies. Compare Milton's *Arcades*, ver. 97:

By ſandy Ladon's *lilied banks*.

And ſee Warton's note.

VIII.

No ruder ſounds my grazing herds affright,
Nor mar the milk-maid's ſolitary ſong:
The jealous halcyon wheels her humble flight,
And hides her emerald wing my reeds among;
All unalarm'd, ſave when the genial May
Bids wake my peopled ſhores, and rears the ripen'd hay.

IX.

Then ſcorn no more this unfrequented ſcene;
So to new notes ſhall my coy Echo ſtring

V. 42. —mantle dank.] "Dank," moiſt, wet. Milton calls Horace's Veſtimenta uvida

My *dank* and dropping weeds.

See alſo *Par. Loſt*, ix. 179:

So ſaying, thro' each thicket *dank* or dry.

V. 45. The jealous halcyon wheels her humble flight,
And hides her emerald wing my reeds among;]

Mr. Headley refers to a paſſage from Shenſtone:

Hither the peaceful halcyon flies,
And *hides* her *ſapphire* plumage here.

The reſemblance was ſtronger, when the two lines in the text ſtood,

The *ſapphire* halcyon wings her ſecret flight,
And glows unſeen my reedy ranks among.

Though the word *hides* ſtrongly marks imitation.

V. 47. —the genial May] Lucret. i.

—— *genitalis* aura Favoni.

V. 49. Then ſcorn no more, &c.] Inſtead of the two ſtanzas which now conclude this Ode, there were originally the following, which allude to the particular occaſion of it:

Her lonely harp. Hither the brow ſerene,
And the ſlow pace of Contemplation bring:
Nor call in vain inſpiring Ecſtaſy
To bid her viſions meet the frenzy-rolling eye.

X.

Whate'er the theme; if unrequited love
Seek, all unſeen, his baſhful griefs to breathe;
Or Fame to bolder flights the boſom move,
Waving aloft the glorious epic wreath;
Here hail the Muſes: from the buſy throng
Remote, where Fancy dwells, and Nature prompts
the ſong.

Then hither haſte, ye youths, whoſe duty brings
To George's memory the votive dirge;
Lo! penſive Peace ſhall tune your ſolemn ſtrings,
To ſaddeſt airs along my lonely verge;
Here Grief with holy muſings may converſe
In ſounds, that beſt ſhall greet the glorious Hero's herſe.

Or if auſpicious themes your harps would own,
In airy viſions here ſhall meet your eye
Fair ſcenes of bliſs: a blooming Monarch's throne
Hung with the wreaths of righteous victory,
The decent trophies of domeſtic eaſe,
A People's filial love, and all the palms of peace.

V. 54. —the frenzy-rolling eye.] Shakſpere, *Midſ. N. Dr.* Act v:

The poet's *eye* in a fine *frenzy rolling*, &c.

ODE X.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

(Publiſhed in 1777.)

WITH dalliance rude young Zephyr woos
Coy May. Full oft with kind excuſe
The boiſterous boy the Fair denies,
Or with a ſcornful ſmile complies.

Mindful of diſaſter paſt,
And ſhrinking at the northern blaſt,
The ſleety ſtorm returning ſtill,
The morning hoar, and evening chill;

V. 1. With dalliance rude, &c.] This opening is harſh and unpleaſing.

V. 6. —ſhrinking at the northern blaſt,
The ſleety ſtorm returning ſtill,
The morning hoar, and evening chill;]
Thomſon notices the prevalence of theſe circumſtances in the weather throughout the month of March:

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And Winter oft *at eve* reſumes the breeze,
Chills the pale *morn*, and bids his driving *ſleets*
Deform the day delightleſs. *Spring*, ver. 18.

Reluctant comes the timid Spring.
Scarce a bee, with airy ring,
Murmurs the bloſſom'd boughs around,
That clothe the garden's ſouthern bound:
Scarce a ſickly ſtraggling flower
Decks the rough caſtle's rifted tower:
Scarce the hardy primoſe peeps
From the dark dell's entangled ſteeps;

V. 10. Scarce a bee, with airy ring,
Murmurs the bloſſom'd boughs around,
That clothe the garden's ſouthern bound:]
"What hypercritic (ſays the preſent Poet-laureat in his Com-"mentary on Ariſtotle) would cenſure theſe lines, becauſe the "ſouth wall of a garden is its northern bound?" P. 501. See Theocritus, *Idyll.* i. ver. 107.

Ὧδε καλον βομβειντι ποτι σμηνεσσι μελισσαις.

Milton in *Par. Reg.* iv. 247:

There flowery hill Hymettus with the ſound
Of bees induſtrious *murmur*.

V. 15. Scarce the hardy primroſe peeps] So Fairfax deſcribes the opening of the roſe:

The gentlie budding roſe, quoth ſhe, behold
That firſt ſcant *peeping* forth with virgin beames,
Halfe ope, halfe ſhut, her beauties doth unfold.
Taſſo, xvi. 14.

And Spenſer imitating the ſame paſſage:

Ah! ſee the virgin Roſe, how ſweetly ſhee
Doth firſt *peepe* forth with baſhfull modeſtee.
F. Q. II. xii. 74.

And Ph. Fletcher, of the flowers in ſpring;

Peep out again from their unfrozen tomb.
Purple Iſland, vi. 68.

And Drayton, in *England's Heroical Epiſtles*;

One bloſſom forth after another *peeps*. Vol. i. p. 225.

O'er the field of waving broom
Slowly ſhoots the golden bloom:
And, but by fits, the furze-clad dale
Tinctures the tranſitory gale.
While from the ſhrubbery's naked maze,
Where the vegetable blaze
Of Flora's brighteſt 'broidery ſhone,
Every chequer'd charm is flown;
Save that the lilac hangs to view
Its burſting gems in cluſters blue.

Scant along the ridgy land
The beans their new-born ranks expand:
The freſh-turn'd ſoil with tender blades
Thinly the ſprouting barley ſhades:
Fringing the foreſt's devious edge,
Half rob'd appears the hawthorn hedge;

V. 22. Where the vegetable blaze
Of Flora's brighteſt 'broidery ſhone,] He ſeems to have had Milton in his mind:
———blooming ambroſial fruit
Of *vegetable* gold. *Par. Loſt*, iv. 218.

V. 32. Half rob'd appears the hawthorn hedge; &c.] Spenſer notices much the ſame circumſtances in a pleaſing paſtoral manner:
—Winter's wrath begins to quell,
And pleaſant ſpring appeareth.
The graſs now 'gins to be refreſht,
The *ſwallow* peeps out of her neſt,
And cloudy welkin cleareth.

Or to the diſtant eye diſplays
Weakly ~~green its~~ budding ſprays.

Seeſt not thilk ſame *hawthorn* ſtud,
How bragly it begins to *bud*,
And *utter his tender head?*
Flora now calleth forth each flower,
And bids make ready Maia's bower,
That new is upriſt from bed. *Shep. Cal. March.*

V. 34. Weakly green—] Gray, (obſerves Mr. Headley) who ſaw nature with the eyes of a painter, ſpeaking of the road near Canterbury, ſays, "It was indeed owing to the bad weather, that the "whole ſcene was dreſſed in that *tender emerald green*, which one "uſually ſees only for a fortnight in the opening of the ſpring; "and this continued till I left the country." Vol. iv. p. 122. Maſon's edit.

—"And meadows *green as an emerald*." *Ibid.* p. 182.

Gray notices the ſame appearance in his *Fragment on Viciſſitude*; where he ſays that April

—lightly o'er the living ſcene
Scatters his *freſheſt tendereſt green.*

This beautiful vernal tint has however been often deſcribed. See in particular an elegant paſſage in the beginning of Chaucer's *Flowre and Leafe*, ver. 29. It is not going much out of my way to remark, that the above compariſon in Gray's letter is to be found in Spenſer's deſcription of the various coloured bunches on a vine:

Some deepe impurpled as the hyacine,
Some as the rubine laughing ſweetely red,
Some like faire *emeraudes*, not yet well ripened.
F. Q. II. xii. 54.

And more pointedly in Chaucer:

—Treis clad with leves that aie ſhal laſt,
Eche in his kinde, with colour freſhe and *grene*
As emeraude. Aſſemb. of Foules, ver. 173.

It is alſo uſed by another modern poet:

Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of *Spring*,
When firſt ſhe gives it to the ſouthern gale,
Than the *greene emerald* ſhows. Thomſon's *Summer*, v. 153.

The ſwallow, for a moment ſeen,
Skims in haſte the village green:
From the gray moor, on feeble wing,
The ſcreaming plovers idly ſpring:
The butterfly, gay-painted ſoon,
Explores awhile the tepid noon;
And fondly truſts its tender dies
To fickle ſuns, and flattering ſkies.

Fraught with a tranſient, frozen ſhower,
If a cloud ſhould haply lower,
Sailing o'er the landſcape dark,
Mute on a ſudden is the lark;
But when gleams the ſun again
O'er the pearl-beſprinkled plain,
And from behind his watery vail

V. 40. ——the tepid noon;] Virgil, *Georg.* i. 398:

Non *tepidum* ad *ſolem* pennas in littore pandunt
Dilectæ Thetidi Halcyones.

V. 43. Fraught with a tranſient, frozen ſhower, &c.] Compare the following beautiful ſimile from *Paradiſe Loſt*:

As when from mountain tops the duſky clouds
Aſcending, while the north wind ſleeps, o'erſpread
Heaven's cheerful face, the *low'ring* element
Scowls o'er the *darkened landſkip ſnow or ſhower*;
If chance the radiant ſun with farewell ſweet
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Atteſt their joy, that hill and valley rings. ii. 488.

Looks through the thin deſcending hail; 50
She mounts, and, leſſening to the ſight,
Salutes the blithe return of light,

V. 50. Looks through the thin deſcending hail;] A natural and pleaſing image. "Look" is perhaps firſt applied in this manner by Spenſer. *Colin Clout's come home again:*

Her looks were like beams of the morning ſun
Forth-*looking* through the window of the Eaſt,
When firſt the fleecie cattle have begun
Upon the pearled graſs to make their feaſt.

And *Mother Hubberd's tale:*

The morrow next, ſo ſoon as one might ſee
Light out of heaven's windows forth to *look*.

In Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdeſs*, Act iii.

Till on yon ſide where the morn's ſun doth *look*.

And in B. Jonſon's *Sad Shepherdeſs*, Act i. Sc. 5.

No ſun, or moon, or other cheerful ſtar
Look'd out of heav'n.

See alſo G. Fletcher's *Chriſt's Victory:*

——no joyful beam
Looks from his ſtarry bower. iii 55.

And Browne's *Britannia's Paſtorals:*

——When the morn doth *looke*
Out of the eaſtern gates.

And thus it may be traced to Milton; *Par. Loſt*, i. 594:

——as when the ſun new ris'n
Looks thro' the horizontal miſty air,
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon, &c.

See *Ode to a Friend*, ver. 3.

V. 52. Salutes the blithe return of light,] So Chaucer:

The beſy *larke*, the meſſager of day
Salewith in hire ſong the morwe gray. *C. T.* 1493.

And Milton:

——the birds,
Who all things now behold ſo freſh and green,
After a night of ſtorm ſo ruinous,

And high her tuneful track purſues
Mid the dim rainbow's ſcatter'd hues.

Where in venerable rows
Widely waving oaks incloſe
The moat of yonder antique hall,
Swarm the rooks with clamorous call;
And to the toils of nature true,
Wreath their capacious neſts anew.

Muſing through the lawny park,
The lonely poet loves to mark
How various greens in faint degrees
Tinge the tall groupes of various trees;
While, careleſs of the changing year,
The pine cerulean, never ſere,

Cheer'd up their choiceſt notes in buſh and ſpray,
To gratulate the ſweet return of morn. Par. Reg. iv. 434.

V. 66. The pine cerulean,] More diſtinctive than "gloomy," which he uſes in *The Hamlet*, ver. 41. Dyer, who calls the pine "gloomy," has the epithet "blue" in the ſame line, perhaps with queſtionable propriety:

The gloomy pine, the poplar blue. *Grongar Hill.*

The epithet "cerulean," applied in this manner, in Engliſh poetry at leaſt, is new to me. Theocritus calls the celandine, a plant of a blueiſh green colour, κυανεον (*Idyll.* xiii. ver. 41.) And Pindar, in a paſſage which I cannot immediately refer to, applies the ſame epithet to a wood, though, as far as I remember, with no relation to the particular colour of the trees, but in the general ſenſe of gloomy. The meaning of κυανεος, it is well known, was far from

Towers diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
And proudly vaunts her winter veſt.

Within ſome whiſpering oſier iſle,
Where GLYM's low banks neglected ſmile;
And each trim meadow ſtill retains
The wintry torrent's oozy ſtains:

ſtrictly defined. The Latins uſe cærulus and cæruleus, in the ſame manner with their derivative "cerulean" in the text.

V. 66. The pine—never ſere,] "ſere," ξηρος Gr. dry. Milton:

——ivy *never ſere*. *Lycid.* ver. 2.

Spenſer, in the ſame manner, characteriſes the poplar:

——the poplar, *never dry*. *F. Q.* I. i. 8.

I add with reference to Warton's note on the above from Lycidas, in which he denies the word "ſere" being obſolete in Milton's time, that Dryden uſes "*ſere*-wood," for dry-wood, fuel, in *Palamon and Arcite*, and in *the Flower and the Leaf*.

V. 69. ——oſier iſle,] Uſed by Thomſon:

—— The ſtately-ſailing ſwan
Bears forward fierce, and guards his *oſier-iſle*.

Spring, ver. 775.

V. 70. Where Glym's low banks neglected ſmile; &c.] The Glym is a ſmall river in Oxfordſhire, flowing through Warton's pariſh of Kiddington or Cuddington, and dividing it into upper and lower town. It is deſcribed by himſelf in his account of Cuddington, as a deep but narrow ſtream, winding through willowed meadows, and abounding in trouts, pikes, and wild-fowl. (P. 25.) It gives name to the village of Glymton, which adjoins to Kiddington.

V. 71. Each trim meadow] And below, ver. 87. "daiſies "pied," from *L'Allegro*:

Meadows trim with *daiſies pied*. Ver. 75.

Beneath a willow, long forſook,
The fiſher ſeeks his cuſtom'd nook;
And burſting through the crackling ſedge,
That crowns the current's cavern'd edge,
He ſtartles from the bordering wood
The baſhful wild-duck's early brood.

O'er the broad downs, a novel race,
Friſk the lambs with faultering pace,

V. 73. Beneath a willow, long forſook,
The fiſher ſeeks his cuſtom'd nook;]
The rhime from Milton:
Th' immortal mind, that hath *forſook*
Her manſion in this fleſhly *nook*. *Il. Penſ.* 91.
And ſee *Comus*, ver. 499. In ſtrictneſs, here is a grammatical inaccuracy; the proper participle is "forſaken."

V. 74. —his cuſtom'd nook;] The word "nook," a favourite with our poet, conveys the idea of a ſnug comfortable retreat. See Beaumont and Fletcher in the *Sea-voyage*:
For I will ſearch all *nooks* of this ſtrange iſland. Act iv.
Where the preciſe meaning of the word is aſcertained; as it ſeems to be uſed ſynonymouſly with Shakſpere's
In an odd *angle* of the iſle. *Tempeſt*, Act i.
To which may be added that our poet in one of his Latin poems uſes "angulus" in this ſenſe. *Apud Hort. Wint.*

V. 79. O'er the broad downs, a novel race,
Friſk the lambs with faultering pace,]
Probably from Lucretius:
———Hinc *nova proles*
Artubus *infirmis* teneras laſciva per herbas
Ludit, lacte mero mentes perculſa *novellas*. i. 260.
Gray alſo thus deſcribes a ſpring proſpect in his *Viciſſitude*:

And with eager bleatings fill
The foſs that ſkirts the beacon'd hill.

New-born flocks in ruſtic dance
Friſking ply their feeble feet.

V. 79. O'er the broad downs, &c.] The following remark from Mr. Pye's Commentary on Ariſtotle's Poetic is pleaſing and ingenious: Mr. Warton's Ode on Spring, he obſerves, is "one of the "moſt beautiful and original deſcriptive poems in our language, "and ſtrongly ſhews the force of poetical imitation in rendering "objects that have no beauty in themſelves highly beautiful in "deſcription. I ſuppoſe there are few ſcenes leſs pleaſing and "picturesque in themſelves than the view from Catharine Hill, "near Wincheſter, over the bare adjacent downs, and on the "Itchin at its feet, formed into a navigable canal, and creeping "through a wide valley of flat water-meadow, interſected often "at right angles by ſtraight narrow water-courſes. But hear the "poet, and obſerve how the ſcene appears in the picture he has "given of it, without changing the features of the original." (Then follows the quotation from ver. 79 to ver. 94.)

"Beſides the general beauty of the deſcription, it muſt have a "particular one in the eyes of every Wykehamiſt, as recalling the "idea of the days of early youth, the joys of which are ſtrongly "impreſſed on the memory, while the hours of ſchool reſtraint, "which ſometimes conſidered going to hills even as a taſk, are "but faintly traced." (P. 500.) I believe that there is great truth in the laſt obſervation. Warton however, it ſeems, thought leſs deſpicably of this view, as we may judge from the following paſſage in his deſcription of the city, &c. of Wincheſter. "The "proſpect from either of theſe hills (St. Giles's and Catharine-"hill) is very delightful. The city interſperſed with trees and "gardens, magnificent ſtructures, and venerable ruins, and the "country conſiſting of watered winding valleys, bordered by de-"clivities of a prodigious height, gradually riſing into extenſive "downs, bounded by diſtant woods, muſt charm every lover of "romantic and rural beauty." It is this proſpect which he tranſferred into his *Mons Catharinæ*. It may be doubted after all

His free-born vigour yet unbroke
To lordly man's uſurping yoke,
The bounding colt forgets to play,
Baſking beneath the noon-tide ray,
And ſtretch'd among the daiſies pied
Of a green dingle's ſloping ſide:
While far beneath, where nature ſpreads
Her boundleſs length of level meads,
In looſe luxuriance taught to ſtray
A thouſand tumbling rills inlay

whether ſome of our poet's early propenſities did not influence him in giving this deſcription. The firſt quoted teſtimony is impartial; for Mr. Pye, I believe, is not a Wykehamiſt, nor particularly connected with Wincheſter.

V. 88. A green dingle—] *Comus*, ver. 311:

I know each lane and every alley green,
Dingle and buſhy dell of this wild wood.

The word "dingle" is ſtill in uſe, and ſignifies a valley between two ſteep hills. See note on the above in Warton's edition of Milton.

V. 90. Her boundleſs length of level meads,] He ſeems partial to the kind of expreſſion. *Ode to a Friend:*

Thy *length of landſkips* ever new. Ver. 6.

Complaint of Cherwell:

Bids my looſe locks their gloſſy *length* diffuſe. Ver. 14.

And in a poem by his father we find "his *length of land*." P. 186. It came perhaps from Pope:

Deep through fair forcſts and *a length of meads*.
Iliad, B. xviii.

Dyer ſays more ſimply,

Lies a long and level lawn. *Grong. Hill.*

V. 92. A thouſand tumbling rills] So Milton, in *Comus*, ver. 926:

With ſilver veins the vale, or paſs
Redundant through the ſparkling graſs.

From *a thouſand* petty *rills*,
That *tumble* down the ſnowy hills.

V. 92. —— inlay] Mr. Headley refers to *Paradiſe Loſt:*

—————— underfoot the violet,
Crocus and hyacinth with rich *inlay*
Broider'd the ground. iv. 700.

See alſo *Comus*, ver. 21:

————ſea-girt iſles,
That like to rich and various gems *inlay*
The unadorned boſom of the deep.

But in the text the land and water are tranſpoſed. Warton, who has remarked the reſemblance of thought between the above and a paſſage in *Richard II.* has not mentioned that a ſimilar metaphor is uſed with the ſame expreſſion by Shakſpere:

Sit, Jeſſica: look how the floor of heav'n
Is thick *inlaid* with patins of bright ſtars.
Merchant of Venice, Act v.

Ibid. ————rills——
With ſilver veins—]

Rivers have been often deſcribed under this metaphor. Drayton in the preface to his *Poly-olbion*, vol. ii. p. 644. ſpeaks of "delicate embroidered meadows, often *veined* with gentle gliding "*brooks*." Iſaac Walton in the *Complete Angler:*

The grounds divided into ſundry *veins*,
The *veins* inclos'd with *rivers* running round. P. I. c. i.

Milton in *Par. Reg.*

Fair champain with leſs *rivers intervein'd*. iii. 257.

Drayton has the following ſimile:

The *rills* which run in me are like the branched *veins*
In human bodies ſeen. *Poly-olb.* S. 21. vol. iii. p. 1055.

G. Fletcher interchanges the metaphor, where he deſcribes our Saviour with temples

Vein'd every where with azure *rivulets*. *Chriſt's Vict.* ii. 10.

Yet, in theſe preſages rude, . . 98
Midſt her penſive ſolitude,

V. 92. ——————inlay
With ſilver veins——]
Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdeſs*:
With *veins enamell'd* richly. Act ii.
The whole paſſage in the text is beautiful, but would have been more ſo, had there been no confuſion of metaphor:

V. 93. ——————paſs
Redundant thro' the ſparkling graſs.]
This object, which is extremely beautiful in nature, is not common in poetry; particularly the image of which a picture is conveyed by "the ſparkling graſs." I do not remember that it is any where ſo neatly given as in Spenſer:

Like to a diſcolour'd ſnake, whoſe hidden ſnares
Through the greene gras his long bright burniſht back declares.
F. Q. III. xi. 28.

Some part of the expreſſion in the text is from Milton, who deſcribes a ſerpent, with ſpires
——————that on the *graſs*
Floted *redundant*. *Par. Loſt*, ix. 502.
In *Ode for June* 4, 1786, we have "Nile's *redundant* flood." Ver. 40.

V. 95. Yet, in theſe preſages rude, &c.] Thomſon thus concludes his deſcription of a ſpring proſpect:

——————the raptur'd eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and hid beneath
The fair profuſion yellow Autumn ſpies. *Spring*, iii.

I quote the following paſſage of Rouſſeau's Emilius from Mr. Pye's Commentary on Ariſtotle's Poetic, where it is introduced together with this paſſage from the Ode before us: "To the "appearance of Spring, the imagination joins that of the ſeaſons "which are to follow: to the tender buds that are perceived by "the eye, the imagination adds flowers, fruits, ſhades, and ſome-"times the myſteries they may conceal. It brings into one point "of view the ſcenes that are to ſucceed, and ſees things leſs as "they are than as it wiſhes them to be." P. 106. And it may be

Fancy, with prophetic glance,
Sees the teeming months advance;
The field, the foreſt, green and gay,
The dappled ſlope, the tedded hay;
Sees the reddening orchard blow,
The harveſt wave, the vintage flow;
Sees June unfold his gloſſy robe
Of thouſand hues o'er all the globe;
Sees Ceres graſp her crown of corn,
And Plenty load her ample horn.

here remarked by the way, that in the repreſentation of theſe "ſcenes that are to ſucceed," Poetry poſſeſſes one manifeſt ſuperiority over Painting.

V. 100. The dappled ſlope,] See note on *Sonnet* ii. ver. 8.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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